PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE 1976 $1.25

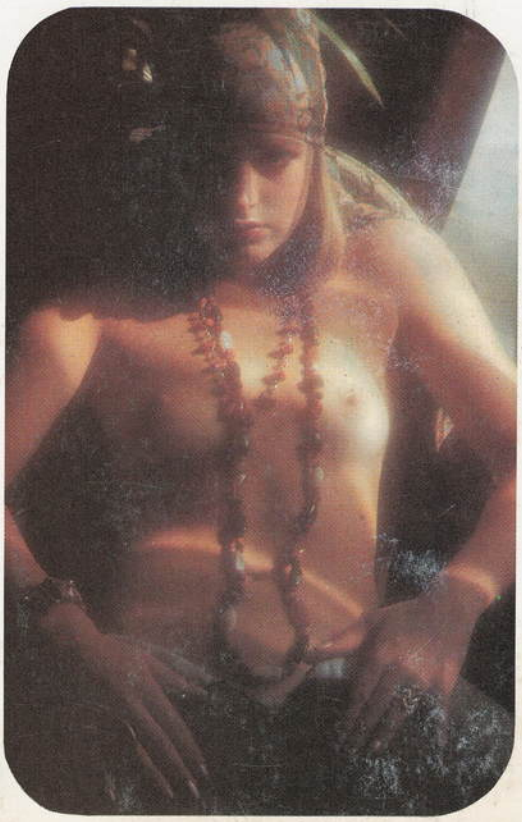
PET OF THE YEAR PLAY-OFF

THE AMERICAN-ISRAELI CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

SUN MOON AND THE MOONIES: MESSIAH OR MONSTER?

VINCENT BUGLIOSI KNOWS WHERE THE BODIES ARE

C.K. IS A VICTIM OF ZIPLESS SEX



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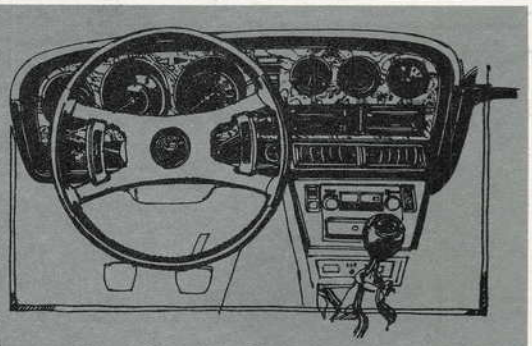
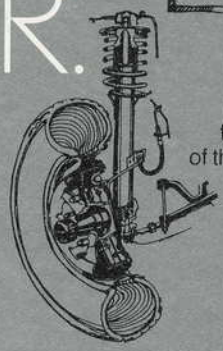
IT'S THE IMPORT CAR OF THE YEAR.



MOTOR TREND MAGAZINE:
"The winner of the 1976 Motor Trend Import Car of the Year Award is the Toyota Celica. Not just a Celica, or even the new Liftback,™ but the complete three-car line." Here's just part of what Motor Trend said about the Celica line.



Execution: "The Celica has been a significant force on the U.S. automotive scene for several years...so although this award is for the 1976 Celica line, it is also recognition of the quality of all those that have gone before."

Engineering: "With only 56% of the total weight on the front wheels, larger wheels, steel belted radial tires and firmer suspension, handling is excellent with no sacrifice in riding comfort."

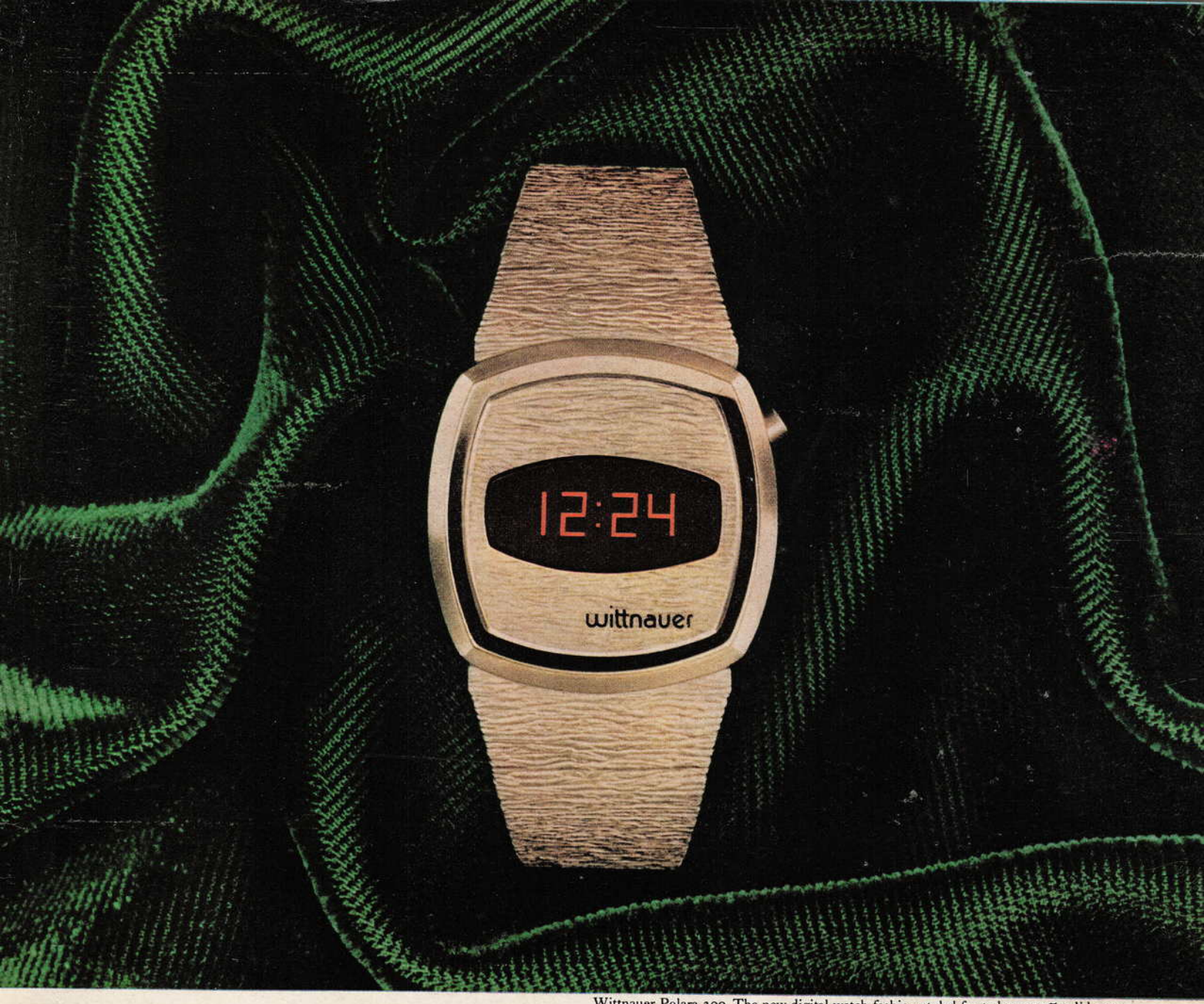
Performance: "...good performance without sacrificing fuel economy..." NOTE: 1976 EPA tests with 5-speed overdrive transmission; 36 mpg on the highway, 20 city. These EPA results are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary, depending upon your driving habits and your car's condition and equipment.

You can see Motor Trend Magazine's Import Car of the Year at any of nearly 1,000 authorized dealers across the country. And, for a limited time, if this is the year you purchase a Celica, you'll receive an Import Car of the Year Plaque engraved with your name. And if this isn't your year for a sporty car, look into the 19 other Toyota models. Each has been given the same attention to detail, quality and performance that has helped make the Celica the Import Car of the Year.

WE GOT IT.

THE 1976 TOYOTA CELICAS.

©Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., Torrance, California



Wittnauer Polara 300. The new digital watch fashion-styled for today; 100% solid state. CMOS computer accuracy. $195 suggested retail price. At your jeweler's.

The fashion world asked for it. Only Wittnauer could design it. The fabulous new Polara 300... just look!

When you wear this new Wittnauer Polara 300, be prepared to attract some attention. Why? Because Polara's not bulky or boxy like so many LED's.

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Inside Polara is an advanced CMOS computer "chip" that measures time down to 1/700,000th of a second. Only one timepiece in a hundred meets this Wittnauer standard. One in a hundred—that's engineering!

Come in. See the latest Wittnauer invention at your jeweler's today. One look at our new Polara 300 and you'll know why "people watch Wittnauer."

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men / JUNE 1976
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***Publisher's estimate (current average net sale)**

For the price of an imitation sports car, you can own the real thing.

There are a lot of spiffy looking little economy cars around today masquerading as sports cars.

They drip with "features" like nonfunctioning hood scoops. And imitation racing mirrors. And tachometers for automatic transmissions.

The problem is that by the time you've added all the sporty options, you've also added a small fortune to the price of the car.

And you still don't have a sports car. Only an economy car that vaguely resembles one.

Obviously, we have a solution. In fact, we have two.

The Fiat X1/9. Or the 124 Spider.

Instead of tires with raised white letters to make the car look better, you'll find radial tires. To make it drive better.

Instead of a pseudo racing steering wheel, you'll get rack-and-pinion steering on the X1/9. The kind used in racing cars.

And instead of being impressed with a fancy racing stripe on the hood, you'll be impressed by what we've put underneath it.

Because where we come from, a sports car isn't a sports car because of the way it looks.

It's a sports car because of the way it drives.

Which should explain why the 124 Spider comes with a five-speed transmission. And a dual overhead cam engine. And four-wheel disc brakes.

It might also begin to explain why the X1/9, one of but seven mid-engine cars in the world, was named one of the ten best cars in the world last year by Road and Track magazine.

Of course, we still think sports cars have to look like sports cars. In the land of Ferrari, ugly doesn't sell.

So we got the people who design Ferraris to design both these Fiats.

Look at it this way.

If you're going to spend real money on a sports car, the least you should end up with is a real one.

FIAT

A lot of car. Not a lot of money.

Car rental, leasing, and overseas delivery arranged through your participating dealer.

1. The Tennistakes.
2. The Racingstakes.
3. The Superstakes.
4. The Golfstakes.
5. The Seriestakes.

5 Long Green Sportstakes from Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's.

Which of these sports do you go for? Enter that sweepstakes. Or, if you can't decide where the grass looks greener, enter all five. Each first prize, described below, includes $1,000 spending money with travel and accommodations first class all the way. And each sweepstakes also has a second prize of $1,000 and a third prize of $500.

1. The Tennistakes offers a week-long trip for two to your choice of one of four Laver-Emerson Tennis Resorts. You can pick the time and climate to pick up tips on tennis from the greatest names in the game.

2. The Racingstakes takes two to the Derby. Not the one in Kentucky, but to its forerunner in England at Epsom Downs. This trip includes airfare to London, a week at the Savoy Hotel, theatre and Derby tickets and gives you a rental car (British racing green, of course) to take you to the races.

3. The Superstakes is a trip for two to the Super Bowl, coming up January 9th at the Rose Bowl, in Pasadena, with a week's stay at a Beverly Hills luxury hotel, and includes a side trip for a night in Las Vegas.

4. The Golfstakes takes two to the Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach, with a room overlooking the 18th hole and Carmel Bay. It includes the greens fees and the caddies for a week, and a dozen balls to whack into the green Pacific.

5. The Seriestakes takes a pair of you back and forth between the two World Series cities, so you'll see every game. Wherever you go, your travel, accommodations and series tickets will be the best that money can buy. Win this one and your friends will be green.

OFFICIAL RULES—NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. Write the number of the Sportstakes you wish to enter in the space provided on the official entry blank, or on a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper.
2. Hand-print your name, address, zip code on your entry, include with it the bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's, or the words "Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but you may enter only one sweepstakes per entry, and each entry must be mailed separately, to Benson & Hedges 100's, P.O. Box 2469, Westbury, N.Y. 11591. Entries must be postmarked by Sept. 15, 1976, and received by Sept. 22, 1976.
4. **IMPORTANT:** You must write the number of the sweepstakes you are entering on the outside of the envelope, in the lower-left-hand corner.
5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for Sportstakes, by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.**
6. Contest open to all U.S. residents over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Philip Morris Inc., its advertising agencies and National Judging Institute, Inc. This offer is subject to all federal, state and local laws. Void in Missouri and wherever prohibited, restricted or taxed.
7. **For list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Benson & Hedges Winners List, P.O. Box 2494, Westbury, N.Y. 11591.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Soft and hard pack

Benson & Hedges 100's
P.O. Box 2469, Westbury, N.Y. 11591
I want to go for Long Green Sportstakes No._____.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Hand-print name, address, zip code on entry, include with it bottom panels from two packs of Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's, or the words "Benson & Hedges Menthol 100's" hand-printed on a plain piece of paper.
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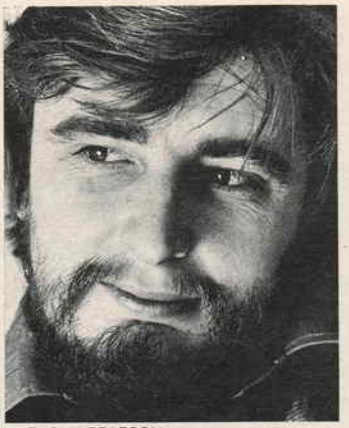
17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—hard pack, by FTC Method;
18 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

MICHAEL POUSNER



Phil Hill

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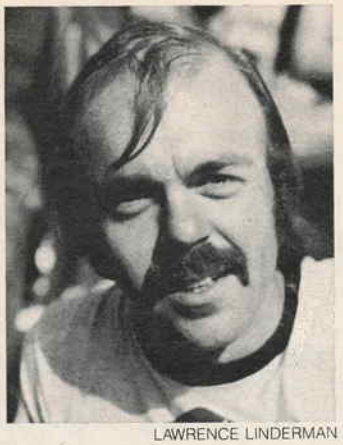
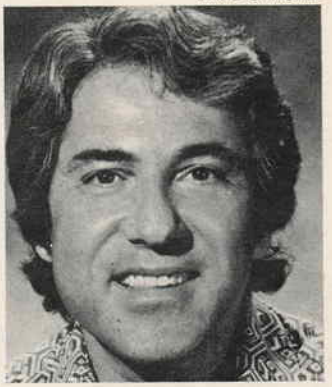


LAWRENCE LINDERMAN



DAVID CHAGALL

HOUSECALL

A little over a year ago, buildings, billboards, and fences in many American cities virtually disappeared beneath thousands of red-white-and-blue posters proclaiming the imminent arrival of Reverend Sun Myung Moon. Many citizens were outraged by the hundreds of smiling, clean-cut youngsters—"Moonies," as they are called—who turned their towns into advertisements for the newest Messiah. But as protests grew, the same spaced-out children returned and meticulously removed every poster. The efficiency of the Moonies amazed everyone, and most people forgot about the glowing visage of Reverend Moon.

But there were some people who couldn't forget. On February 17 of this year, hundreds of parents of Moon's followers met in Washington to demand that something be done to stop Moon and his Unification Church. Some protesters echoed the charges of James Sheeran, the insurance commissioner of New Jersey, who lost three of his children to Moon's cult. Moon, according to Sheeran, practices "mind control. . . . He captured my daughters' minds with the same brainwashing techniques used by the Communists against our prisoners of war." In *Who's Afraid of Sun Myung Moon?* (illustrated by Bob Guisti), award-winning reporter **Michael Pousner** documents the rise of Moon's global empire (now worth many millions) and contrasts Moon's luxurious life with the penurious existences of his followers—many of whom spend their time panhandling funds for Moon's Church. Perhaps the most unsettling part of the Moon phenomenon is the apparent apathy of America's foremost political and religious leaders concerning these reports of brainwashed American children.

Of course, remaining silent on vital issues is often what our political leaders do best. In *Conspiracy of Silence* (illustrated by Phil Hayes), **Anthony Pearson** concludes his controversial story of the *Liberty*—an American spy ship that was suddenly and deliberately attacked by Israel during the Six-Day War of 1967. Even though 164 Americans were wounded and thirty-four Americans were killed, our government aided and abetted Israel in sweeping the real facts about the *Liberty* under the carpet. Even when the Israeli government censored the *Liberty* captain's receipt of the Congressional Medal of Honor, nobody spoke up. The motives behind the American-Israeli obfuscation of the *Liberty* incident were uncovered by Pearson in the course of his investigation for *Penthouse*. And these unconscionable motives delineate one more appalling example of high-government officials who worry more about their public images than about the real issues involving this nation's security—or even, as in the case of the *Liberty*, about the lives of those thirty-four dead Americans.

Still, one of the hopeful effects of continued corruption in government has been the advent of a new breed of candidate on federal, state, and local levels. One of the most interesting of these is **Vincent Bugliosi**, the man who is the successful prosecutor of Charles Manson, the coauthor of the best-seller *Helter Skelter*, and currently a contender for district attorney in Los Angeles. Bugliosi's primary motive in seeking the post is to remove what he sees as the "double standards and utter hypocrisy of current law enforcement." In this month's exclusive interview with writer **Lawrence Linderman**, Bugliosi explains why the existing power structure in Los Angeles is against his campaign: "If you have power and influence and you have some skeletons in your closet . . . you don't want anybody opening that closet door. . . . My main priority will be going after crime in the streets—but I also want to go after crime in the boardroom as well." Bugliosi is also trying desperately to have the Robert Kennedy assassination case reopened. He has examined all the evidence closely and says, "the more I get into the case, the more I see things that I don't like. In fact, I haven't seen anything yet that I do like."

If Bugliosi's ambitious candidacy in Los Angeles exemplifies all that is good about American politics, political manager Hal Evry, profiled in **David Chagall**'s *The Vote Business* (illustrated by David Wilcox), offers a totally cynical look at our so-called democracy: "I've never voted, and I never intend to. It doesn't make any difference to the system who gets elected. Money," says Evry, mastermind of hundreds of campaigns, "is all that really counts." Not a comforting view, but one that it would behoove all our readers to reflect on before Election Day.

Still, you may be surprised to know that there is more to life in America than corruption, politics, war, and money. Lots of American life is taken up with things of even greater import—sex, for example. One of the masters of reporting directly from our sexual frontiers is *Penthouse* contributor **Craig Karpel**. In his hilarious *I Was A Victim of Zipless Sex* (illustrated by Gil Stone), Karpel offers readers some stimulating insights on the *sine qua non* of getting it on and keeping it on in the seventies.

Looking to the 1990s, however, we see that some things will have taken a definite turn for the worse. But there will always be those resourceful few who beat the system at its own games. Novelist **Michael Rogers** takes us into a future that is as close as America's own backyard. His short story, *The Technician* (illustrated by Christian Piper), reveals a possible American future as fascinating and disturbing as some parts of America's present.

And speaking of presents, we have a number of special packages for you this month. Once again, it's time for our readers to vote on the finalists for the Pet of the Year. And in case you've forgotten some of the fabulous females whose stunning faces and forms have graced these pages in the past twelvemonth, we've given you all a chance to refresh your recollections. Add to these gracious ladies the stimulating presence of Anna Grimwood, our Pet of the Month for June—photographed by **Bob Guccione**—together with Chelsea Erikson, our other tasty companion. Now mix in all of the other talents and stir well. You won't have to look farther than these less-than-humble offerings to know why *Penthouse* continues to serve up more information, entertainment, and satisfaction than any other magazine in the world.

Wear it because
it makes you
feel so good.
CHAZ
COLOGNE FOR M
Here
comes
CHAZ
The Cologne and Aftershave by Revlon

WHILE OTHER CARS ARE BLOWING THEIR OWN HORNS, ROAD TEST MAGAZINE NAMED SUBARU "LINE OF THE YEAR."

Of all the cars in the world, Road Test thinks our cars are out of this world.

They said so in their April issue. Where for the first time they honored an entire line of cars.

And we believe you'll like what Road Test liked about our cars.

A PRICE THAT ISN'T HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

The price of our 2 door sedan is $2899.* And our other models are slightly higher but just as economical.

That's because the price of every Subaru includes front wheel drive, power front disc brakes, radial tires, rack and pinion steering, reclining bucket seats and a lot more as standard equipment.

CARS THAT CAN NURSE A DRINK.

All our cars make a little go a long way. For example, according to EPA test estimates, the manual transmission Subaru sedans delivered 39 highway and 29 city miles on a gallon of regular.**

Your mileage may vary because of the way you drive, driving conditions, the condition of your car and whatever optional equipment you might have. But with gas prices what they are today, it will be a long time before your Subaru or your wallet goes from full to empty.

AN ENGINE PERFECTLY TIMED FOR TODAY.

Each Subaru is equipped with the SEEC-T engine. An engine that burns so clean it doesn't need expensive add-on emission control devices like catalytic convertors, air pumps and air metering systems.

In fact, Road Test felt our approach to the emissions problem was such a breath of fresh air they gave the SEEC-T engine their Fresh Air Award.

FRONT WHEEL DRIVE KEEPS US AHEAD OF MOST ECONOMY CARS.

With front wheel drive standard on every Subaru, better handling and stability are standard too. Because the wheels that drive our cars also steer them. And the weight of the engine is over the front wheels, for better traction.

DL 4 Door Sedan

IN ADDITION TO ECONOMY, WE OFFER VARIETY.

Our line includes seven models. Many available with either 4-speed, 5-speed, or automatic transmission. And the only passenger car that's at home on the road and off the beaten path: the 4 Wheel Drive Station Wagon.

Test drive a Subaru.

You'll see why when it came to naming a car line of the year, Road Test gave Subaru the right of way.

SUBARU

THE ECONOMY CAR FOR TODAY'S ECONOMY.

*Total POE—not including dealer prep, inland transportation and taxes. Some exterior accessories on cars pictured are extra cost options.

**California mileage figures are 34 highway and 24 city miles.

4 Wheel Drive Wagon

2 Door Sedan

DL 2 Door Sedan

DL Sport Coupe

DL Station Wagon

GF Hardtop

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JUNE

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of Penthouse, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

A woman of a few words

It happened last year while I was at a convention in a distant city. My wife and I had gone together, but while she was attending a conference, I decided to skip my seminar one afternoon. So did Anita, the wife of a very pleasant man whom we'd met; and she and I agreed to take a swim at the pool together.

I changed into my trunks, then accompanied Anita to her hotel room to change. After a few minutes of pleasant conversation, she went into the bathroom to put on a bathing suit. That started one of the most unforgettable times of my life.

No more than a minute passed when she called for me to bring her suit, which she had forgotten on the bed. I gathered it up, and as I got within a few inches of the bathroom door, which she had barely cracked open, I tripped and stumbled partway in.

My would-be swimming partner was just as startled as I was. She had her clothes in her left hand and was totally nude. After I had caught my balance, we were standing virtually face to face. Slowly, she extended her hand to take the swimsuit. As we touched hands, vibrations went through my body, and for many seconds, we just stood there looking into each other's eyes. As I pushed the bathing attire deeper into her hand, I touched her hair with my free hand. She stroked mine just once before we were into each other's arms. Ever so slowly I started kissing her lips, neck, and shoulders. As she began to respond almost immediately, I dropped to my knees and gently kissed her breasts, stomach, and thighs. Then my tongue was deep into the softest, sweetest pussy that I've ever tasted.

During this whole time, Anita had not said a word but then she said, "Up," and motioned for me to lift her onto the bathroom sink, which I did. She spread her beautiful legs apart and leaned backward on her hands while I began again to tongue her pussy, lick her thighs, and chew softly at her pubic hair. A few minutes of this delightful exercise continued when she uttered her second word—"Bed."

Lickity-split to her bed we went, but not before she filled a small glass of water and picked up a jar of some kind of cream.

Once on the bed, she slowly removed my trunks, toying with my erection. As I lay on my back, she kneeled over me in the good ol' faithful sixty-nine, and while I continued to enjoy the fruits of her cunt and ass, she moistened my pubic area with the water from the glass. *Penthouse*, Anita wetted my prick, then sucked it dry again and again. And as I was almost ready to bring forth my load, she stopped, somehow knowing my tolerance for climaxing.

She then put the cream all over my legs, thighs, prick, and stomach, and massaged me into a heavenly state. All the while I'm eating and finger-fucking this talented twenty-seven or twenty-eight-year-old woman. "Now" was her third word, and she turned over on her stomach while I entered her vagina from the rear. Her muscle tone was perfect. We rode in this position until I finally did come—but she still kept the rhythm going. For many minutes she moaned and groaned until she, too, climaxed. Exhausted, we fell apart.

Finally, we did dress for the pool and had a nice swim with other conventioneers, but never said a word to each other about what had happened between us. We dined together that evening, along with our spouses naturally, and occasionally we get together socially, but also with our spouses present. Even though we live no more than forty-five minutes apart, it's never happened since. But when I'm around her, I remember—and hope she does, too.—*T.M., San Diego, Calif.*

Bridal reception

I really enjoy your magazine and especially the Forum letters. I recently had an interesting experience that I would like to share with your readers.

My girl friend was a bridesmaid at a wedding of one of her best girl friends. This girl (I'll call her Cheryl) and I have never been extremely close, but we always enjoyed each other's company. Anyway, after the ceremony, I went over to wish Cheryl happiness while my girl was talking to the other bridesmaids. You can imagine my surprise when I thought I detected just the tip of Cheryl's tongue on my lips when I kissed her good luck. It was shortly after that, although I was still puzzled about whether or not I had really felt her tongue, that Cheryl asked me to accompany her next door while she changed. She said she wanted to ask me something about my girl in private. I said okay, assuming that someone else would be in the house besides us. But I was wrong.

After we entered the house, she asked me to come into the bedroom where she was going to change and help her with her zipper. I didn't think anything of it until as soon as she closed the door behind her

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she turned to me and said, "I didn't like that kiss you gave me in the reception line. Want to try again?" And before I had a chance to answer, she came up to me, put her arms around me, and kissed me first soft and then hard while her mouth opened and her tongue slipped inside. At the same time, one of her hands began rubbing my crotch. After what seemed about five minutes and with my cock good and hard, she broke off the kiss, saying, "I've always wondered what your sperm tasted like, and I figure this is going to be my last chance." And she slipped down to her knees and unzipped my fly.

I was a little unnerved, but it didn't seem to bother my cock, which was standing up in all of its glory. She proceeded to tongue the head before taking it all into her mouth. After about two minutes of her tonguing and slurping, I came so hard that I thought my balls had gone out the end of my cock. Cheryl gulped and swallowed, but some semen still ran out of her mouth and onto her dress. After we both recovered, she just said, "Well, I was going to change anyway."

We both straightened up and went back to the reception. I found my girl friend, and we went to tell Cheryl we were leaving. As she shook my hand, Cheryl smiled, licked her lips, and winked at me. I was afraid to look to see if my girl had noticed. Now all I can do is regret that Cheryl and her husband are living in Europe and that I hadn't kissed her good luck sooner.—*W.R., Seattle, Wash.*

Piano roll

I have always enjoyed reading of other people's experiences in Forum and would like to relate one of my own.

I am a music student at a western New York State college. Since I am a music student, I must practice the piano (and my finger technique!) four to five hours per day. At one such session, I was practicing a very difficult Liszt sonata when into my practice room walks this gorgeous girl whom I've only talked a lot to before but whom I've been dying to get into.

Anyway, this girl tells me that she really digs the piano and especially Liszt and asks me if she can sit and listen. Eager to show off one of my many talents, I obliged. Throughout the duration of the piece, my attention was centered solely on the piano. However when I finished, I looked up and caught her with her hand inside her shirt, and I could see a rosy nipple poking out. Her face turned as red as her nipple, and she said that my playing really turned her on and that she had never felt this way before. The next thing I knew, she was undoing my pants and had released my ever-ready "Ludwig." Needless to say, I didn't get much practicing in that day. She bent over and tongued "Ludwig" until he was really keyed up. We both rolled over on the floor, and I found her tunnel of love.

After "Ludwig" had completed his piece, we got up and dressed. When she left, she thanked me and said that she was going to come over more often.—*H.F., address withheld*

Trail hound

After reading Forum for quite a long time, I really thought that I was missing out on the adventure in life until I had quite an interesting thing happen to me lately.

Being a junior at a small college in southern Illinois, I frequently ride a commercial bus line home during vacations. At Christmas time, I again rode home on the bus. The ride was dull as usual up to St. Louis, where I had a one-hour layover. In Saint Louis I just sat around in the bus terminal at one in the morning, waiting to catch another bus. Looking around, I happened to notice this fine-looking blonde sitting on the other side of the terminal. We both acknowledged each other's glances with a smile, and that was that (I thought!). Soon the announcement came over the speakers that my bus was ready to leave; so I picked up my luggage and got on the bus. As I got on, I noticed a woman and small child in the front seat and two other people sitting in the back. I put my stuff in the rack and sat in the middle, waiting for the bus to leave. Looking out the window, I heard a voice ask, "Can I sit next to you?" I looked up to see the blonde who had been in the terminal. Quickly saying it was alright, I helped her put her stuff into the racks and got everything situated. We sat down and started with idle chitchat. She was a junior, too; so we had a lot in common. Soon the bus was on its way with just six people and a driver on it. I broke out some screwdriver mix I had, and we both started drinking. And no sooner had we started, than she put her hand on my leg. I thought that she had done this unconsciously; so I didn't take it as anything else. But soon, as the conversation got more intimate, she started rubbing her hands up and down my leg. I leaned over to kiss her, and that's all it took. For in no time, I was playing with her breasts and reaching in her pants. She quickly unzipped my pants, pulled me out, and gave me one of the best blow-jobs I've ever had. I then finger-fucked her until she got off, too. After we slept an hour, I finger-fucked her again, and then she sucked me off after that. All too soon, I had reached my destination, but she was going on; so I kissed her good-bye, got my luggage, and got off the bus. I still wonder if the driver was looking in his rearview mirror because as I got off, he looked at me like he knew what had gone on, gave me a big smile, and said, "Hope you enjoyed your trip, Sir!" I replied that I certainly did and thought to myself that from now on, I'd leave the driving to them!—*B.B., address withheld*

Only in Brooklyn

I attend college in Brooklyn and must take my car to school each day. I thought it would be a good idea to rent a driveway from a homeowner near the school. As it

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turned out, I rang a few bells and finally got someone who agreed. It was an average-looking chick, but she had a great body. She invited me in, and I followed her into the living room, watching her beautiful ass dance back and forth. She asked me to sit down on a couch, and she sat down in a chair opposite. She said that her husband worked in Queens and was never home between nine A.M. and six P.M. and that I could park in his spot.

Meanwhile I guess she said something about money, but I was so hung up staring at her full breasts and long legs that I didn't hear her. She must have noticed me staring because she soon stood up to stretch, kicked her sandals off, sat down next to me, and stayed there the entire time we talked.

Eventually, I asked her how much she would want per month, or whatever, and she answered by saying that we could work something out. That was on a Monday, and it wasn't until after parking my car there for the next four days and usually visiting with her over a cup of coffee after school, that I brought up the topic of rent again. She said she'd been thinking about that, too, and if I'd just wait a minute, she'd give me a figure. She then excused herself and went into the next room.

But after waiting over five minutes for her to come back, I walked toward the room where she had disappeared. Passing through the partly opened door, I realized where I was. It was her bedroom. And to my even greater surprise, she was lying on the bed completely naked, fingering herself in the ass and cunt. When she saw me, she just smiled, and stopped only long enough to motion me over. Her body was even more fantastic without clothes. Before I could get down on the bed, however, she got up on her hands and knees with her legs spread and her ass facing me. I quickly dropped my pants and worked my stiff, throbbing cock up that delicious ass. Fondling those dangling, sweetly rounded tits, we humped away until I came, she coming a few moments after. We then both collapsed in a pile, sweating like melted ice cubes.

That was on a Friday, but when I stopped back before class on the following Monday, another girl answered the door. She resembled the girl I screwed but was older. When I explained about parking my car in the driveway, she was puzzled. Then when I explained that the other girl said it was okay, she laughed and said it must have been her younger sister who was house-sitting while she and her husband were on vacation. She apologized, and said she couldn't let me have the parking space. But I did get to park in another space whenever I wanted—the one between little sister's thighs. I've been screwing her for a year.—*L.K., Brooklyn, N.Y.*

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Group grope

My lady and I are students at the university—and to get right to the matter—we have been blessed with a truly magnificent sex life.

Ann has had several men before me, whereas I lost my virginity to her just this year; but despite my lack of experience, I am, Ann assures me, the best lover she has ever had. I would attribute it, I suppose, to some kind of a built-in knack (my father, grandfather, and great-grandfather were all zealous missionaries . . . perhaps I inherited their fervent energy with a certain divine twist).

Ann is, to say the least, incredibly sexy. Her skin is light and unblemished, her breasts are enough to make your jockey shorts unravel, and every single hair on her full but firm body is a glorious, tawny red. Even great-grandfather would have been unsettled. We are superbly suited to each other, and during our nights of mad brouhaha, we just about compatible each other through the ceiling.

But this is not what I wanted to tell you about.

The story proper began when we met two of Ann's girl friends downtown for an evening of impassioned beering. So Ann, Sandra, Laura, and I sat in Ye Olde Brunswick House, quaffing leisurely but steadily. I'm not exactly sure just when we discovered how incredibly good-looking we all were, but it certainly became group opinion that we were too irresistible for words. (We commented on this a good deal while stroking each other's arms and legs and touching each other's faces.) After a rousing session of fond caressing and quaffing, Laura's offer of her nearby room seemed very timely indeed.

We strolled leisurely down the street, the four of us touching and kissing away, much to the confusion of the good people of Toronto. Once at Laura's, the clothes disappeared, and we reacquainted ourselves in a tangled heap on the floor. Laura lived in a university residence with the legendary thin walls, and I'm sure there were lineups in the hall to hear our frenzied moans, whimpers, and cries as we kissed, sucked, and tongued ourselves into delirium.

I was unbearably aroused watching Sandra and Laura kiss and feel Ann all over, seeing them lick her pink, rigid nipples, and fight for the right to dip their tongues into her mouth. Ann was heaving her hips and gasping as she started sucking on Laura's hardening clit, and when Sandra slid a finger up that red, steaming pussy and she squealed with delight, I thought my insides would melt to honey. Sandra dove for Ann's cunt, tongue working on her while her long, black hair fell around Ann's pale, milky thighs, dark

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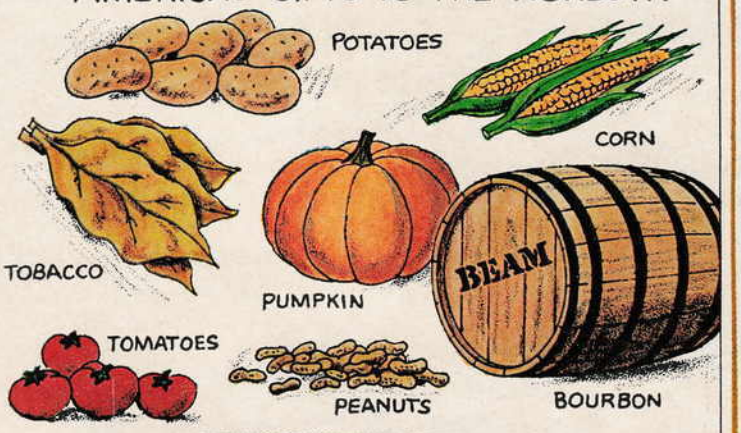

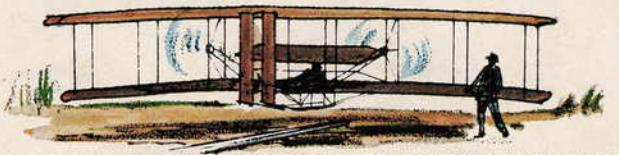

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locks curling and snaking around her belly as her hips shook and ground against her face . . . whoo! I practically threw Sandra away and replaced her lips with my own, flicking Ann's throbbing clitoris and swooping into her sweet, juicy vagina as Sandra nuzzled her soft, shaking breasts and Laura licked her throat. Ann's hands found their pussies, and her trembling fingers began rhythmically working in and out of them . . . rowwwrrr! Sheer pagan lust overcame the beer, and I was stiff at last. Poising myself above Ann amidst all the writhing bums and groping hands, I felt her gratefully point me, with a sob of content, into her now-dripping opening. The threefold foreplay had nearly brought Ann to climax already, and her vagina was hot and smooth like buttered silk against my cock. I plunged into her wet, wet pussy with a speed hitherto unknown to the natives of this area . . . her legs clenched at my waist, and she churned her loins up to mine, her pointed tits stinging my chest. Sandra and Laura had fallen back, jacking each other off as they watched us screw like we had invented it. Ann was almost weeping in desire, and she clawed my back and whispered, "Fuck me! Oh, fuck me!" just like those spicy young things in dirty books who would have been dazzled at how powerfully I came, panting and bellowing and exploding into sperm deep deep inside her, still hard and fucking and feeling the come squeeze out of her pussy and tickle my balls. I came again, Ann dragging me all around the floor with her tremendous spasms, Sandra and Laura watching in awe and orgasms.

Someone was knocking on the door.

I like to think it was applause.—*S.H., Toronto, Canada*

Nietzsche nuts

The old proverb is true. The bigger the better!

I would like to relate to you one of the most educational experiences of my life at college. But first some background. Since I was little, I've always had an oral fixation. Thus as I grew up, I became most fascinated and obsessed with those female mammary appendages. Nothing turns me on more than a big pair of bouncing boobs. Some guys don't like 'em if they sag, but I say, the bigger they are, the more surface area to suck. And let me tell you, I like to suck.

One unsuspecting afternoon as my philosophy class was coming to an end, I became quite intrigued with the amoral ideas of Nietzsche. As the bell rang, I approached the teacher to continue the argument. I enjoyed talking to her because she has really big tits, and she is young. Even though she wore a bra, you could see that there was too much strain on the old "living Playtex" to hold the nipples in a horizontal position. As I argued the practicality of Nietzschean philosophy, I just could not keep my eyes off her endowment, and as a result, I could not suppress the expanding hard-on creeping up my abdomen with deliberate throbs. I had to put my hands in my pockets to overshadow my ever-enlarging cock.

After a couple of minutes, she politely said she had to leave for a meeting. Then, surprisingly, she asked if I would like to continue the discussion over dinner some night with her and her husband. I was really excited and immediately accepted.

A couple of weeks later when I arrived, her husband greeted me with a handshake and a drink. We all sat around sipping cocktails until my professor, Marilyn, cheerfully announced that dinner was ready. After dinner Marilyn's husband left for a department meeting (he is a professor in another department).

I helped bring the dishes into the kitchen, and then we sat in the lounge, drinking more cocktails. As we argued she became more involved, and before I knew it, we had each consumed six Tom Collins. As I became more and more intoxicated, my eyes became glued on her plush cleavage, and again my pudd was on the rise, approaching twelve o'clock high with the precision of a Timex second hand. By the time I had finished my sixth drink, my logic became less cogent, and my lustful

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thoughts became more evident (especially through an unintended verbal slip). As Marilyn got up to mix the seventh drink, there was a strange look in her eyes, and as she returned, she approached the couch, sitting down next to me, instead of in the chair across from me.

Finally she confessed that she did subscribe to the lascivious philosophy of Nietzsche, but she was restrained by fear of censure from her husband and others. She then asked me if I sincerely believed it. I said I did. And then it all began.

She scrutinized the silhouette of my pulsating cock, and grinned with a subtle smile. She reached down to relieve the pressure in my pants by working them open and pulled out my blood-gorged pole.

A mad effort to disrobe began. When she had taken off her turtleneck, I asked to release those massive melons from bondage. She smiled again. With shaky hands and drooling mouth, I liberated them. There they hung in limbo. That choice meat would be pleasing my taste buds in a matter of seconds. I wasted no time in starting dessert.

Marilyn, however, was more interested in my well-hung tube-steak. It wasn't long before she combined these two pleasure centers working simultaneously toward the tremor of orgasm. Marilyn lay on the couch and pulled my anxious prick into the confines of her mouth while pressing her luscious tits on both sides of my dick. Nothing—I mean nothing—could have turned me on more than fucking both her tits with my crown in her mouth. As you can guess, a chill working its way up my back culminated in uncontrollable quivers and spurts of warm jism gushing into her mouth. As I came, she created a vacuum in her mouth, forcing my ejaculations straight down her throat. Before I finished, she withdrew my cock and smeared the wet tip all over her face, moaning all the while.

I wasted no time in attempting the impossible task of reciprocating. I plunged my face between her alabaster thighs and tried to totally submerge my face into the moist folds of her cunt while continually tonguing her. I got sort of carried away. After she came, I needed a towel to wipe the juices from my forehead and ears.

As you can guess, Philosophy is now my favorite subject.—*K.L., Washington, D.C.*

Farewell flight

Several months ago I had an experience that I believe your readers would be interested in hearing.

I am in the armed services and was recently assigned to a helicopter detachment operating in the Mediterranean. In the port we frequented most was where our favorite bars were located. Most of the girls at these bars were attracted to American servicemen, especially aviators, and there was one girl, Gina, who even took to following us around. No one minded when she would go with us on our bar-hopping sprees—she was very friendly and not hard to look at, and it wasn't long before she became part of the group. A few days before leaving Italy, we thought our friend might like to take a ride in one of the helicopters. We asked her and received a most enthusiastic reply.

On the appointed day, we smuggled the girl onto the base in the backseat of a taxi. An hour later we were airborne, giving Gina a tour of her city such as she had never seen. Since the windows in our helo are not very big, she needed to shift around occasionally to get a better view. I was seated on the opposite side and could not keep my eyes off her—for with every move she made, her skirt inched further up her shapely thighs. My excitement increased when I discovered she was not wearing panties. When I looked up, our eyes met. She'd caught me staring, and I expected her to straighten her dress and go back to her sightseeing. Instead she motioned for me to come closer. Unfastening my gunner's belt, I eased down next to her to be greeted by a warm kiss. Being the horny fellow I am, I couldn't pass up such an opportunity and returned the kiss at the same time reaching up her dress and placing my hand on her exposed bush. I found her clit and gently massaged it with my finger. As she got more excited, she opened my zipper and brought out my pulsating cock. She then slowly slid to her knees and proceeded to give me a fantastic blow-job. In record time I was out of that flight suit, and we began balling on the seat. The vibrations of the helicopter added to our carnal thrashing, and I came almost immediately.

Meanwhile the pilots could get no response from me over the intercom and had looked back to see what the problem was. They almost lost control when they saw what was going on. I was finished, but Gina was still going strong so I beckoned to one of the pilots to come back and relieve me. He lost no time getting out of the cockpit and took over where I left off. Fifteen minutes later he and the other pilot switched places. About this time we noticed that our fuel was getting low and made preparations to land. Once on the ground, we all had one last fuck at Gina's place that night.

Several days later we left Europe and Gina behind, but I'll always remember that afternoon and our high-altitude escapades.—*H.J., address withheld*

First look

I have had an enjoyable afternoon reading your April number—I truly wish to thank you for the honest and revealing photos of Georgina. Also I'd like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on Cherry Vanilla, "Getting It on with Underwear" (December 1975). This, I think, is a near mas-

Xtal makes peace with picky people.

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terpiece. Sixty years ago (I was fourteen then), a buxom, teen-aged girl worked for my mother as a "hired-girl" that summer of 1915. She was two years older than I. One day she was "picking over" wild gooseberries for my mother to can in glass jars. She was sitting on the floor, spread-legged, and I sat down opposite her, to also check the gooseberries for canning. She was wearing an open crotch suit of girl's underwear, and that was the first pussy that I had ever seen. I tried to keep my cool, but I failed. I was too "green" then to appreciate it. But she had, as I recall it now, an ample pussy with magnificent brunette pubic hair.—*R.J., Harlan, Iowa*

A piece of cake

After reading all of the letters relating the experiences of your other readers, I thought that I would relate my favorite erotic, pleasurable experiences. On my birthday my girl friend, Jan, told me to stay at home because she was bringing a birthday cake with a surprise. When she arrived, she led me into the kitchen with a cake box in hand. I thought she had a cake in the box, but little did I know what it really contained. In the box was a can of whipped cream, a meat baster, and a bottle of blue food coloring. She started to undress me (and then herself) while I was still wondering what she had in mind. After we had all of our clothes removed, she placed herself on the table. Her gift was now in my hands, and she instructed me on how to use it. I took the whipped cream and filled her love nest with it. When the whipped cream started to ooze out of her cunt, I spread it around her crotch and then over the rest of her body. This left her writhing passionately on the table, many times falling on the floor but never losing any of her passion.

At this time I filled the meat baster with the blue food coloring and teased her body while squirting it first up one leg and then down the other. Then I directed it to her beautiful breasts, making enticing rings around her nipples. I then stood back and looked at my piece of birthday cake. At this point I lowered myself to the floor and started following the trail of love juices, whipped cream, and food coloring. When I reached her left breast, Jan started shaking violently, her spasms so strong, she started to shoot the whipped cream out of her cunt. At this time she grabbed me and planted her nails in my back and legs around my thighs. From here we proceeded in the missionary position and came simultaneously and quickly. Jan in fact came several times. We fell apart and rested momentarily. I was exhausted but surprised when she told me to lie on my back. She positioned her love nest directly over my face, and I was amazed at how enticing this dripping combination looked. She lowered herself down onto me, and I was soon hard again. It was fantastic! She turned around, and we moved into the sixty-nine position. We

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again came simultaneously, and my face was filled with this luscious combination. We managed to crawl into the shower, Jan leaving a dripping trail on the floor, and enjoyed it together. I don't think that I could survive many more birthdays like this one—especially as I get older.—*N.F., Saint Louis, Mo.*

Hard six

There is a definite put-down of those of us, myself included, who have "only" six inches or so to swing with. I fully enjoy my six and don't think fucking would feel any better with a foot-long dog.

Six inches feels good to me, and no one has ever complained. So what's the big deal? Is there a contest going on or something? Personally, I've gotten more women hot with my soft half inch growing to a hard six inch than most of my stud friends have with their ground draggers. I've enjoyed your magazine for years and hope to continue. But let's cut the bullshit and get back to some real substance.—*K.P., address withheld*

Nine soft

I am a twenty-three-year-old college student, and I suppose you could call me your average stereotype of a jock. I stand six feet five and one half inches, weigh 230 pounds, have very well-developed muscles (but not to the point of looking like Mr. Universe), a very hairy body, and am hung like a horse—and that's my problem.

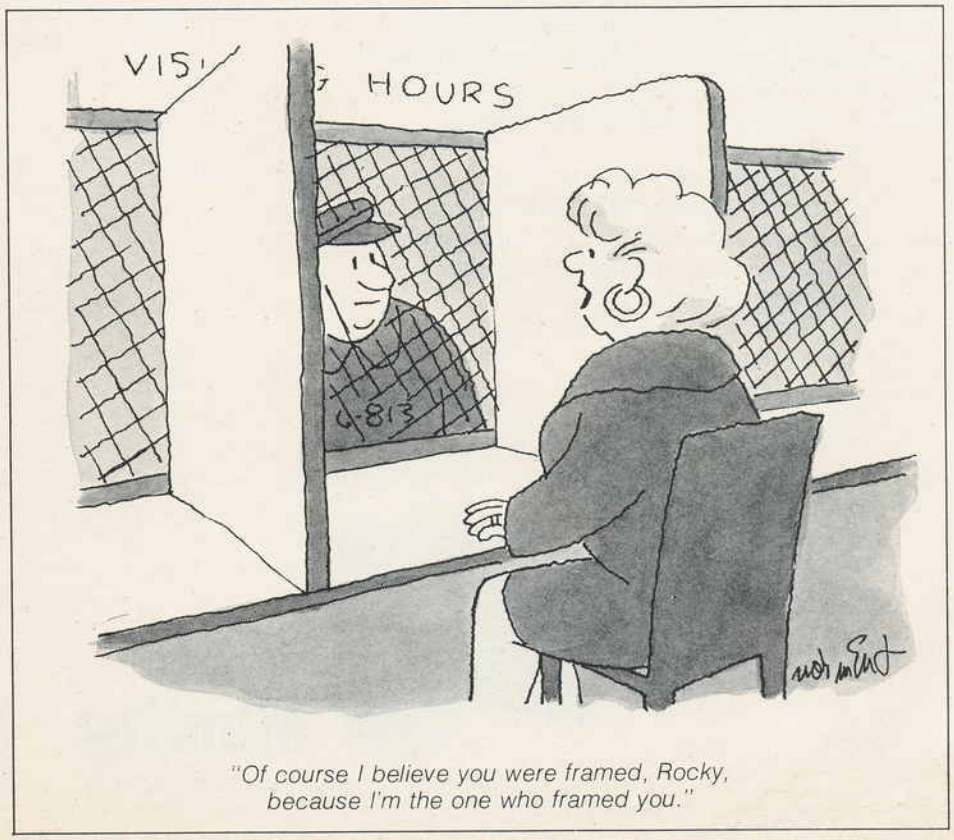
We all know the kidding that goes on in the locker room about penis size. Well, I've been on the butt end of those comments as long as I can remember. Not meaning to brag—and I'm not exaggerating, either—I have the biggest hunk of meat between my legs that any of the guys have ever seen: limp, my cock is nine inches long and just under six inches around, and my scrotum is about the size of an orange. It's a well-proportioned organ and doesn't look as big as it really is because of my height (everyone thinks it's about six inches long). Anyway, it's assumed that I'm just naturally a good lay because I'm that big. The other guys always jokingly say how they'd like to see me with a hard-on if I'm this big when I'm limp.

And that's my problem, or a big part of it. Not once have I ever had what could be literally called an erection. When I get aroused, my cock swells to nearly nine inches around and twelve inches long, hard as a rock, but it still hangs straight down! (Because it's so big when limp, if I get a hard-on while in the gym showers, no one notices.) I can use my hand to point it any way I like, but the best it can do on its own is a feeble twitching, and it never rises above vertical.

In my entire career as a "stud" I have managed to fuck exactly three women (only one of which could accommodate more than eight inches of me). No others can handle my thickness and/or length painlessly. The other day, a buddy and I were leaving the racquetball courts at school when this foxy gal started making small talk with me, all the while gazing at the bulge in my shorts (nine inches ain't easy to hide!). We went to my place and immediately hopped into bed without any real foreplay. I was still wearing my shorts, and now that I was under the sheets, I pulled them down and pulled my cock out from my jockstrap. She was squeezing my ass with her hands and was indicating without looking at my cock that she wanted me to enter her. I obliged but got only the head inside her when she realized that there was something odd going on. One look at my dong convinced her that there was no way she was going to even try to get it inside her—she might as well fuck a baseball bat. The afternoon had a reasonably happy ending with us going down on each other. This was one of my better lays.

Another one of the better ones is on a semi-regular basis. Even though my whole body is covered with hair, my crotch and asshole are extremely hairy and supersensitive. So I love to have them (plus my inner thighs) eaten. Or better yet, nothing beats having a nice long, feminine finger up my asshole. So this girl I see a couple times a month can send me to the most fantastic orgasms by sucking my balls (not an easy task) while fingering my asshole. This is the total extent of our lovemaking—just me lying back while she licks and sucks and fingers. Lucky for me she wouldn't have it any other way. But I'd still like to get my cock into a cunt once in a while.

I suppose what's really bothering me is that I don't feel really right because of the impossibility of my ever having a true erection, and all the talk of what a stud I must be doesn't help any since my large penis all but forbids intercourse with a woman.—*R.A., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.*



"Of course I believe you were framed, Rocky, because I'm the one who framed you."

Finger exercise

After reading about other people's sexual experiences, I feel I can't hold back any longer. So I'm writing about what happened to me. I must tell someone because it only goes to prove that sometimes fantasies do come true.

For quite some time now, I've had an almost uncontrollable urge to run my hand, middle finger first, down the crack of a woman's ass until the tip slides into her cunt. With the increase in pantsuits and low cut jeans, all the well-built asses in tight pants have driven me up the wall.

During a snowstorm this past winter, I drove out to my favorite mall (favorite, because it's where there seems to be the best ass watching) to escape the boredom of staying home. During winter it's not as good watching as summer, but many women still take off their coats while shopping and wandering around the mall. As the storm was making driving conditions terrible, there were hardly any people to be seen shopping. Some of the larger stores were hurting for help, and some of the smaller ones weren't even open.

My usual routine is to read some books at the bookstores, followed by a visit to a girl I know who manages a small boutique. Then I'm off to follow whatever great asses I see. On this particular day, a very lovely young fox, about seventeen or eighteen, was working. When she told me that my

friend, the manager, wasn't able to make it in, I decided to just hang around for a few minutes and make small talk to pass the time. Linda (the salesgirl) said she was going to close up soon anyway because business was so poor.

She had on a V-neck sweater, with softball-size tits and no bra. Also, I couldn't help but notice her fantastic pair of pants that stuck up the crack in both her ass and her cunt. As I followed her around while she covered the racks of clothes, I couldn't keep my eyes off that ass. And when she turned to talk to me, I continually glanced down at the outline of her cunt lips sticking out on each side of the seam. It wasn't long before she caught on and, to my surprise, was returning the glances toward my now-bulging crotch.

When she finally got around to locking the front door—while I was still in the store—my fantasy was suddenly about to come true. After she put the closed sign in the door and suggested I come with her back into the stockroom, I couldn't contain myself any longer. Just as she turned to close the door to the back room, I reached my hand, middle finger first, down into the back of her pants. She was slightly startled at first, but as my finger made its way between her moist buns, she relaxed again and began to squirm and maneuver her bottom to help it slip into her crotch. And when the tip of my finger found her cunt, I was stunned at how hot and wet she was. She then quickly undid the front of her pants so that I could get more action into it, and in no time, we were both completely naked and screwing right there on the stockroom floor.

Later I found out that she gets off by wearing tight pants so she can show off her ass and the outline of her cunt lips. She didn't expect my hands though. We've seen each other a lot since then, and our biggest kick is for her to walk around a store (in tight pants naturally) while I follow her. And sometimes, if the store isn't crowded and I see that no one is looking, I'll surprise her by suddenly jamming my hand down her ass. She really jumps, but she loves it all the same, and it makes our screwing when we get home all the better.—*C.B., Chicago, Ill.*

Panty hose pant

I get really turned on with panty hose. I just love the feel of the sheer, smooth nylon on my legs, hugging my ass and my cock! And my wife and her girl friend tell me I look real sexy in black sheer panty hose. So I wear panty hose rather than the conventional men's undershorts. I have a dozen pair of them. I'd like to tell you how I got into the panty hose bit.

My wife's best girl friend is a sexy, seventeen-year-old. She came into the city to take a course at the university. So because we have a house with an extra room, she moved in with us. At first, I wasn't too keen on the idea because my wife and I enjoy sex regularly, and I figured it would damp-

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en our fuck sessions. We also like to relax at home in the nude. Well, Suzie arrived a day earlier and caught us both balls naked fucking on the sofa. My wife, Doreen, said she had forgotten to lock the front door, and she just walked in on us. Doreen admitted later on that she had planned it that way. She wanted Suzie to catch us fucking to see how she would react. Well, good old Suzie reacted much better than Doreen had hoped for. She quickly stripped and knelt beside us as we continued our fuck. She seemed fascinated by my cock oozing in and out of Doreen's hot, juicy cunt. And I got a real thrill at performing in front of her. Suzie is a petite girl, with nice, small, firm tits, nice legs and ass, and a real bushy cunt. After we climaxed Suzie pulled me off Doreen and onto the shag rug. She grabbed hold of my wet, limp cock and took it into her mouth. Boy, if I didn't get another hard-on! I felt my balls tightening and knew that I'd go off in a second. So I went to push her away, but she held me tightly and quickened her suck-pace. I exploded into her talented mouth, and she swallowed, sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, draining my balls dry. Then she released my cock and smiled at me, a trickle of my come slid from the corner of her mouth to her chin. "How was that?" I sighed and nodded. "Fucking great! You're the best cock-sucker I've ever had!" I replied. Then she turned to Doreen who was still lying on the sofa. "Now your turn, Doreen," she said, and climbed on top of her, diving into her crotch. I sat beside them, watching them lapping each other. I fondled Suzie's small tits and then my wife's big ones. They climaxed and lay panting on each other. We suddenly began to laugh and got up and all took a shower together. We all slept very soundly that night.

The next day after breakfast, I drove Suzie to the university and my wife to work. I didn't get much work done myself, thinking about Suzie and Doreen and getting a hard-on. I picked them up after work, and we went home. We could hardly wait until we were in the house before we were all tearing off our clothes. Suzie wore black panty hose that day, and when her skirt dropped, I could see her thick bushy cunt glistening through the sheer nylon. I commented on how sexy it looked. She said that I'd probably be sexy looking, too, in panty hose. The next thing I knew, she had them off and helping me into them. And the feeling of that smooth nylon stretched tightly over my legs, ass, and hard cock almost made me go off! Doreen and Suzie rubbed my nylon-covered hard-on and said it was the sexiest thing they had ever seen. We headed for the bedroom, and I fucked Doreen while wearing the panty hose pulled down. It was a wonderful feeling. Then Suzie tugged them back up over my cock and began to lick my cock through them. She got me hard again and squeezed my cock, sucking on my knob through the panty hose, until I went off. She laughed after swallowing my come, saying that filter-tip come tasted different. I won't bore you any longer with the rest of the day we spent fucking and sucking while we all wore panty hose. The friction of panty hose rubbing panty hose is terrific! So from that day on, I wear panty hose and love it. And Suzie, Doreen, and I are enjoying our new, panty hose suck-and-fuck sessions.—*H.M., Toronto, Canada*

Chocolate chip dip

The February issue of *Penthouse* ("Do Teenage Boys Really Get Off On Older Women") prompted me to share the experiences I've had with this magnificent reservoir of talent, maturity, and lust. Many older women I've desired couldn't bring themselves to consent for perhaps any number of reasons. This was unfortunate especially when they knew and I knew that I was willing and available to them and would enjoy them to the max. I felt they could not bring themselves to believe it because of the youth-culture orientation of our society. I have never hesitated one minute when one seduced me.

My first experience was when I was sixteen and the woman was forty-seven. She was admittedly full figured but had a very attractive face with clear features and eyes that made you tingle with libidinous delight. She was widowed and a family friend. One day when she was over at our home, she suggested that I drop by after school to pick up some chocolate-chip oatmeal cookies she was planning on baking that day. For what was about to happen, it was obvious. I knocked on her door, and when she answered, she had on an almost-transparent nightgown, which could hide nothing. When my eyes landed on her enormous breasts, my heart leaped into my throat. Her face and hair were made up, and she looked positively stunning. A quivering sensation overtook me accompanied by the most intense desire to fuck every part of her. She looked quite excited and anxious herself.

When she invited me in, my first impulse was to leap on her, but I couldn't stop the shivering and chills sweeping my mind and limbs. She asked me if I wanted a glass of wine, and I said "sure," trying to act cool because frankly I'd never been in a situation like this before and was never so overwhelmed in my entire young life. Her legs were beautiful in the black sheer nylons, and her high heels hiked her ass up, causing me to be fully erect and horny beyond my wildest dreams. Then she came back with the wine for the table and with a laugh said that she liked young, green bananas because they were so stiff and hard when she ate them. My mind was spinning, and I could not take my eyes off her boobies. She slid flush up against me on the couch, and her legs, thighs, and body pressed warmly against mine. My young mind was absorbing every detail of this sensuous experience. I was so nervous I just sat there and stared at those

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magnificently endowed tits. She rubbed my dick through my pants for about five minutes, and gradually my quivering faded. She suggested that I take my pants off, and as I did, she pulled down my shorts. Then her soft, cool hands began massaging and sliding over my hot, aching balls and shaft. She suggested we go to her bedroom, and there I began kissing her mouth, face, and neck, and her hand job became more vigorous. So I fondled, kissed, and sucked her breasts, stomach, and legs for quite some time and finally built up enough courage to taste her pussy. I was lost in ecstasy for what seemed like hours. Her moans encouraged and satisfied me. She then coated my red-hot dick with Vaseline and gave me a hand job that positively blew my load a foot in the air. Then she playfully remarked that she hadn't seen anything like it since she and her husband went to see Old Faithful perform at Yellowstone on their honeymoon.

The next day I had a hard-on virtually all day. My dick and balls were furious with excitement. On subsequent visits we ecstatically engaged in a range of different positions by using various devices and techniques, including regular fucking sessions with those soft, Vaseline-coated melons on her chest. Although I've since had relations with many other older and younger women and am now married to one ten years older than myself, she remains my *femme fatale*. I am now in my twenties, and she is in her fifties, and our sex keeps getting more and more incredible. However, on one occasion, I asked her if she suspected our relationship had become too purely physical. With mature exuberance she reached for that wonderful jar of Vaseline. Of course I offered no resistance, and she briskly stroked my stiff penis into a roaring orgasm. As I lay there paralyzed with delight, she gave me an unbelievable ass job with her dildo. I was as erect again as ever. I then proceeded to tongue and suck her asshole and vigorously jack myself off while she masturbated with a vibrator. We both exploded in marvelous orgasms. After this steaming, sweat-and-juice-sopping episode, we were lying on top of the sheets cooling off our bodies when she whispered, "We can still go back to chocolate-chip oatmeal cookies if that's what you really prefer."—*P.M., Seattle, Wash.*

Yard bird

I've been mowing our next-door neighbor's yard for several years. She's a widow of forty-one, petite, and trim. My relationship with "Mrs. Jones" was all business until recently.

I came home for the summer from my freshman year at college. I continued to do weekend yard work to pick up some extra money. I had been lifting weights at school and felt that the outdoor exercise would keep me in shape. I soon found out that pushing a mower wasn't the only way to keep fit.

I went over on a hot, Sunday afternoon and began to cut Mrs. Jones's lawn as usual. I wore a tank top and gym shorts. After a bit she came out and offered me a drink, and we talked a little about school. All the time she kept looking me up and down, but I doubt if she realized what she was doing. I was feeling cocksure of myself, and as she turned to go back into the house, I gave her a sweet pat on her ass. She turned in surprise but said nothing as she continued to her kitchen.

I finished the lawn eventually and went up to get paid. My face was flushed, and my arms and shoulders glistened with sweat. I came right up to her face and asked her for my payment. She visibly shook, although I hadn't exactly intended that effect. Still appearing quite flustered, she motioned me to come back to the enclosed sun porch, where she would give me change for a bill. At this point I was unsure of her intentions (and my own, also) but decided to play it as it lays.

When we entered the sun porch (which was right off the bedroom), she came forward and softly placed her hand on my chest and mumbled something about her dead husband forgiving her. She then began to stroke my chest and dropped her other hand to my swelling cock. She gave a weird little smile and pulled down the gym shorts. After staring at my erection as if it were a long lost friend, she led me into the bedroom and instructed me to undress her. Her tits were surprisingly firm, with dark nipples which I began to suck. But she quickly stopped me. The sight of my warm, sweaty prick was evidently the focus of her passion. I then quickly stripped off her panties and entered her. The going was rough at first, as she was a bit rusty. But eventually we were humping like good neighbors should, with the sweat pouring off both of us. I came pretty quickly, as she did also. We lay like that for some time.

Then Mrs. Jones abruptly jumped up from the bed and whipped on a bathrobe. She began yelling at me to get out, which I did—satisfied but puzzled. She told me never to come back again, but I did the very next weekend. And we did it all over again—exactly the same way. It's been several weeks now since I've been paid in cash, but I don't mind at all. I don't think Mrs. Jones minds having me around either. —*P.C., Champaign, Ill.*

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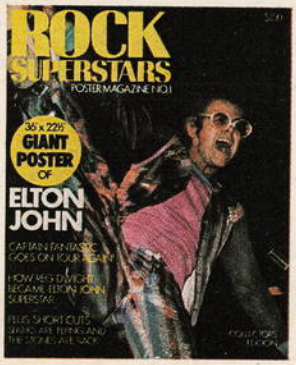

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been imagining a haughty young woman being tied up and tortured by being tickled into submission. For some reason I'm a real "tickle freak." I'm in my early thirties, still a bachelor, and passionately dedicated to straight sex. But the thing that turns me on more than anything else is a woman being subjected to helpless tickling. If I know that a girl is excruciatingly ticklish, she becomes twice as sexy to me. Frequently when I'm balling, I fantasize that the girl is stretched naked on a rack, and I'm going over her entire luscious body with a feather, driving her to tears of laughter and making her beg for mercy.

Recently, I met this foxy blonde chick, about nineteen. She was a child at heart, but believe me, she had a woman's body! We were lying on my bed kissing and "petting," but every time I'd try to go a little further, she'd giggle and pull away. Finally I'd had all I could take of this teasing and grabbed her by the ribs. To my surprise, she shrieked and jumped away hugging her sides. She warned me never to tickle her ribs since she was "wickedly" ticklish there and couldn't take it. Naturally, this gave me ideas! I started tickling her ribs, and she laughed and kicked so hard she rolled off the bed and onto the floor. I was on her in a flash, and pinning her arms helplessly by her sides, I continued fiendishly tickling her. She was the most deliciously ticklish girl that I'd ever met! She was absolutely doubled up with laughter. After a few minutes, I stopped and gave her a choice of being tickled on the ribs or on the feet. She replied that she didn't want to be tickled *anywhere*; so I went for her ribs again. After a few more minutes of hysterical laughter, she gave in and said that anything was better than having her ribs tickled and that I could have her feet. While she lay gasping for air, I slowly removed her shoes and socks. She had beautiful bare feet, with long slender toes. I used the knee socks to tie her hands behind her back and her ankles together. She put up a little fuss, but a few tickles on her ribs reminded her who was boss. When she was all tied up, I sat on her legs so that she couldn't pull her feet away and began slowly running a finger up and down the naked soles of her feet. She wriggled her toes and giggled helplessly. I kept it up, drawing circles around the balls of her feet and up and down her arches until she was screeching with laughter and writhing like a snake. She begged me to stop, but I continued for at least ten or fifteen solid minutes. Finally I untied her, but I was so horny I told her either we would fuck or I would tickle. Naturally she chose fucking, and we made terrific love. It turned out to be a fantastic experience for me, and I don't think she regretted the experience either.—*G.H., Boston, Mass.*

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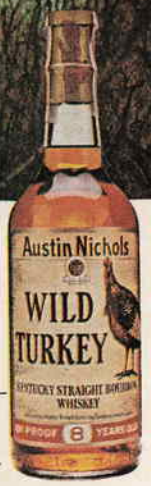

WILD TURKEY/101 PROOF/8 YEARS OLD.
Austin, Nichols Distilling Co., Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.

Laughing it up

I am writing in response to a letter I read in your Forum (March 1976) entitled "Ticklish situation." I, too, have a tickling fetish as well as one for hair (although I thoroughly dislike unshaven underarms and legs). I go crazy when I hear some women's and girls' laughter. I especially love high, soft, feminine-type laughter. I have had this fetish ever since I was very young, or at least as long as I can remember. My parents always used to tickle me, and I used to get extremely excited when I saw someone being tickled or someone laughing, especially girls. I would go berserk, or often just piss in my pants. I always try to make my girl friends laugh, and I love watching them being tickled by other girls.

In all of my fantasies, I imagine tickling the girl I'm with and coming to her irresistible laughter. Some of my girl friends enjoy being tickled and even laugh more uncontrollably when they notice how horny I get.

What I have to say is that *any* fetish isn't wrong or abnormal as long as it doesn't cause any real harm or pain. And moderate tickling sure doesn't. Some women and girls do enjoy being tickled, especially by men, and will even laugh or giggle more sensually if they see that it excites the man a lot sexually. Some girls even enjoy tickling men and will also get sexually excited by it. So, I see absolutely nothing wrong with a tickling fetish.—*P.A., Montreal, Canada*

The pits

I enjoy reading Forum immensely, and I am fascinated with all the different types of sexual fetishes. But I'd like to add mine to your list to see if there are others like it.

I am an armpit freak. I get extremely hard and can hardly restrain myself whenever I see a pretty, smooth, clean-shaven woman's armpit. During the spring and summer months when all of the pretty ladies are wearing sleeveless dresses and tank tops, I am constantly walking around with an erection. Sometimes if I see a real pretty young girl, with a beautiful underarm, walking by, I will follow her (unnoticed, I hope, of course) for blocks, just watching that little crack move as her bare arms move back and forth. I love them. I'm getting so turned on right now I could scream.

My aim? "What would you like to do with it?" you may say. My fantasy is to see a bunch of beauties all tied up in a line, with their arms above their heads and their underarms exposed. Then as I stick my throbbing erection into each warm cunt, I reach over and tickle her underarms until she's screaming with laughter.

I don't think this is a form of sadism. I never heard of a sadist tickling his victims before. But I wonder if any masochists dig being tickled like crazy. Not gentle tickling, that's too much of a tease for me. I like

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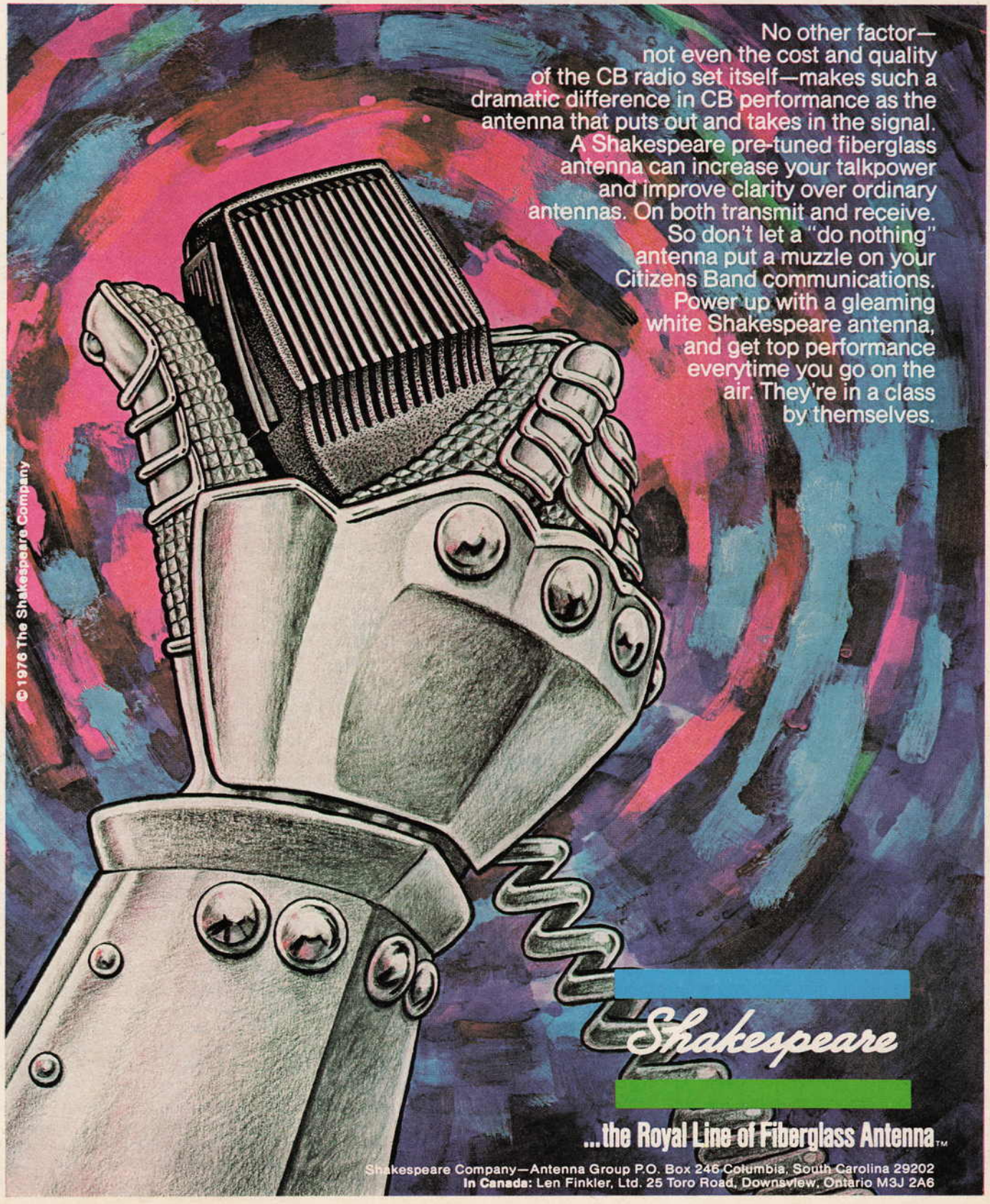
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strong, heavy, screaming tickling. But only if the girl is pretty and has clean-shaven underarms.—*M.T., East Hampton, N.Y.*

Bush man

This is in support of "Hair to spare" (February 1976).

She is so right. A good hairy crotch does wonders for a woman (or a man).

The clod who was turned off, and embarrassed her from the onset, should have to do without pussy for two or three days.

My paramour is in her late thirties, petite, with an extremely good shape and is a vivacious fuckee.

One day in touching her inner thigh lightly, I noticed a bit of stubble where she had shaved her legs and thighs. So I asked her to not shave in that area for a few weeks to see what would happen.

She did as I asked (as she most always does), and in a few weeks, she had a massive, dark bush extending from one hipbone joint across to the other and then downward, in a lovely pattern on each side to about three inches past her pussy, on each thigh, and around under and up past her asshole.

I am turned on just thinking of it, now. At any rate, we headed for Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, with a bikini of the skimpiest sort that is allowed by the bunch who frequents that area. She had the nerve to walk with me the full length of the (commercial) beach, with a French halter and that "string" barely covering her pretty twat, and a full three inches of the most gorgeous dark bush protruding well past the cloth. She got the biggest kick from watching men and women sunbathers move their heads, as if on a pivot, as we came in view, passed, and walked away. We later went to our third-level balcony motel room and fucked in a rocking chair. It was after dark, but we enjoyed it, not knowing for sure whether any, or all, saw us.

Shaving your crotch is fun—for just once—but anything more is a waste, as well as continuous chapping and itching from the razor. I'm all for a full-blown bush.—*G.R., Savannah, Ga.*

Hair man

After reading the letter about "Hair to spare," I would like to let her and all of her hirsute sorority sisters know that there is such a thing as "hair" men—just like leg men, ass men, or breast men.

A hair man like myself is a guy who is turned on by a hairy crotch—the more hair the merrier. However, unlike the visible legs, ass, or breasts, the object of a hair man's fetish is hidden and therefore harder to come by (unless he frequents the nude scene). He can look for girls with bushy eyebrows or hairy arms, but the best way is to ask her discreetly. Since a bald pussy turns men like me off, it's best to find out before dating. Don't get me wrong, we dig nice legs and a good body, but we'd take a big bush over big tits anytime. It's considered a cardinal sin for a girl who is well-endowed to trim (shave) her love-hair down to nothing, as some models must do.—*J.P., Staten Island, N.Y.*

Hair streaker

I am writing this letter in regard to your magazine's recent publication of various letters concerning hair.

I have always loved soft things, and hair definitely falls into this category. My motivations towards hair might interest *Penthouse* readers and other hair lovers.

My girl friend has a head of the most luscious, soft brown hair. It hangs to the top of her ass, and lately I have been experimenting with its sexiness.

I get shivers every time I think of her dipping her long soft locks around my rigid prick. She gets a lot of pleasure jacking me off this way and having me shoot on her face. She also likes to lay on her stomach and throw her hair over the top and onto a pillow so I can crawl on top and fuck her hair. While I do this, she says the most horny things like, "Oh, I love your cock in my hair. Feel my soft hairs draw the come out of your dick." Right before I pop my cookies, she screams and moans, "Make me a blond. Cover my hair with white, sticky, hot, creamy come."

Well, needless to say, I spurt all over her hair and put long white streaks in it. It looks neat, and my personal collection of Polaroids bears me out. Lately, too, I have been trying to get her to streak her hair or frost it. It would really turn me on to fuck her blondeness.

Right now I'm also taking out a young girl of twenty, and she has very long, *soft* blonde hair. It looks like a head of hot white come. As soon as I get the nerve up, I'm going to fuck those blonde curls.

I have been looking anxiously at stag films, magazines, etc. on fucking hair, but there doesn't seem to be anything about it. I like to think that there are many men—and maybe some women—out there who like pictures and articles about coming in women's hair.

Please withhold my name if this letter is published. I don't want to be known as a "freak" or "pervert." Unless, of course, there *are* others who share my feelings and practices; then I won't be so nervous.—*Name withheld, Las Vegas, Nev.*

Tongue sized

Regarding the letter titled "Tongue hung" which I enjoyed very much: if one had a tongue like that, who would need a peter?

I just had my girl friend measure mine, and it is one and a half inches in diameter by two and one half inches long, and she says it is A-okay as is—and that if I had any more, it would choke her to death (or tickle her to death). She also says that it is not the size that counts, but what you do with it.—*R.T., San Diego, Calif.*

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Square dance party

I have been reading *Penthouse* now for almost a year, but I never thought I would be writing to tell of any of my experiences.

I live in a small town in Arizona, and like all small towns, I thought I knew everything that was going on. Well I didn't, but I've learned a lot in the past two weeks, and it's so good I just had to pass it on to your readers.

It all started when I was invited to a party by a female friend from a local square dance club. My wife and I were new to the community, and this friend thought this would be a good way for us to get to know other members of the community.

When the night for the party came, my wife was sick so it was necessary for me to go to the party alone.

When I reached my friend's house, I knocked, was greeted by her, and went inside. I was introduced around and then took a seat in one of the large, overstuffed chairs in the corner.

There was some talk about the films we were going to see—about how hard they were to get, and it was hoped we would all enjoy them.

Was I ever surprised when they started the film. What I thought was going to be square-dance films turned out to be a real hard, porno-type, with sucking, fucking, and everything.

I'm always easy to get a boner, so needless to say, I had a hard-on after about the first twelve feet of film. I looked around to see if any of the others were looking at me. They weren't. They were too busy doing their own thing. The next thing I know, my female friend (Betty) had come over to the chair where I was and was on her knees in front of me. She slowly unzipped my fly, took out my throbbing cock, and began giving me a hand-job. She looked up at me, smiled a little, then put the head of my cock in her mouth. She did a fantastic "deep throat" job on it by taking the whole nine inches. By this time I was completely out of my mind. I became so bewildered I didn't know what to expect next. I saw her husband fucking some broad in the ass. Then some other broad came over and ran a vibrator up Betty's ass—that really turned her on.

By now everyone had taken their clothes off, and it was just one big orgy. I did one thing I've never done before. I fucked this broad in the ass while Betty ate her out from underneath—while she was giving head to another guy. It was really some party, and I went home completely exhausted. I told my wife about the party, and she can hardly wait for the next one so she can get in on the action. As she said, putting it so perfectly, "At last we've found a real swinging community."—*A.P., address withheld*

Billiard ball

I attended a swinging party at which our host introduced a fanciful new game called strip billiards. He had marked a set of billiard balls half blue and half pink. Each ball represented an article of clothing which was removed when the opposing player made a successful shot. The blues were for the men, and the pinks were for the women. The single black ball was played after one of the players had been completely disrobed. This was designated as the penalty ball, and it meant the loser incurred a prearranged consequence. The guys typically sought bedroom privileges for their opponents, while the girls contrived some devious counterpenalties. The girls usually insisted upon spanking, enslavement, and a variety of humorously wild, mildly degrading stunts. Whatever the prize, couple after couple took a turn in the locked poolroom.

The games produced a number of amusing results. One defeated male ended up wearing diapers. His victorious date and a panel of aspiring mothers obviously enjoyed the task of changing their well-developed baby. A pillow case served as his diaper. Another guy had to play a rematch dressed in his date's clothes. He lost the second game, too, mainly due to the harassment inflicted by the onlookers. When he bent down to attempt a shot in his miniskirt (or less), one of the girls would take liberties with his panty-clad ass. Performance was thereby hampered by the constant threat of goosing and pinching.

Around midnight it was suggested that a group contest be staged. Accordingly, both sexes elected a champion, and the embarrassing fortiture imposed upon either of these two was similarly suffered by their constituency. The girls were thusly reduced to their panties, but unfortunately we men sustained the ultimate debacle. For our loser's penalty, we were lined up and had the tips of our penises chalked like pool cues. That wasn't all. We were expected to present erections without touching ourselves. Any guy deemed limp was sentenced to an additional punishment for unmanliness—one swat from each girl on his bare ass.—*Name and address withheld*

Birth date

I recently attended a party and saw an amazing stunt pulled that your readers might get a kick out of.

One of the women, whom most of us hadn't seen for some months, arrived looking enormously pregnant. Her husband said they might have to rush off to the hospital at any moment, but they simply couldn't miss seeing all their old friends together.

Half an hour later, the woman complained of awful pains. She said she knew she couldn't get to the hospital on time. They took her to the bedroom, and she began writhing and gasping. The husband announced that she'd simply have to give birth there and asked all of us to help. I have never wanted to watch a delivery, but I felt an obligation to assist in any way I could. The husband had put a sheet over her and began pulling her clothes off. The

sheet obstructed the view of the rest of us. Suddenly he shouted, "It's coming out!" and he started pulling on the "baby." He yelled that he'd got a grip on it but needed help to get it out. So several of us dutifully pitched in. The husband had a grip on one leg and asked me to grab the other. We pulled slowly, and out it came. But it wasn't a baby; it was one of those lifelike, soft plastic baby dolls! (I realized later that real babies come out headfirst.) The amazing thing was that the woman had her legs spread apart, and her cunt was in full view of all of us. But it didn't phase her a bit. She just joined in with the laughing. I might add that this is quite a swinging crowd; so seeing a cunt is no novelty. To produce the huge stomach, they had used a large balloon. I don't know how she had managed to navigate with that doll in her cunt, but I suppose a real baby would take at least as much room.—*F.D., Tarzana, Calif.*

Female forum . . .

My husband Phil has been bringing home *Penthouse* for several months now and has been encouraging me to read some of the letters in your Forum section. I have been hesitating to do so because I felt that you had to be weird to write into a magazine about your private thoughts and affairs. One night when he wasn't home, I picked up one of the magazines and began to read the Forum section, and before I was through, I was quite excited. When Phil finally got home, I told him what I had been doing while he was gone. After taking me to bed for a wild sex session, he suggested that I write and tell you about our experience with our friends Barbara and her husband Ronnie.

Barb and Ron have been our friends and neighbors for several years, and the guys have similiar tastes in entertainment. One night we all went out for dinner and dancing at a local supper club, and after several hours, we started for home. We were all in good, silly moods, and no one was really tired. Ron suggested that we stop for another drink at one of the local pubs along the road that also have topless and bottomless dancers. Since Barb and I didn't really feel like sitting in a smoky bar, surrounded by a lot of men watching nude dancers, we suggested that we have the drinks at home instead. Ron said that we'd go home if we girls put a show on for them, since they were going to miss the one at the bar. Phil and Ron have shown each other nude pictures of Barb and me that they've taken so each guy knew what we looked like nude. But Ron had never actually seen me naked, and Phil hadn't seen Barb in the flesh either. Barb and I looked at each other, and since we were really feeling silly, we agreed. When we got home, Phil put some records on the stereo in the playroom, and Barb and I went into the bedroom to get ready. Meanwhile, each of the guys got one of Phil's cameras and set up lights for our show. Barb and I finally came out ready for our performance wearing black negligeés and black bikini panties. Just standing around was beginning to charge me up, and I could see that the guys were getting bulges in their pants. We flipped a coin to see who would go first, and since I lost, I had to go first.

The two guys with cameras were a real turn-on. As I started to dance, the guys started to take pictures so I hammed up my act for them. Soon Barb joined me, and we both were dancing for the guys and the cameras. Phil and Ron moved around to get good pictures of us. Ron had me stand still as he took a close-up of me from the head to the waist. My tits are big and full, but they stand up nicely. To give them added emphasis, I lifted my arms above my head. After he took the picture, he leaned over and kissed the nipple. I could feel the thrill of it right down to my crotch. Barb was doing all right keeping Phil busy, too. He was snapping pictures of her tits from all angles. Finally we started to ease down our panties as we danced around, and the guys were getting shots of us from every position. They were getting ass shots, tit shots, and pussy shots galore. When the music ended, I decided to tease Ron a little more.

Since by now he was sitting down, I went over and sat on his lap and kissed him. As his tongue was exploring my mouth, his hands were exploring my body. I could feel his hard prick on my ass even through his pants. I started to unbutton his shirt. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Phil and Barb playing the same game. Pretty soon we were all naked and rolling around on the floor—kissing and feeling and sucking each other. Eventually we were all fucking—me with Ron, and Barb with Phil. It was a strange feeling seeing Phil screwing somebody else, but an exciting one. After it was all over, we sat around having coffee and talking about our night. We all admitted that we'd had a desire for each other's partners, and no one felt guilty.

We've enjoyed a much nicer relationship since then, and our "nights out" continue to be fun for all of us. It's also been good for Phil and me. Our sex has been so much more rewarding because we're more sexually aware of each other. Personally, for me though, it's awfully nice to feel another man's hands and lips appreciating my body instead of only Phil getting his jollies by grabbing a feel on someone else when we're out with others. I don't feel left out of the fun anymore. I now feel sexy and glamorous. (And the pictures turned out great. Each guy has a complete set of both of us from both cameras.)—*D.V., Kansas City, Kansas*

. . . oral birth control

I started to write to you last year about the letter in your column about the girl who loved the taste of semen. However, I hesitated until I saw a more recent issue and read where another girl complained that she got sick after swallowing semen. Now I would like to write and put in my two cents'

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worth on a subject that I feel I am truly an expert on.

Now the reason I consider myself such an expert is because I started sucking men when I was nineteen years old, and now after many years of it, I am still doing it and with great pleasure. I became very popular, and I made my position very clear at the start when I dated. I was available for anything they wanted, except intercourse. I kept a diary over the years with a code-marking for each time I sucked someone, and a mark for each new person I added to my list. I have performed fellatio on a grand total of 743 different men, and they all loved it. My husband loves to be sucked, and I do it daily for him. He knew all about my past before we were married since I didn't try to hide anything from him. My husband first called me for a date because one of the men where he worked bragged about the best blow-job he had ever had.

As a young secretary, I had very little funds, and in trying to pay for an apartment, utilities, clothes, etc., I soon discovered that my talents for fellatio were a definite asset for existence as well as for pleasure. I was a cute blonde with a great figure (36-25-36), and one of the men at the office soon got me in black bras, panties, garter belts, and high-heel pumps with three-and-a-half-inch heels. The apartment manager gave me a special rent, the maintenance man looked after me ahead of everyone else in the building, the TV repairman charged me for parts only, the newspaper boy delivered the papers for free, all my dry cleaning was half price, a clothing and a shoe store gave me a 50 percent discount, I rode the bus free, and most of the men at work gave me all kinds of presents.

I am much older now, and my pace had slowed considerably. However, I still suck my husband daily, and I have thirty-six other men here in Omaha that I suck on an irregular basis. Actual intercourse I can take or leave, but I'll never turn down a stiff cock when somebody offers one.—*J.S., Omaha, Nebr.*

. . . introducing the babysitter

I babysit quite regularly at a house that is always full of magazines such as *Penthouse*. When there's nothing on TV, I get my kicks out of reading *Penthouse* and its Forum. Then one night I had my own Forum adventure.

It started out innocently enough, as I was babysitting on a quiet night. I hadn't done anything except talk to my boyfriend on the phone. He's a freshman in college, and I'm a senior in high school, but we really get along well together. We have not had sex yet. Anyway, he couldn't come over so I just spent the night reading and fantasizing about having sex with my guy. (He's really juicy and straightforward, but I think he's afraid he'll offend me if he moves in too soon.)

Quite unexpectedly, the parents of the kid I was babysitting walked in early. The mother had been drinking heavily and got sick so she promptly went upstairs and conked out. Mr. B. and I have a very good relationship, and he decided to sit and talk for a while. Soon the conversation got around to sex. He began to tell me about his relationship with his wife, and I told him about me wanting to have sex with my boyfriend, but was rather scared because I was afraid I didn't know how to. He said he'd show me, which I was utterly shocked at when he said it.

He started kissing me and I hated it—he slobbered. Then he worked my shirt up and unhooked my bra (a front latch one). He gently kissed my breasts and rolled my nipples between his lips. His kisses didn't seem so slobbery now, but I was still nervous. He sensed my hesitation, stopped, and asked "What's wrong?" I replied, "I've never done this before." Whereupon he said, "Don't worry, just enjoy it." He began at my breasts again and slowly kissed his way down. He undid my jeans and pulled them off along with my panties. I was quivering with both anticipation and fright. I was not on the Pill or anything and was afraid of pregnancy. After the fondling and kissing of my pussy and breasts, he enticingly removed his clothes and exposed his throbbing penis. He then asked me if he could fuck me.

By this time I was so worked up I automatically replied "Yes," but warned him against pregnancy. He quietly went upstairs and came back down with a condom and lubricant.

He lay down and pulled me over him. He grabbed my hips and eased me onto him. There was no sense of pain as I had expected—only pleasure. We had sex until three in the morning. Then we got dressed, and he drove me home.

I was getting out of the car when he pulled me back, kissed me tenderly, and said, "I hope you enjoyed your lesson."

Now I am not hesitant about sex with my boyfriend. In fact, we have already enjoyed its pleasures many times.—*Name and address withheld*

. . . mounting passion

When I was fourteen my mother enrolled me in horseback riding lessons. I discovered that as I rode, if I slid my crotch up against the horn of the saddle, I experienced very erotic feelings. I would get so turned on by the rocking motion of the horse, in combination with the rubbing of the horn against my clit, that I would moan with pleasure as I climaxed violently. When a nineteen-year-old stable hand noticed my obvious pleasure, he confronted me after one of my more enjoyable lessons and took me up to the hayloft and showed me his own variety of ecstacy.

When my mother discovered that I had lost my virginity to a lowly stable boy, she quickly removed me from riding school. After that encounter with the stable hand, my mother became very restrictive, not allowing me to leave the house or see any boys. Needless to say, during the seven years that followed, my sex life dwindled to nothing. I had almost forgotten what it felt like to become sexually aroused. Finally, in the spring of my twenty-first year, I moved out of the house and met Christos, who lived in a neighboring town and owned a horse ranch. I enjoyed many sexual encounters with Christos, but even better are the horseback rides. Now my favorite pastime is riding through the fields with Christos, wearing only a very short miniskirt and no panties. After my first climax on the saddle, which Christos loves to watch while riding alongside, we both get off in a secluded spot and "get off" again with each other.—*B.K., Harrisburg, Pa.*

. . . flight stimulator

I am a stewardess for one of the major European airlines. Being happily married, I haven't felt the desire to have sexual relations with any man other than my husband, but I have had a weakness since I was a little girl: I love to show my body and am always looking for an opportunity to satisfy this craving.

It is very easy for a stewardess to show her cunt and buttocks. All I have to do is not to wear panties and to have my skirts hemmed as short as regulations will allow. While in the plane, I will pull them a little higher, especially in the back, and I have practiced a way to bend over to reach the trays of the window seats, adjust seat belts, etc. that exposes my thighs almost all the way up. If the passengers on the other side of the aisle bend down just a little, they will have a good look at my bare (except for pantyhose) ass. I know it works because I have done it for my husband, who knows I am an exhibitionist "at heart" and enjoys it. Another way is to sit in the flight-personnel seat in the first-class section, which faces the passengers. There I just have to spread my legs, and the passengers on that side of the plane will get to see something better than an old movie. I realize that many times they don't actually get to see my cunt, but the feeling of having a captive audience looking at my open thighs makes my blood boil. Of course, there is always that old trick of dropping something and taking more time than necessary to look for it under the seats while separating the legs.

I would have liked to tell your readers about the many other ways in which I show my body (I could write a book!), but I can't continue writing. I am sitting naked with the curtains of my window open, and I just noticed Tommy, our seventeen-year-old neighbor, watching me from behind the louvers of his room. He is waiting there for the show that I put on for him whenever I am home alone. It is such a wonderful feeling to know that you have aroused somebody, and that he or she masturbates while looking at you or while fondly remembering the sight of your naked body.—*I.C., London, England*

. . . hot stew

My particular sexual preference is self-stimulation. I greatly enjoy it and have found many ways and places to enhance my enjoyment of it.

I am a stewardess and recently worked an all-night flight between the coasts. While serving the meal, I had noticed a very attractive man seated at the back of the cabin near the restroom and had fantasized about him so that by the time the lights went down, I had made up my mind what I wanted to do.

I went into the restroom and removed my panty hose and panties. In the subdued light, my flying partners would not notice. I then proceeded to the empty seat beside the gentleman whom I had been fantasizing about. I sat down, commenting on how I had noticed that he was still awake and asking if he'd like to talk. I had brought along a blanket and commented that it seemed chilly, putting the blanket over me. I kind of pushed the blanket up—tentlike—on my lap. From that point on, it was quite simple to inch up my skirt, spread my legs slightly, and gently start to play with my cunt. Since he was but inches away, I was intrigued by the thought that he would readily join me if I were to tell him what I was doing. But of course I didn't.

It was quite difficult to respond in our conversation and still keep my voice steady. In fact at one point, he remarked out loud that I was shivering, and I lamely replied that I was but that I thought I would warm up soon. At that point I thought he might even put his arm around me to help me warm up. It was marvelously exciting to be rubbing off right next to this good-looking man while fantasizing that I was completely exposed and he was watching me. This was my most unusual and interesting session of self-stimulation.—*A.H., Los Angeles, Calif.*

. . . chemical reaction

A few months ago my roommate, Ilene, brought home an issue of *Penthouse* "just to see what guys get off on." We read the issue from cover to cover—along with the next two issues to follow. We have decided to make this contribution to the pages of your magazine.

The other night Ilene was helping me with my chemistry (she often studies with no top on, as she was that night) when I suddenly couldn't resist those fantastic tits any longer (I guess I was just too horny). It surprised her when I first began to manipulate her nipples with my tongue, but her reluctant uneasiness shortly faded as she became extremely hot. Her nipples grew to twice their regularly large size. And I was so turned on I would have fucked a door knob! She came twice before she ever removed her then-soaked pants. By the end of the evening, I had climaxed twice while Ilene experienced no less than five wild orgasms.

It was the first time for either of us, and it was the best experience of my life. Believe

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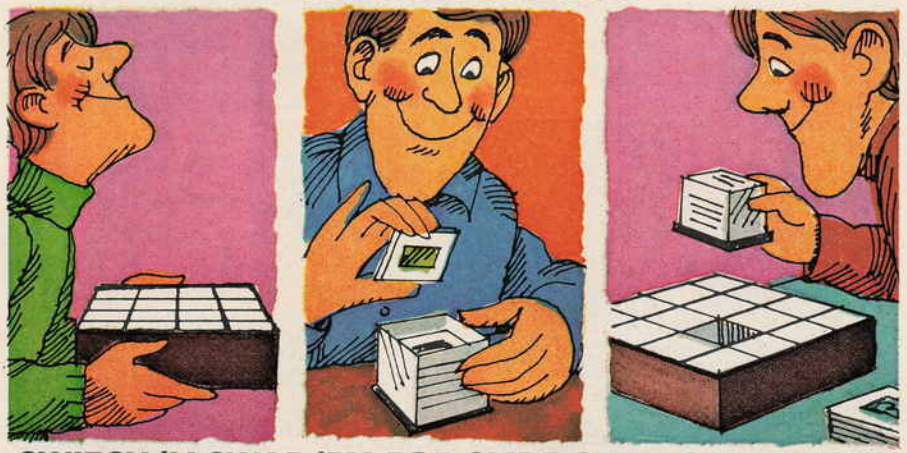

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me, we're both straight and quite ready for a man, but not one we've met seems interested in anything but childish petting. I'm tired of watching my date walk home with a huge lump in his pants. I suppose that my time will come, but in the meantime. . . .—*N.I., Denver, Colo.*

. . . leg go

I was fascinated by the February letter about the leg fetishist because my legs are adored, too. The worshipper is not my husband, however, but another woman.

I am twenty-eight, tall and blonde, with small breasts and lovely legs. My husband likes them, but not as Diane does. She is twenty-four, a cute blonde, with a darling body. She and her husband moved into this neighborhood six months ago and, since neither of us have children and we both work only in the mornings, it was natural that we became afternoon friends.

My legs attracted her from our first meeting, and I knew it. When she came up for coffee, I wore tiny, hip-hugger short shorts and paraded my bare legs before her, loving every compliment she paid me. One day while we talked on the sofa, she reached over and caressed my thighs and told me she couldn't resist any longer. I found myself pulling her head over and telling her to kiss them, and she did.

When she started to caress them again, I said, "I want you on the floor," and she knelt before me. I extended my left leg out and said, "Kiss all of it," and she did, right up to my crotch. I was on fire, believe me, from the soft touch of her fingers and the warmth of her tongue. When she reached for the other leg, I said, "I want you nude," and with no embarrassment at all, she stripped, knelt again, and kissed my toes.

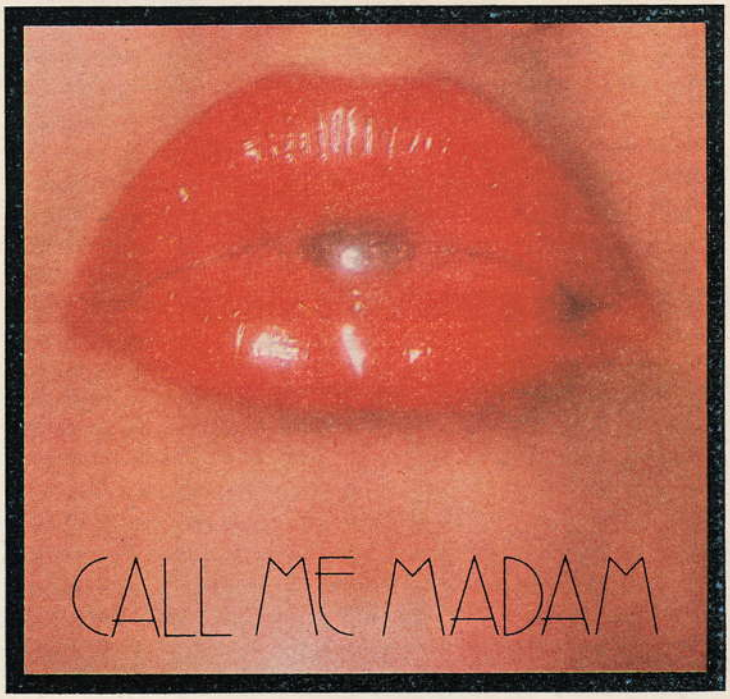
This has become a ritual. Diane asks to worship my legs, and I send her into the den, following with a piece of soft rope. She is nude on her knees, facing a big footstool with her hands behind her. I loosely bind her wrists and sit naked before her and move my legs here and there, letting her crawl on her knees to kiss them. I make her place her knees wide apart so my foot, propped under her on its heel, sticks up, and my toes rub her cunt. While she kisses my inner thighs, I reach under her, take her small, taut nipples in the fingers of each hand, and pinch and pull them. Finally, I straddle her, and she sucks my cunt for hours on end.

My husband benefits from this, too. I'm still so hot when he comes home that sex before dinner is now common, and often by eight at night, I'm crawling all over him. I'm sure Diane has the best of two worlds, too.—*G.T., Gary, Ind.*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Penthouse Forum** magazine now on sale at your newsstand, or send $1.25 to **Penthouse Forum**, Dept. HM, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022 for this month's copy.

"We've experimented with
oral sex, dry humping, masturbation,
and anal intercourse.
And yet my fiancée still insists on
remaining a virgin."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER



XAVIERA'S LETTER
OF THE MONTH

I'm an outgoing, aggressive male in my early thirties. I'm married, a father, and I have an easygoing lifestyle. I have a thing about older women who work with me. Their sincerity and their need for sexual action really turns me on to them.

One of these older women at work came up to me in private last week and started asking me about some of the more interesting parties I'd attended over the holidays. As the talk continued, she got the idea that I was involved strictly with older women. She then came right out and asked me about it, and so I bluntly told her why I liked older women. She got very excited and told me that I'd really enjoy attending her friend's party, which was a very sexy affair. At these parties, she explained, the women brought younger men with them for some hot action. I asked her what she meant exactly by "hot action." She replied that women her age—fortyish, fiftyish—brought younger fellows, about the age of their sons, so that they could mingle sexually. She stated that no one would actually bring her own son, just a "stepson for the night." I asked who'd attend, and she replied that I'd know no one there. About six or seven women would attend with their "sons." Certainly, I was curious, but I didn't want to commit myself right then and there. I told her I'd let her know in a day or two.

That evening, while I was bowling with my company's league, this older woman from work came to watch. We downed a few drinks together; she started giggling a lot, admitting that she wanted to see if I fooled around after bowling. I laughed and asked her, "With whom?" She looked around, then answered, "Yeah, I know what you mean . . . slim pickings. I guess a bowling alley isn't the best place for finding a date." She then said, "Why don't you come home with me?" Without any ado, I followed her in my car.

When we got to her place, she said she was tipsy from the drinks. She asked if I'd help her get to the bathtub to sober up. I filled the tub with hot water and lots of bath oil. I was about to leave the bathroom when she asked me if I'd stay and wash her. I said I would and went over to her.

I helped her undress, and into the tub she went. She seemed somewhat self-conscious about the fact that she was rather heavy. I told her to relax, and she finally did. I just washed her body as she lay there purring like a kitten. She then spoke: "Well, how do you like my titties?" They were large. I felt her up good but commented, "I haven't tasted them yet!" She replied, "You will!" She then asked, "When you gonna get down there?" pointing to her twat. I just put some soap on my hand and started fingering her. She kept moaning with joy as I went deeper and deeper inside her.

After a while she wanted to get out; so up she stood, saying, "You must be awfully sweaty after bowling. Undress and get in." I paused a second and did just that. She knelt naked next to the tub and, leaning over me, started to wash me. My overweight condition didn't seem to turn her off. Her hands were all over me, and as she leaned over the tub, I grabbed her big left tit and sucked on its very taut nipple. She started to jerk me off in the tub. When I felt my load coming, I told her to save it for later. She motioned for me to get out of the tub, and she proceeded to dry me. We then made it to her bed.

Once in the bed, she told me she'd like to utilize my first load right there and then. She began sucking my cock, taking all of it deep into her mouth. She stopped a moment to say that I had a beautiful cock, not huge, but beautiful—the right size, shape, thickness, and muscular tightness for her mouth. I then turned her

Photograph by Frank Lafitte

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over and got on top of her, putting my cock into her mouth. I pumped away like hell so that I was really fucking her mouth. I then spread her legs and started to nibble on her sweet-smelling pussy.

She soon came. Then it was my turn. I paused a second and told her I was about ready to shoot. She put her arms around my ass and pulled me tighter and closer. I then gushed. It was an explosion in her mouth!

She then turned around and started to explain how beautiful our little episode together had been. We talked for about an hour, all of which time I played with her sizable tits. When I was about ready to leave, she explained about the mother/proxy-son party. It got me so hot we finally fucked. She had a great pussy for eating and fucking. The party was set for the following Friday.

When Friday finally arrived, she was there waiting for me to finish bowling. We went to her place, where I showered and changed. When we got to the party, all but one of the expected couples had already arrived. One by one, the various women introduced themselves to me. The comments they threw at me were wild. One woman said, "You come highly recommended. I heard you really know how to use that thing of yours!" The woman then clutched my cock and balls in her right hand. Another gal said she'd heard I really knew how to give exotic baths. A third said she'd like to shower with me, then asked if I'd ever been given a blow-job in the shower and then had my asshole eaten out in knee-deep water with my ass underwater. I said I hadn't tried that one, which I hadn't. A sort of younger, chic-looking woman said, "Oh, honey, I must have you tonight. I hear you're a legman. Is that right? Well, feel this." She then took my hand beneath her dress, where I found only a pair of nylons attached to a garter belt: no panties, no girdle, nothing!

"If you like that," she smiled, "wait till I get my lips around that hard-on of yours. I hear your cock's a maiden's dream." After that she took me by the ass and pushed me into the bedroom. As she reached for my neck, her hemline went up to her stocking tops, and there was one beautiful ass. She mentioned how she'd left the light on so I could see her great body. She sat on the edge of the bed, pulled her dress up, kicked off her shoes, and wrapped her legs around me. My pants were already off, and so we fucked immediately. When we finished screwing, she said she hoped to see me there at the next meeting. I found out in time that an unwritten rule was to "have" somebody only once in the evening. You could go back for seconds only if you'd "had" everybody else.

The rest of the evening was similarly great. Each woman was exciting in her own way, making me want each and every one of them again next Friday evening. Just prior to my leaving, however, there were only three other couples left. All three of the

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guys were stone drunk . . . completely beyond help. In other words, there were four horny women and me. Out of the blue, my original sex companion said she couldn't get over how great my dick was to suck. That's all it took for the three other women to start yanking at my cock. My companion ordered me to get sucked by one of the other three. I'd already blown my load six times that evening. Could I do it again? The women gathered around closely to watch. Finally, one of them began massaging my balls, one licked out my asshole, and the third blew me. When I came in the one woman's mouth, the chick who was playing with my balls fought for my cream and eventually got her mouth on my dick to suck some of it in. Quite an experience. We left shortly thereafter.

My question: What's behind this desire for older women by younger men and vice versa? Is there any available information on this phenomenon?—The Chicago Keggler

From your letter it is not quite clear what age group you consider to be "older women." Since you're a father yourself, your case is not the average mother complex. But, alas, your older "companion" definitely shows signs of mothering and smothering you with her affection.

I must admit there are a few advantages to the Oedipal complex of conquering an "older woman." Once women have gone through menopause, many of them become sexually free and uninhibited. They can forget about birth-control devices and any concerns about pregnancy. Also, older women are simply more experienced. They tend to be more realistic and not so uptight about sexual experimentation. In many cases, older women are excellent lovers as well as companions with vast and interesting lives behind them.

So, no matter if she's ten or twenty pounds overweight, if you dig that type of woman, don't let her go.

HE DONE HER LONG

My problem is that I have a very weirdly shaped cock. You see, it's about nine inches long, seven inches in circumference at the head and about four inches at the base. Well, one night I took my girl friend, Cathy, to a party, and afterwards we ended up in bed. Now I'd never had sex with her before; so I didn't know if she was a virgin or not. She, however, said she was. Well, when I tried to enter her, she was very tight and she started to cry when I began thrusting. Naturally, I stopped for a while and finally pulled out entirely. As the night went on, I played with her big tits and fingered her cunt. Of course, I got hot as hell, and Cathy even said she wanted to try it again—even if it hurt her. She told me to try again but this time to shove it in all at once. I put her legs over my shoulders and propped her ass up with pillows. And then, all at once, I drove my cock into her cunt. When I did, she let out with a loud scream and started to cry again. But she told me to keep it in. And so I screwed her like crazy. After a few minutes, however, she said she'd have to stop. I hadn't come yet but didn't want to continue if she was in too much pain. When I tried to pull out of her, however, I couldn't. My cock seemed to be stuck. Also, I was very excited, and my cock wouldn't go soft. I tried to pull out, but as I did I simply hurt her even more. I stayed in her for about twenty minutes, but nothing seemed to help. Then she said to pull as hard as I could and she would hold on to the bed. Well, I gave one hell of a pull, and when I did, she let out with a scream. All of a sudden her cunt started to bleed like a river. I didn't know what to do. After trying in vain to stop the bleeding, I took her to the hospital.

When the doctor came out to me, he said that he'd given her three stitches and she'd never be able to take something that big again. Well, I felt like two cents and didn't know what to say. I'll never forget that night of pain and blood.

We like each other very much, but does this mean we can never have sex? Is my cock so very weird and large, or is Cathy's cunt so very small? Have you ever heard of such a thing?—Don

"Now think—who has a better right to feel horny?"

Yes, it is quite obvious that your cock is far too big for Cathy's cunt. If only she'd lost her virginity to someone else. You have to ease a virgin into these things. From your words I notice that there was not much tenderness involved in the deflowering of Cathy. You write: "I drove my cock into her cunt," and "I screwed her like crazy." Have you never heard that a man should treat a virgin slightly differently from a girl who's experienced a number of cocks? Are you so selfish that you can think only of your own pleasure? Realizing that she was a virgin and you were hung like a horse, couldn't you have taken away her virginity in a series of episodes, going a little deeper each time?

Now you can understand why so many young men—contrary to popular myth—aren't interested in screwing virgins. It's really not all that much fun. Now that the doctor has sewn her up, I'd suggest you either find yourself another girl friend or stick to oral sex.

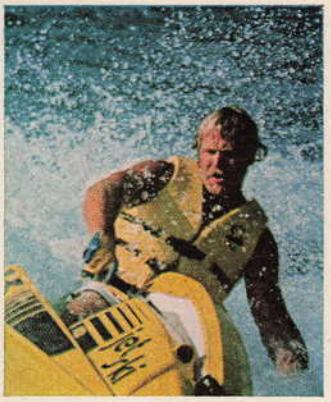
You probably got stuck because the entrance to her vagina was less than seven inches. Once you forced yourself inside her, her vagina just didn't want to stretch enough for you to get out again. If this unfortunate episode should ever recur, I'd suggest you allow your penis to go soft before withdrawal. A bucket of ice-cold water would do the trick—just like they use with dogs that get stuck.

THE BIGGER THE BETTER?

I know you'll think this is frivolous, but I'd

"Jet Skiing past Toronto's CN Tower, I found I was on a collision course with a speedboat!"

"A Jet Ski can streak over the water as smooth as silk. But if the waves get wild, it's like a bucking bronco with a burr under the saddle."



"Diane saw the speedboat bearing down on us first. 'Look out!' she shouted. I swerved and narrowly avoided a bone-crunching crash. But now I was trapped in the boat's choppy wake.

"No cork in a storm-tossed ocean was ever more jolted, jarred and jangled. Next time, I thought, I'll pick a sleepy tropical lagoon to Jet Ski on.

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appreciate your settling an argument. You see, my husband is always boasting about the size of his cock and about his sexual prowess. The other night we measured it, and it's just a fraction over seven inches. Hard, of course. From everything I've read most men have cocks a good deal larger than this. I'm only guessing, but I'd put the average at about eight or larger. My husband says I'm nuts. I fucked only one man before I got married, and I'm sure his cock was a good nine inches.

My husband also feels he's something of a superstud in bed. He says that when he wants to, he can come seven or eight times a night. On our honeymoon, most of which we spent in bed, he did come that many times in a session. I'll admit that there are times when I don't want any more fucking. When he wants more and I don't, he jerks himself off while he's lying next to me.

I know you attach no importance to cock size, but maybe if you'll state the facts he'll stop this incessant bragging.—M.M.

For your information, the average penis is about six inches in length. Your husband's not particularly small, but he's definitely not one of the largest either.

There's an old adage I'd like to repeat: "It is not the gun but the gunner that counts. However, a nice-sized gun sure helps the gunner get better game." But what good's a nice cock if the owner doesn't know how to use it properly? (Check out the previous letter.) Many men who are well built and have big cocks think all they have to do is shove it up a girl's cunt and she'll go wild with ecstasy. Wrong! Foreplay is even more important than the final moments of insertion and ejaculation. Getting the woman aroused with words, gestures, kisses, caresses, touches, et cetera, is what counts most. From there on, it's all in the penile action: a slow stroke, a variety of strokes, or just a good wild fuck.

It's not the quantity but the quality that counts. Try to convey that message to your husband. Is he trying to prove to you that he's a superman? Eight times a night can be a bit boring, if I must say so myself. If he feels like jacking off and you don't mind, let him do so or maybe assist him by masturbating each other. Then again, you can always let him go back to just doing himself. Maybe that's the form of sex he likes best anyway.

HOW NOT TO PICK UP A GIRL

I'm a bachelor who lives and sleeps alone. On the few occasions that my virile member met that hairy crevice, the suggestion invariably came from the lady. I'm sick of the celibate life, Xaviera.

A fellow soldier who was highly successful in picking up delectable women used to say the best way to get it was to ask for it. I never thought to inquire just what words he'd used in making his requests.

Now a civilian, I encounter at shopping centers and other places the prettiest chicks, who respond favorably to my smiles. But I'm at a loss for words. Just exactly what should I say?

Here are some tentative sentences for your approval:

1. Would you like to come to my (a) place of abode (b) house (c) home (d) pad; for some (a) loving (b) making out (c) laying (d) balling (e) banging (f) screwing (g) fucking?

2. Do you want to (a) have an affair (b) make love (c) get laid (d) be balled (e) be banged (f) screw (g) fuck?

3. Would you take down (off) your (a) drawers (b) bloomers (c) briefs (d) pants (e) panties (f) panty hose (g) girdle for me?

4. Will you show me your (a) thing (b) crack (c) slit (d) pee hole (e) cunny (f) cunt (g) snatch (h) pussy?

5. Would you like to see my (a) thing (b) phallus (c) penis (d) peter (e) red rod (f) tool (g) cock (h) dick (i) prick?

6. In response to the standard pick-up question "Have you got a match?" (a) my thing and yours (b) my phallus and your vulva (c) my penis and your vagina (d) my tool and your box (e) my red rod and your slit (f) my dickie and your cunny (g) my dick and your snatch (h) my cock and your cunt (i) my peter and your pee hole (j) my prick and your pussy? The above words can, of course, be interchanged.

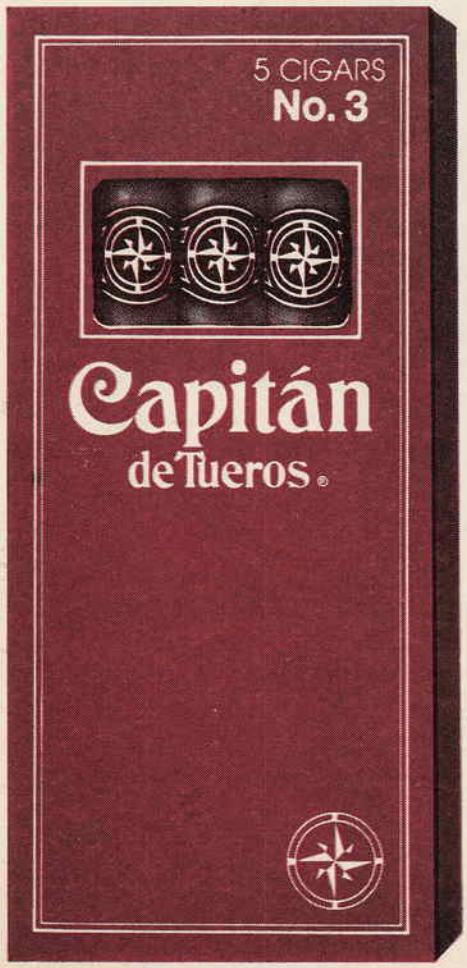
I don't believe in trial and error. So please tell me, Xaviera, which of the above sentences would get me what I want. If none are much good, please suggest something else.—D.D.

Either you're putting me on, or you're just extremely naïve. However, you definitely have a sense of humor; otherwise, your letter would not have made me laugh so many times.

Do you honestly think that the first lines you speak to a strange chick should cover the subjects you mention? Baby, if you don't believe in the trial-and-error method, you've got to be the most gorgeous dude in the country. Everybody has to go through the same getting-to-know-you stage. There are a number of so-called pick-up bars in larger cities where the time between initially meeting and fucking is drastically reduced. However, even in these kinds of places, it's best not to begin with, "Do you wanna fuck?" You can begin by asking her to dance or if she'd like a drink, and then you initiate a conversation concerning common interests.

If you don't like the bar scene and prefer meeting girls in a more ordinary setting, you might invite the girl for a cup of coffee, not in your (a) abode (b) pad (c) apartment, but somewhere like a cozy coffeeshop. After discussing a few of your common interests, maybe you can invite her to go (a) to a movie (b) to a party (c) horseback riding (d) for a walk, but not (a) sucking (b) fucking (c) screwing (d) for a quickie.

I hope you're smart enough to keep up a conversation for an afternoon without want-



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ing to jump her right away. Self-control and anticipation are often more exciting than actually getting down to her (a) knickers (b) panties (c) bra (d) titties (e) cunt (f) clitoris.

BLACKMAIL AND THE BISEXUAL

I'm a married twenty-four-year-old sailor with a very serious problem. About four months ago I met a young couple in a bar and, to make a long story short, I became involved in a threesome.

My problem is that one night while I was with this couple, we all drank a bit too much and the wife talked me into sucking off her husband.

While I was giving him a blow-job, the wife was taking pictures. Now they're blackmailing me with the pictures. They aren't asking for money, but they want my wife to join in on the games, and she refuses. I'm a career man, and the homosexual activity can ruin my future in the navy.

To add to my problems, I enjoyed the homosexual encounter and wish to continue a bisexual life. This is also a problem when I'm at sea for long periods of time with only men around me.

Please tell me what to do.—Confused

It's not uncommon for sailors to become bisexual. Being away from women for many months on ship can sometimes stimulate the desire for sex with your own sex. Of course, not all sailors are gay; most either relieve themselves through masturbation or just make it with the girls in port.

If you really need a man, keep your hands off the sailors and wait till you land in port. You can check out the gay bars or the happy hustlers once you arrive. However, from your letter I don't think your needs to have another homosexual encounter are that urgent. Just because you enjoyed this one blow-job doesn't necessarily mean that now you have become a full-fledged homosexual or even fully bisexual. Think it over. Sometimes a man gets involved with two chicks making it together with him. Does that mean this particular man can't function properly unless he has two chicks in bed with him? One swallow does not a summer make, and one swallow does not a homosexual make.

Concerning the blackmail, I think this is just a way to scare you. This couple wants to make it with your wife, and I think that's about the extent of it. It's quite obvious that the two of them are into swinging and into both pussy and cock. Don't worry. Just make sure the next time you see a camera popping away that your head is not popping up and down on somebody's cock.

SUBLIME AND PUNISHMENT

As a child of five, I discovered the art of self-stimulation. By six or seven I found that tying myself up or being rolled up in a blanket aroused me. By the time I was eight my parents separated, and I was often left at home alone for hours after school. It was then that I discovered my liking for wom-

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en's clothes. After school I would run home, put on my mother's undergarments, and jerk off. At thirteen my mother remarried, and we moved to a larger city. I became infatuated with big tits and started dating girls who had them. Still, I would fantasize about tying up these girls and eating them out. By the age of fourteen I started cross-dressing again, but only at home when my parents were gone or asleep. I left home at fifteen and traveled across the country many times, partaking only of straight sex. At eighteen I returned to my hometown and rented an apartment. Then I met a girl named Mae.

Mae was lonely and desperately horny. She came to live with me, and I eventually found her to be a masochist. I'd tie her in all sorts of positions, and we literally fucked like dogs. Her favorite position was to lie with her back up, ass in the air with her ankles tied to my four-poster bed. I'd tie her wrists and elbows. Then I'd stand in front of her on the floor and make her suck me off. From there I'd fuck her anally.

Once she was gone for a weekend, and I was left to satisfy myself. I decided to dress up. I put on a wig, bra, panty hose, and all the necessary clothes. I spent three hours doing my face and fingernails, and when I was all put together, I took a nice walk. I was propositioned once, and got so hot I went into a nearby motel powder room to masturbate. When I returned home, I masturbated again, falling asleep in my mistress's clothes.

I awoke when I heard Mae banging on the door. I quickly undressed and opened the door. She'd brought one of my old girl friends with her, and we all made it in bed. Mae asked this other woman if she'd ever taken it up the ass. She said no, so Mae proceeded to lower herself onto my cock while the other girl sat on my face. Believe me, we all had a terrific orgasm.

Now Mae and I are split up, and I've married. My wife and I are into a good, healthy swinging relationship. I'm still into cross-dressing. I'd say I do it about three times a month; however, my wife knows nothing about this. I've introduced her to anal sex and bondage, but I'm still afraid to tell her anything about my transvestism. I love my wife and think if she know of my alter ego she'd tell everyone and/or leave me. We have good sex, and she even enjoys stimulating my ass with a dildo or whatever happens to be handy.

Xaviera, what should I do? Should I simply give up my interest in transvestism or tell her about it?—A.G.

I hope you can one day make your wife understand that what you do is totally harmless and perhaps the result of childhood games you never quite outgrew. I always believe in telling the truth, but the truth in this case could create a violent reaction from your wife. I don't know her; so I can't say for sure how she'd react. You'll have to judge that for yourself. If you're certain that she'd either expose you or leave you, then don't tell her and try giving up this fetishism. Otherwise, I'd take the chance and tell her about your interest in transvestism.

DOWN ON ME

I'm fifty-nine years of age and was married for thirty-three years when my husband died suddenly about a year ago. I had a very good husband who provided for me very well. Anyway, to get my story told, I must be honest with you. I enjoyed sex in only one way, that is, through sexual intercourse. For years my husband wanted to see me in the nude, asked me not to wear panties around the house, wanted me to spread my legs while watching television, and tried to get me to give him French kisses. He even bought some X-rated movies, but I would never watch them. The worst of it was that he wanted me to perform oral sex. I just felt there must have been something wrong with him. In spite of my refusal to wander around nude and perform oral sex, he was still very good and loyal to me. I know now that it must have hurt him deeply. Needless to say, perhaps, I was very lonely and despondent after his untimely death.

About two months ago, the church I attend conducted a house-to-house survey, calling on various members. I agreed to take part in this canvass for money and was teamed with a very distinguished, fine-looking man. He's in his early sixties and is an executive for a fairly large manufacturing firm. In the course of our canvass, I learned he'd lost his wife two years ago and was also lonesome for companionship. That very evening he invited me to dinner, and these two months have been wonderful for both of us. Would you believe that on our second date we were French kissing and finally ended up in bed nude, having oral sex with each other? I've never enjoyed anything so much in my life. The only problem I have is that I reach my climax much sooner than he does. He wants to keep sucking me, but I just can't stand it. I feel like screaming—from ecstasy, not pain—but he insists on keeping his tongue or lips up in my pussy. I read somewhere that certain women have four or five orgasms per session. I don't know if there is something wrong with me physically or if I'm doing something wrong. Can you tell me why I can't stand for my friend to keep on sucking me after I've experienced an orgasm? Is there something he could do to help me? I want to keep this romance going.—A Lady

Hurrah for a liberated woman who, I hope, will set an example for many women throughout the country! Better late than never. You're never too old to learn.

With regard to experiencing only one orgasm, this is the rule rather than the exception for women. To achieve multiple orgasms per session is not all that common. Yes, some women do achieve a series of orgasms but it is not common, and no man should expect to bring his woman off repeatedly in one session. Since you've only begun sleeping with this new man in your life, perhaps you're still overly excited. As a result, your orgasms are overly exhaustive. With time the relationship will mellow to a more comfortable level of sexual intensity for you. In the meantime, you might try controlling your orgasms through masturbation. A lot of men jerk off before going out on a date, so that when they do get down to some honest fucking, they won't come quite so soon. This might work for you, too.

A VIRGIN IN VULVA ONLY

I'm a twenty-two-year-old male college student, and my girl friend is the same age. I think she has an unbelievable sex hang-up, and so I'm writing to you for advice. The situation is as follows.

We've been dating steadily for the past two and a half years, and we love each other very much. We plan on getting married as soon as I graduate and get a job. My problem is that she wants to keep her virginity until we get married. We started a sexual relationship after dating for about three or four months, and it's included oral sex, even anal intercourse. She just won't perform good old straight balling. We've slept together many times. We've even been completely nude in bed together, dry humping away. I mean, we've been so close to balling it's ridiculous. Regardless, she insists on remaining a virgin. We've enjoyed oral sex all along in various positions including sixty-nine, until we've reached simultaneous orgasms. She even performed fellatio on me in the car one night. Her only hang-up concerning oral sex is that she won't finish me off with her mouth. Just before I come, I have to give her a signal. She then pulls away and finishes me with her hand. We've also experimented with anal intercourse a few times, but she said it was painful and doesn't want to do that anymore. After all of this sex, she still claims to be a virgin and wishes to stay that way until we're married. Xaviera, I have talked to her until I'm blue in the face, but to no avail.

In your opinion, is my girl friend still a virgin? I would also appreciate any advice to remedy my most frustrating problem. I think all these other forms of sex are fine, but there's nothing like putting your penis in the woman you love.

Your help will be deeply appreciated as I don't think I can wait another two years to have sex with my love. I don't wish to cheat on her, but I'm afraid I will if something doesn't happen soon.—D.C.

I really feel sorry for you. This is a strange relationship, indeed. Your girl friend must be a very immature lady. She probably believes you will respect her more if she remains a virgin, even though she's had you in so many other ways. If only she were a true prude and never had seen a naked man. At least you could say she sticks to

her principles, but this girl's attitude is downright childish. If I were in your shoes, I'd tell her that if she didn't have intercourse with me, I'd have to look elsewhere. Don't cheat behind her back. Tell her exactly what you think and back it up with some real action.

I respect true virgins, but I despise fake virgins like your girl friend. Needless to say, perhaps, I wouldn't wait two years for a person like this.

HAPPY HOUSEWIFE HOOKER

I have read many of your letters in Penthouse, *and since I am now having a problem, I thought you might be able to help. You see, my wife has been cheating on me. We've been married for four years; I am twenty-four, and she is twenty-two. I am employed in a local plant, and as you are no doubt aware, the fellows talk about the babe they had out last night, et cetera. A girl's name is tossed around like mud. Quite a few of the guys at work get their chicks through a pimp named Frankie, who charges them twenty dollars for a screw, and ten dollars for a blow-job. Being very happy with my own sex life, I never bothered with these call girls. One day a guy at work showed me a picture of the girl he'd screwed the night before. I recognized the girl in the picture as my wife's best friend. I began to wonder about the rest of Frankie's girls. After all, my wife stayed out at least three evenings a week till 10 P.M. and was also out most afternoons. I said nothing but examined her purse one day and found two packs of rubbers and a bottle of quinine tablets. Why the tablets, I don't know. I still kept quiet, but one evening I followed her car to a shopping center, watched her park alongside another car, and get in with some man. They drove to an apartment house where she entered alone, while her male friend waited outside. About half an hour later, she came out and was driven to a motel. Again, she went in alone; her friend drove off in the car, but returned to pick her up about one hour later. They returned to the mall. She then drove home. I followed her in this manner, with borrowed cars, for the next two weeks. She always met the same man, who drove her to two or three places during the evening. I got the pimp's phone number from one of his clients, and using his name as a reference, called Frankie for a date with Jennie, which was the name my wife used as an alias.*

I agreed to meet Jennie at a motel on Saturday afternoon. That Saturday I had a fellow worker take my place, giving him a ten- and a twenty-dollar bill, both marked. Before she left the house that Saturday, I had examined her pocketbook; she had only seven dollars and some change. As usual, she was driven to the appointed motel. My co-worker had never met her, but she screwed him and got my marked twenty-dollar bill. It was about 5 P.M. when she returned. I reexamined her pocketbook and found the original seven dollars, plus two five-dollar bills. In other words, my

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marked twenty-dollar bill was given to her rotten boyfriend. She is out again tonight. She does not know that I'm aware of her whoring. I have kept quiet, even though it hurts. What can I do now? Do you think I should kick the whore out of the house?—B.M.

Unlike many other of my correspondents, you seem totally opposed to your wife's not-so-secret activities. If you were to find out that she would make it with all these guys for free, I wonder if it would change your mind. Would that still turn you off? The moment a woman asks money in exchange for her body, it means that she either needs the bread or is not involved with the man who's paying her. Then again, maybe she just loves what she's doing and likes the reward of payment. In your wife's case, there is obviously a pimp involved. For some miraculous reason, this pimp has been able to convince your wife to give him a percentage of her money. If a woman wants to be a part-time hooker, I can certainly understand her reasons. But why she would get involved with some pimp is beyond me. I would guess that she does not really love him. Rather, he somehow must have forced her to work with him. This pimp could have promised her good payment (which is always a lie), threatened blackmail, or threatened physical violence.

If I were you, I would not drop my wife at once. Try probing deeper into this matter before you do anything rash. Honesty, in this case, will surely pay off. Tell your wife that you know about her hooking. If she confesses, ask her about the pimp and her relationship with him. Why? How long? How much has he ripped her off?

Have you seen the film *Belle de Jour* with Catherine Deneuve, in which a perfectly "straight" housewife with a rather cool marital sex life becomes a divine hooker and lives out all her fantasies? If you see that film, you might understand your wife's behavior a bit better.

BRA OR NO BRA

An interesting conversation arose this afternoon when one of the guys I work with said he disapproved of braless women. I objected, and a debate arose; three guys were against bralessness and one was for it. Their objections were that bralessness causes girls to sag prematurely and makes a girl appear "easy to get." They said they didn't want their girls going unsupported. I was unable to offer any good defense; so I asked some of the secretaries at work. Unfortunately, they were too embarrassed to really talk about going braless. I did get one to admit that it makes her sweat. So, other than a lot of giggles and a little sweating, I have no support for my side of the argument.

What can you offer to help us settle this debate?—I.M.

Since I'm not a doctor, I can't tell you—medically speaking—if going without a bra is actually harmful to a woman. Common knowledge, however, tells that gravity will pull down braless tits quicker than tits supported by bras.

Whether or not a woman should wear a bra depends upon her breasts. Girls who have breasts that pass the pencil test look good without a bra. What exactly is the pencil test? Well, you take a pencil and put it underneath a girl's breasts. If the pencil drops immediately, then the girl has a good firm set of tits and has nothing to worry about. Her breasts are not drooping and most probably won't for quite some time. Those girls who do not pass the test and keep the pencil clasped between their tits are better off wearing a bra, not only for better support, but for ethical reasons also.

Let's get one thing straight. Girls who go braless are not always looking to tease guys. It all depends what they wear over their breasts. If a girl wears a see-through blouse, then you might be safe in saying she is out to arouse men. If she wears a workshirt or a heavy sweater that doesn't reveal any contours or protruding nipples, then she just prefers the comfort of going braless. Girls with big breasts will find that if they run or walk down the stairs, their tits will hurt a bit if they don't wear bras. Just as the miniskirts were good for slim-legged ladies, so the braless-look works best for small-breasted women.

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I'm a twenty-three-year-old housewife with two small children. My husband and I have been reading Penthouse *for almost a year, and from reading the different stories in the magazine, our sex life has improved greatly. We always experiment as we read the different stories.*

Today, as we sat at the kitchen table reading the magazine, I became so excited that I took off all my clothes and started masturbating. When I saw my husband watching me, my pussy started throbbing and my excitement grew stronger. I put a rug on the floor, and he proceeded to eat me. As I arched my back to let his tongue tease my vagina, I thought of our recliner chair and how nice it would be to arch my back without any strain.

I went over and lay down, and he started eating and sucking my pussy again until I moaned with pleasure. Then he put his hard cock in me, and I climaxed again. He felt so light on me because of the way the chair was built. I could move my vagina up and around the full length of his cock without feeling pinned down.

I am now convinced that this type of chair was built just for screwing. Tonight we are going to try different positions in it and find our favorite. I recommend that anyone who has a recliner try this way of screwing. I think you will find it most relaxing and that it adds a very natural feeling to your lovemaking.—T.C.

Very little comment on my behalf other than I recommend such activity. If you don't have a recliner, you might try a big comfortable chair.

SPANKOMANIA STRIKES AGAIN

I'm a twenty-one-year-old housewife, married to a guy who I thought was the greatest guy in the world. I've read your column in Penthouse *for some time now, and I've never seen my problem written about. My husband absolutely delights in punishing and embarrassing me. Twice he's taken me to this doctor friend of his and made me strip; then he watches me being examined. Worst of all, he delights in spanking me. At least twice a week, he takes me over his knees, turns my dress up, and takes my pants down. He applies his hand so hard that he raises welts. The harder I cry, the more it seems to please him. After the spankings, he strips me to shoes, stockings and garter belt. Then he makes love to me. Strangely enough, he forbids me to wear slacks or shorts, and he won't let me wear panty hose. He won't let me look at or touch his penis. The other day I bought a magazine with pictures of nude men. When he saw these pictures, he spanked me with a hairbrush. Then he tied me to the bed, took off all my clothes, and tickled the soles of my feet for over an hour.*

I don't know what to do. He says he only spanks me playfully, but this isn't any fun.—Anne T.

If it isn't any fun, then why do you stand for it? I don't know how long this kind of behavior has gone on, but most women wouldn't stand for any kind of painful abuse from their husbands. Maybe you derive some kind of pleasure from these spankings, and that's why you stay married to such a man. After all, you could easily get a divorce on grounds of physical cruelty. If you still love your husband, you might persuade him to see a psychiatrist. It could save your marriage; then again, the mere suggestion just might provoke a spanking session to end all spanking sessions.

Wife-spanking is not an uncommon practice, and many wives actually participate willingly. It's just another form of sadomasochism. If both partners are willing, it can be a very erotic form of foreplay. In your case, however, I'd say things have gotten out of hand.

FULFILLING A FETISH

Can you help a fellow with a peculiar fetish? I'm a widower, fifty-one-years-old, and I have strong sexual leanings toward women's knickers. If my wife were alive, I could satisfy this fetish through her. God bless the prostitutes, as they've helped me along this line, but I find it terribly difficult when visiting them to ask for what I want. I have been the guest of three such ladies, but I'm always tongue-tied when they ask what service I request. I've hinted at my fetish over the phone, but they always seem to have forgotten. When confronted by a pretty woman in the comfort of pleasing surroundings, I always find it just too difficult to explain my interest in knickers. On three occasions I've simply settled for just a strip show or a sexy talk. Just how does one ask to wear knickers and be masturbated through them by the prostitute? I'm getting to be quite frustrated.—R.L.

The next time you visit a prostitute, memorize the following line: "I would like you to masturbate me while I wear these knickers." Believe me, I'm sure it will be one of the less kinky requests of her day. Fulfilling fetishes and fantasies are what prostitutes do for a living. If you had a stomach ache, you certainly wouldn't ask a doctor to inspect your throat. Why should you treat a prostitute any differently? After all, it's your money.

SHE'S A HE, AND WE'RE IN LOVE

Please help! I had a date the other night. It was a blind date, and I mean blind. I arrived on time to pick up my date. She was a very pretty blond, had a nice shape, and everything you could want in a girl. We had a wonderful time and didn't get home until three in the morning. We were pretty smashed when we arrived at her place. I went in for a good-night kiss, and we had some pretty heavy necking, but nothing more. We went out many times after that, but we never went further than a little touching—at her request. After about two months of going together, we fell in love. Finally, after one night at a long party, we went to my place. We were really looped and very horny. She finally let me touch her in a few places I've never gone before. I reached for her pussy, and we finally got in the right angle for sixty-nine. Then I felt this big bulge in her panties. Well, when I got them off, I found that the girl I'm so in love with has a nine-inch dick! This sure blew my mind, and after two hours of talking, she said she was sorry for not telling me she was a he. She didn't want to lose me, I guess. We're so in love and have sex every night, but what do I do about my family and friends? They still think she is a girl. Does this make me a homo? When we're at home, he dresses like me, not in feminine attire but just like another man. We're so much in love and don't know what to do. So please help.—Ted

You've obviously been conned into homosexuality, but this doesn't necessarily mean you're a homosexual for the rest of your life. I'm glad to hear that you first began to appreciate the "woman," and that your affections did not change after you discovered "her" true identity. After all, your lover is a person first. Had your friend turned out to be a real woman, I'm sure you would have loved her just as much. In that case you would have been in love with her pussy as well. One usually doesn't fall in love with one particular part of a body. You fall in love with the entire person. Lust is a different story.

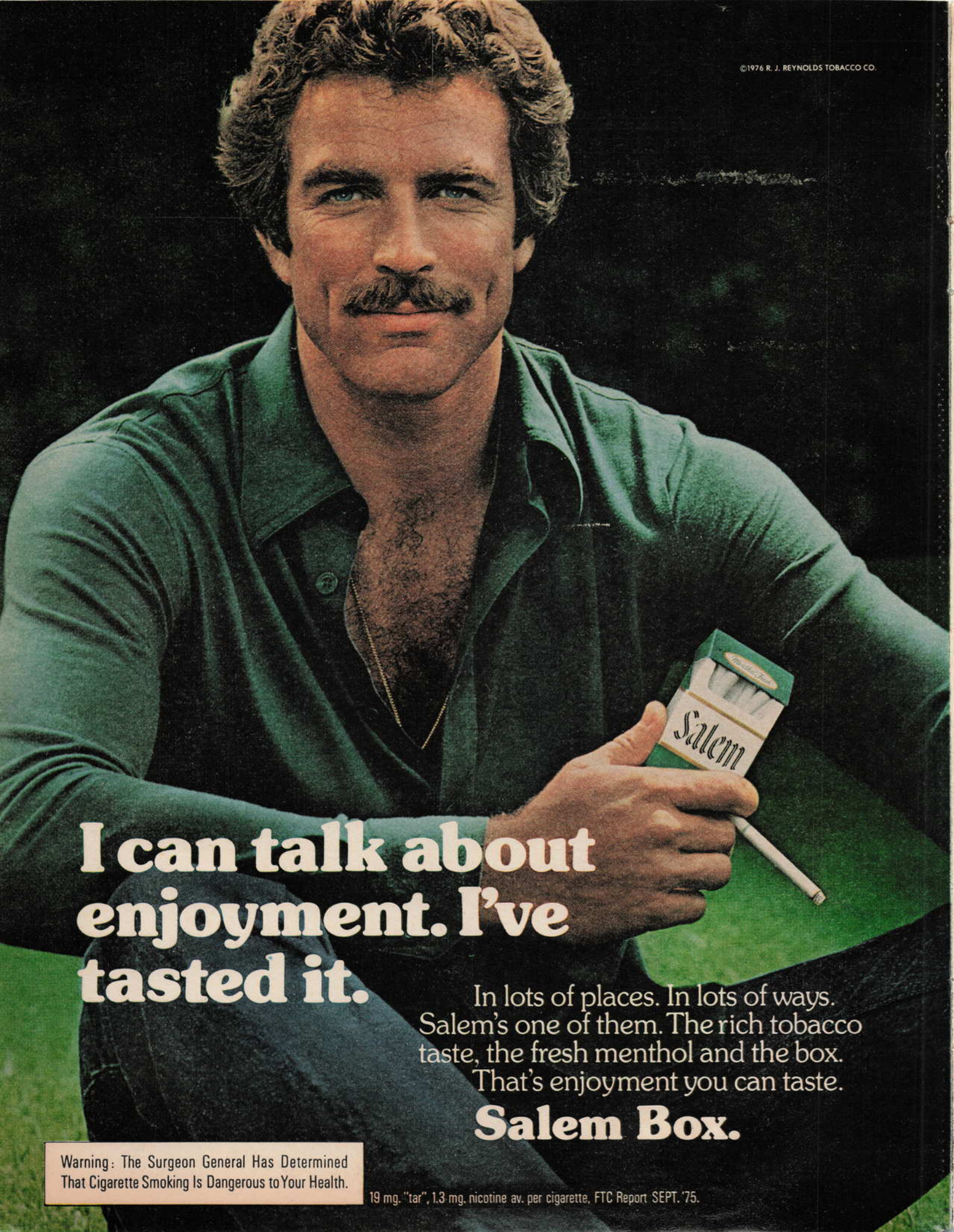
Your tale reminds me of an incident that happened to a dear but rather square friend of mine. I knew a gorgeous transsexual who was going in for the big operation—removal of the testicles and all. Her beauty was ravishing, and although she had already undergone hormone treatment and electrolysis, she still had a penis. She was one hell of a knockout, and many girls felt a lot less sexy when this "woman" made her entrance at any of my parties. Anyway, my supersquare friend happened to be at this party and just fell in love with this lady immediately. They left the party early and went for a ride. They dated several times. When they finally got down to sleeping together, he was surprised as hell. Even though he was shocked, he didn't get upset, and they've had sex many times since then.

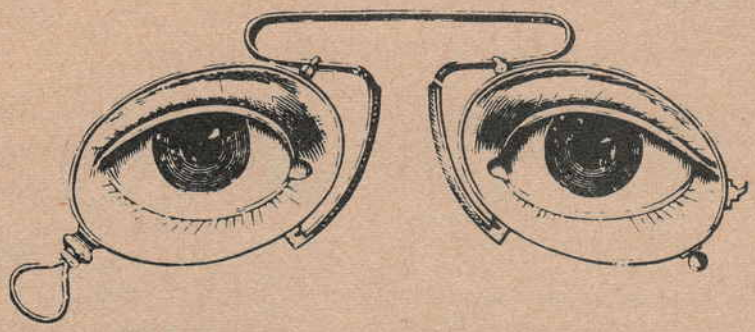
Our friend was no longer square, but he really dug her. Today they're living in South Carolina, and she's now had the total sex-change operation. They even intend to get married some day. In your case, the guy you fell in love with is not an all-out transsexual, but rather, a transvestite. Don't fear embarrassment. As long as your lover is worth it, stick with him. Either he continues the charade for the outside world, or you'll simply live openly as a gay couple. The problem is not an easy one, but neither is it uncommon. Maybe a change in locale would be the best way out. Then you can start an honest life all over with your lover.

You can almost hear the sea

Wind Drift®. It's like the sea. It freshens your skin while it stirs the senses.
Wind Drift After Shave and Cologne from English Leather.®

MEM COMPANY INC. NORTHVALE, N.J. 07647 © 1976 AVAILABLE IN CANADA


©1976 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Salem
I can talk about enjoyment. I've tasted it.
In lots of places. In lots of ways. Salem's one of them. The rich tobacco taste, the fresh menthol and the box. That's enjoyment you can taste.
Salem Box.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

DEATH BY HYPE

At its best, hype is the most consummate form of publicity. To devise an advertising campaign that proclaims Bruce Springsteen to be the future of rock 'n' roll is mere publicity. But to con the press and television media into proclaiming the same, now *that's* hype.

The most crucial factor in hype is momentum. The true clammy-fingered Machiavellis of hype never come on too strong, never get caught groping for the gullible public's purse strings, but instead seduce the public into a crescendo of excitement. It's a matter of style. Get her drunk and fuck her, yes, but don't try it with a fifth of Carstairs and a couple of Dixie Cups in a crummy two-bit motel.

Truman Capote's forthcoming novel *Answered Prayers* is a fine example. Last year *Esquire* published a piece of it. Soon gossip erupted into print that certain members of the jet set were upset over the hideousness with which they'd been portrayed in Capote's thin-veiled fiction. Persons not usually interested in literature or Capote became interested. *New York* ran a cover story on the matter in which Capote giggled that the hottest stuff was yet to come. Another piece of the book will appear in *Esquire*, there will be more anticipatory gales from the media, and then the book itself will appear. Sales will be fast and strong, for well-wrought hype will have triumphantly transformed two pounds of precious, Dresden-doll prose into a cultural phenomenon.

Most hype backfires, however. None of us, not even the stupidest, likes to think of himself as a sucker. When a hype is too blatant, the populace gets defensive and calls its bluff. The Beatles were wise to quit. Their hype had grown greater than they, and a losing streak subsequently lay ahead.

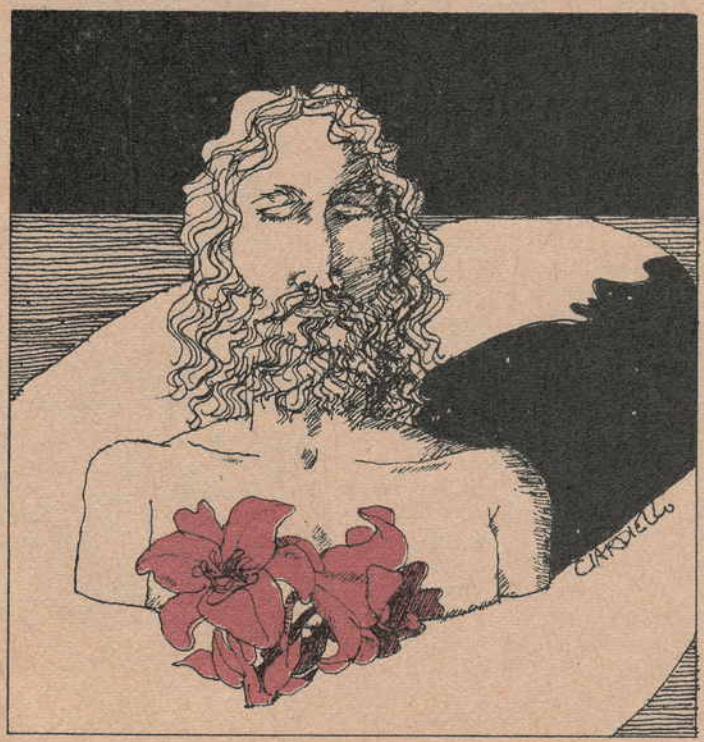
Too much praise, too hard a hype, can kill you dead. When Bob Dylan's *Self-Portrait* was released in 1970, it was universally damned. He could have issued any album, and it would have been bad-mouthed at that point because any critic who can be swayed by hype makes a dangerous lover—and sooner or later he must prove to himself that he is a rational individual with taste and not a sucker. The same thing happened to the Rolling Stones when they released *Exile on Main Street* four years ago. Dylan and, to a lesser extent, the Stones regained grace. Most are not so fortunate.

Take, for example, the fires of hype that rose around Orson Welles following *Citizen Kane*. They were far too much for someone to live up to. Today Orson Welles is lucky to toss out used jokes on Dean Martin roasts. Look at Mike Nichols after *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Graduate*. He did not fulfil the promise of his hype, and *Catch-22* was his one-way trip to the graveyard.

One blessed and exalted by hype is smart to behave with caution. A sort of pretentious dignity is called for. Elliott Gould blew it by making too many dumb movies too soon. Rod Steiger did the same. Cybill Shepherd should have realized that allowing such a human as Peter Bogdanovitch to raise such a fuss over her would bring only distaste to the mouths of the masses. The Scott Joplin revival killed itself by dragging the composer's opera *Treemonisha* out of the closet. The New York theater critics were waiting to deflate the Joplin craze. *Treemonisha* was the immediate and sorry victim. The box-office loss was $300,000.

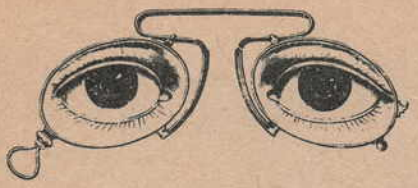
If Pauline Kael hadn't invented such a hype for Robert Altman's film *Nashville*, it might have been the blockbuster that Paramount expected it to be. But the public was led to believe *Nashville* was a vision of the U.S. Grail, and when it got naught but the usual gee-hicks-are-dumb jokes with some overblown sixties pretention thrown in, hell broke loose and the film grossed only $7 million in America.

Hype, like Vicks VapoRub and men, loses its power with age. The Marilyn Monroe hype will not likely survive the seventies. Each new moon the mystique crumbles a bit. After all, it's no longer chic to have been associated with a Kennedy.



Let us not forget Erich Segal and how his *Love Story* hype cost him his academic hype. Does he cry at night because he never got tenure at Yale? Will Catfish Hunter ever again pitch a great season? Will American Express ever give Craig Clayborne another $4,000 meal? Does Bruce Springsteen already have his Carvel franchise chosen? Who *is* Rod McKuen anyway? Could Hitler have really done it if he'd paced his hype a bit better?

Although the term itself is barely twenty years old, hype has been with us since the dawn. It killed Jesus Christ and it killed King Kong. But it also gave both those primates their day in the sun, just as it did Fabian Forte. The role of hype in culture is stronger than that of esthetics. It isn't content that matters, or even form, but swindle. And we wonder why the saucers don't land.—*Nick Tosches*



SCENES

EROS IN ADVERTISING

Seducing the consumer has become a fine art in the advertising world, and erotic images have not been used more often to tease, titillate, and entrap buyers than in the entertainment world, especially films and records.

"There are certain ingredients that sell movies. Sex is one of them," admitted Herb Hauser of Diener, Hauser & Greenthal, a New York advertising agency that specializes in film campaigns. "If you have the opportunity to use sex in your advertising without cheating anybody, why not do it?"

Sex doesn't seem to sell records, however. Erotic album covers abound, but music-industry professionals regard sexy covers as just part of a total entertainment package—something to look at while listening to the music. "You don't really have to sell something with an album cover; you're *saying* something," explained Bob Defrin, Atlantic Records' art director. "The cover is what the musician wants the album to mean, translated into graphic terms."

Nowadays even the most respectable mass-market films flaunt advertising with erotic imagery. Some campaigns are subliminally sexual, like the familiar *Jaws* poster with the enormous, threatening shark qua phallus ready to devour/penetrate the naked girl swimmer.

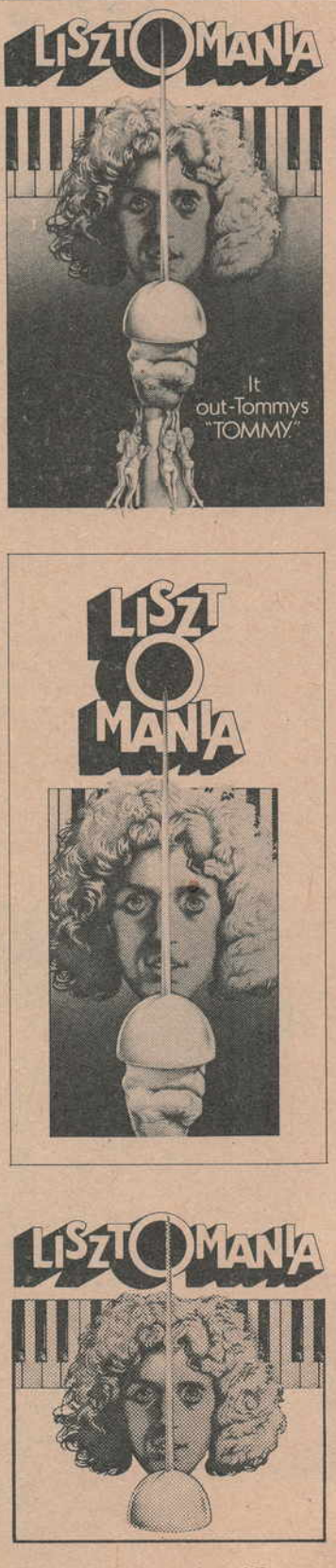
Tasteful but overt sexuality surfaces in a great many major motion pictures' advertising lay-outs. *Swept Away*, Italian director Lina Wertmüller's critically acclaimed 1975 release, earned a high erotica rating with its photo-ad of two lovers entwined passionately. While surf washes over their joined flesh, they tangibly consume one another in a torrid tangle of arms, legs, and mouths.

Despite the prevalence of erotically keyed film advertising, these creatively rendered cheap thrills don't get into newspapers without some squabbling. "It's a newspaper's prerogative to change the advertising any way it wants to," noted Don Conte, director of the code for advertising of the Motion Picture Association of America. (MPAA administers the G-PG-R-X movie-rating system.) "A newspaper can refuse to run any ad it wishes to, without having to justify it. Movies now have adult themes. Therefore the advertising is going to depict adult themes, too. But since any child can pick up a newspaper, the newspapers have to be careful."

Adman Herb Hauser knows only too well how careful the newspapers can be in censoring "obscene" movie advertising. "Censors have dirty minds," he complained. "They read things that are wrong into the ads." For example, Hauser cited his firm's ad strategy for *Putney Swope* several years ago. The art showed a hand giving the finger; a girl stood up in the hand where the offending digit would normally fit. "The Washington [D.C.] papers refused to run the girl at all, so we had a picture of a fist with one finger missing," Hauser grumbled. "The *New York Times* made us change the slogan from the original 'Up Madison Avenue' to 'Down Madison Avenue.' The *New York Post* ran the ad for several months, then refused to run it, because they got a letter from a reader who was insulted. One out of 700,000 readers!"

Different newspapers have different levels of prudery concerning film advertising. "We've had movies where we had three different ads for three different papers," Hauser remarked matter-of-factly.

It's Don Conte's job to review all proposed advertising for MPAA-rated films and then to "advise" the film company if their ads are acceptable to mass media and reflect the film's rating. Uncomfortable in the role of quasi censor, the genial, thirty-four-year-old Conte complained, "I find many newspapers inconsistent. They'll turn down an ad because it depicts a scantily clad woman, and in another, non-ad column, they'll have an 'Aussie beach beauty' wearing a string bikini, and they still have to airbrush her cleavage. Is that logical policy?"



The media's castration of Tommy.

Because of MPAA's vigilance about previewing all film advertising, Conte said he'd received only four letters of complaint about "offensive" film advertising in 1975.

Of course, that's not to say that some outrageous campaigns weren't mounted last year. Warner Brothers' wildly erotic ad approach for noted English director Ken Russell's R-rated fantasy *Lisztomania* "just aimed to outrage," according to observer Hauser. Warner Brothers, in keeping with the film's content, used a supersexual ad illustration, featuring a blatantly phallic male forearm and clenched fist. Little naked maidens swarmed ecstatically around the base of the flesh-toned, monumentally proportioned phallus. (The maidens didn't stay nudists for long, however; many newspapers insisted that the ladies wear bikini bottoms for propriety's sake. Other periodicals deleted the girls completely and chopped off portions of the forearm.)

If this wasn't enough, Warners (without receiving MPAA approval) printed a poster for New York and Los Angeles wall-plastering that *Variety* termed "the most phallic poster in the history of film advertising." On a black background, the white-lettered title, *Lisztomania*, formed a jauntily erect penis shaft, capped by an inverted, hot-pink heart (penis head), which spurted little white sparkles. Small, white, female figures rode and otherwise cavorted on the title-cock. This was the world's first and only ejaculating movie poster. Alas, *Lisztomania* bombed at the box office anyway, proving that explicit sexuality doesn't always draw people to the silver screen.

Compared with heavily cen-

sored film advertising, record album packaging is very nearly Sodom and Gomorrah. Album art exposed all several years before the nonporn film people were even revealing women's navels in ads (once that, too, was a no-no). With their late sixties *Two Virgins* LP, John Lennon and Yoko Ono flashed the first-ever full-frontal nudity on an album cover. Oddly, the nude photo of John and a slightly pregnant Yoko was so unflattering, it was almost asexual. But when their private parts went public, it created a national furor. Record stores refused to stock the impudent album cover, and finally a camouflage sleeve had to be devised, so the consumers could get a peep of John and Yoko's faces, not their nasty, naked bods.

Ever the rebels, the Rolling Stones gave album art its first striptease effect. Their 1970 *Sticky Fingers* LP spotlighted Andy Warhol's close-up photo of a well-endowed, bejeaned male midsection. A sturdy industrial zipper bisected the cover model's jeans, and thousands of teenage girls practiced unzipping *Sticky Fingers*'s fly and fingering the photo of white jockey shorts underneath. Solid training for their future lives, courtesy of rock 'n' roll.

More subtly erotic was Led Zeppelin's first album—a black and white graphic of an enormous exploding dirigible. This zeppelin bore a striking resemblance to a hard-on. But Led Zep weren't telling. Neither were Emerson, Lake & Palmer when they dubbed one best-selling album *Brain Salad Surgery*. FM deejays thought the title connotated cerebral music, but "brain salad surgery" is really arcane slang for "giving head." And on the cover, discreetly, ever so discreetly, a woman's head, bloodless lips parted, poises above a half-disguised silver-gray phallus.

All this is nothing compared with the all-time grossest record cover—an inept jazz-rock effort

Before-and-after album-cover artwork for Roxy Music: "The Great Atco Cover-up."

by a band called Mom's Apple Pie (Brown Paper Bag Co.) This LP cover drawing featured a prim yet salacious woman holding an apple pie. Inside the pie, instead of apple slices, was an anatomically complete red-pink vulva—labia, clitoris, and all. The vulva pie even dripped a steamy white fluid. "Rock bottom—the absolute worst," chided Atlantic Records' art director, Bob Defrin.

Yet Defrin admitted that when erotica and album cover art collide, "It's not so much what's acceptable as what can be gotten away with. We don't have censors here. I'm self-censoring my art department. But when you get a letter from a big chain, Korvettes or W. T. Grant, and it says, 'we won't carry this filthy record cover in any of our 10,000 stores,' then you lose an incredible part of the market."

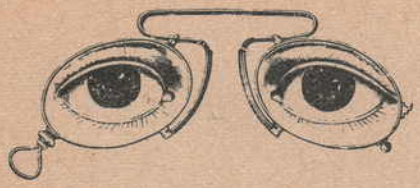
Atlantic Records' Atco label got just that sort of negative response to the supposedly dirty cover of *Country Life* by the avant-garde British rock group Roxy Music. *Country Life*'s original cover photo showed two well-built but almost naked young women, posing in front of lush green leaves. One wore a flesh-toned bra that revealed her nipples, while the other clutched her bare breasts in her palms. Both sported lacy bikini panties that suggested the presence of real, live pubic hair. This album cover was banned in Spain and South Africa. But back in beautifully decadent Britain, it won a design award.

Country Life was selling moderately well in the U.S., but then Sal Uterano, Atlantic Records' sales director, recalled, "Sears, JCPenney—chains where families shop—objected to the cover. If parents saw it or if their kids brought it home, they wrote nasty letters." Since many chains and mass-merchandisers refused to stock the sexily packaged *Country Life*, the record company instituted what they facetiously called "The Great Atco Cover-Up." The original, "lascivious" LP cover was concealed under an opaque green shrink-wrap to pass muster among censoring merchandisers. But once the green shrink-wrap was removed, the nasty, erotic cover was revealed in all its fleshy glory.

Still more self-righteous protests ensued. So the record company went into Phase Two —they capitulated with "The Great Atco Cop-Out," in the form of a less controversial Roxy Music cover. This cover was just like the original, sans the lissome ladies. In other words, it consisted of a bunch of leaves. The record company began shipping *Country Life* in "A" and "B" versions—the music world equivalent of G and X ratings. As the record company capitalists confessed in a music-trade magazine ad about the multiple covers, "After all, we're Atco records. We don't want any trouble . . . just sales."

"Changing the Roxy Music cover helped us sell from 30,000 to 40,000 of the 'clean' cover," Uterano commented. "But the other, original cover sold twice as much." Still, Uterano doesn't think that sexy album covers really sell records: "Kids want to hear what's inside, not look at what's on the cover of the album. You could put a good album in a paper bag, and it would still sell because of the music."

The sexuality of some other covers is almost impossible to miss. The Ohio Players have racked up the most consistently provocative, erotic album covers in the history of the music business. Each Ohio Players LP has featured nudity or S & M or pure and simple sensuality. *Climax*'s cover photo shows a silkily naked couple at the moment of orgasm—the woman has carved a bloody hole into the man's back. *Fire* features a lanky black model in a skimpy, skintight silver costume, holding a fire hose. And that gushing hose isn't exactly your most subtle phallic symbol. The Ohio Players' oldies collection, *Rattlesnake*, focuses on a snakecharmer model,



who's wearing only an exceptionally long boa constrictor to cover her erogenous zones.

Jim Ladwig of Album Graphics, who's designed several of the Players' albums, claims that the erotic covers aren't gratuitous; they simply reflect the group's musical product—sexy, jazzy, disco music. "Sure, it's an attention-getting device, but it comes across, too, as an extension of their sound." Still, Ladwig thought some of the Players' early covers were a bit too kinky—too many S & M overtones with the woman model in chains or studded leather straps, her head shaved clean like a slave's. Ladwig's design for the Players' latest album, *Honey*, was intended "to be more mainstream yet sensual. It was a softer album musically than before"; so the cover art had to reflect that. The wrap-around cover photo for *Honey* shows a silky-skinned, nearly nude model ready to suck on a dribbling spoonful of honey. Honeypot images when used here obviously don't refer back to Winnie the Pooh.

However mainstream-consumer his intentions, designer Ladwig had to modify his conception: "Honey is retouched. We had to put on a chain, a little piece of jewelry, because they felt she *had* to have something on." He detailed several other album-packaging taboos: "Female nipples are not acceptable, and I don't think pubic hair and total nudity are acceptable without using smoke screens."

Album cover art goes in cyclical trends. During the sixties many albums (especially R & B LPs) featured pretty girls on their covers. Jim Ladwig remembered, "At one time, there was a cliché of a chick on the cover. People got away from that, got more imaginative. Now it's come full circle. In the new album releases, you'll notice lots of tits and ass on the albums all of a sudden. It's like fins on the '57 Cadillac. For a while, everybody wanted fins. So now, everybody wants a sexy chick." —*Meridee Merzer*

Retouching Honey.

FILMS

LATE SPRING TRIO

When you write a monthly column of film reviews, you have to leave out a lot of movies. Sometimes they are movies that many people think important; sometimes they are movies that, for practical reasons, you simply can't include. Thus, I haven't written about the currently fashionable cinema of Lina Wertmüller (*Love and Anarchy*, *Seven Beauties*, etc.) because I hate it, and to explain the reasons why you hate something is never much use to anyone but yourself. Contrary to popular belief, it is more fun to review what you like than what you don't.

A couple of movies I do like illustrate another problem. Neither *Rancho Deluxe* nor *Ninety-two in the Shade*, both written by the novelist Thomas McGuane and the second directed by him (the first was directed by Frank Perry), did very well, and neither had any run to speak of after its initial screening. There was a lot to say about both—both being uncommonly intelligent, well-acted, rambling, funny, often despairing glimpses of the wilder reaches of American spirit—but no time to say it. The films disappeared before a review could have been published, and I don't see much point in writing about what isn't there. When they reach television, watch for them. Alas, that's where the history of American film is being written nowadays anyway.

Three movies you can manage to see follow. They are all imperfect, and, for one reason or another, worthwhile. They all happen to be French.

André Téchiné is virtually an unknown director. But his ***French Provincial***, which together with an American screenwriter, Marilyn Goldin, he also wrote, suggests that he will be pretty well known before many years, or movies, have passed. The passing years form the background of *French Provincial*, which deals with a prominent small-town family from the founding of its business—a factory—early in the century up to the probable failure of that business sometime in the 1960s. Though the film covers a great span of time, it really centers on a few years in the late 1930s when the two women who are its major characters enter the family by marriage. One of the women, Régina (Marie-France Pisier), is a beautiful, bored, self-consciously "artistic" girl who despises the family and her life and eventually runs off to New York with a World War II American soldier. The other, Berthe (Jeanne Moreau), is the town's seamstress, a good woman with a bad name. She joins the family through a backdoor marriage and eventually emerges as its mainstay, its leader, and its conscience—and finally the wistful admirer of its traditions. As the family rises and then begins to fall from power, the two women who will ultimately oversee its destiny come to change roles. Régina, formerly all poetic sensibility, becomes the hardheaded, hardhearted proprietress of an American fortune, with which she saves the factory and buys herself a divorce. And Berthe, on the other hand, becomes the poet of the family's late days.

The women carry the movie, but they don't dominate it. Moreau is far too old for her part at the beginning; Pisier far too young for hers at the end. It doesn't matter at all. Except for a touch of gray at the temples, the film makes no real concessions to the ages of its major people, preferring that they change in other ways as everything else changes around them.

Téchiné and Goldin have designed their film as a pageant of its times progressing through a series of brief vignettes—some exemplary and public, some of an extraordinary private intimacy. The important public events—scenes from the Resistance during World War II, the poverty

of the 1930s, political unrest of the 1960s, et cetera—often have a stylized, tableaulike quality that isn't always successful. But the lesser moments, moments in the family's or the town's inner life, do succeed, both because the cast is generally so fine and because the director has a bold and highly sensitive eye for the selection and emphasis of detail. Much of *French Provincial* really is detail, things seen in tight close-up, not so much for emotional force, but rather as if faces or bits of action should coalesce into the mosaic pattern that is the context of the movie.

In such a context, recurring images carry exceptional weight. For example, consider the ornate, white, wrought-iron gate that fronts the family mansion. Seen at first as immense, imposing, and proud, it apparently grows more intricate and approachable, until at the end it is positively lacelike and very vulnerable, its white paint now shabby and peeling. A great symbol of power has, by the passage of time and a change in point of view, become the most pathetic of barriers against an encroaching world. It happens to be the last image in a film that is full of doors and gates and significant windows. In its gradual transformation, it is exactly the kind of image that used to tie together the great chronicle novels of Faulkner, say, or Thomas Mann.

There is an artful pretentiousness in all that, but it is redeemed by Téchiné's artistic tact and human perceptiveness. A similar artful pretentiousness characterizes the work of Walerian Borowczyk, a well-known East-European animator who now directs live-action feature films in France. In the case of his ***Immoral Tales***, the pretentiousness is redeemed too—this time by sex.

There are four immoral tales, starting in the present and extending back to Renaissance Italy, where we come upon Lucrezia Borgia happily sucking her father, Pope Alexander VI, while at the same time being assfucked by the cardinal, her brother Cesare (who has just minutes before arranged the murder of her impotent husband, Alfonso). With its ebullient good humor, the "Lucrezia Borgia" episode climaxes the movie. But the main attraction is a sequence from the life of Elizabeth Bathory, the early seventeenth-century Hungarian countess who supposedly bathed in the blood of fresh-killed virgins in order to nourish her own youthful complexion. Elizabeth is played by Pablo Picasso's daughter, Paloma (handsome, but not quite the acting debut of the decade), and the virgins are played by about twenty anonymous young beauties—who are breathtaking.

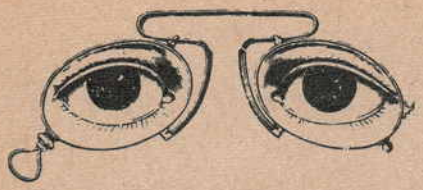
Mastroianni in Salut l'Artiste.

The subject matter has its own built-in decadence. So Borowczyk has the good sense to play down that titillating aspect and to concentrate instead on the ravishing bodies and attitudes of his women—with the result that there is none of the straining for unmentionable (and usually unseen) depravity that mucks up so much fancy soft-core pornography. He is aided—somewhat as Téchiné is aided—by not having to stay with any one episode for too long, and by showing an interest in shallow, flattened-out scenic effects. He is fond of walls, rather than spaces. This gives his images more a decorative than a dramatic quality, which may be profoundly suitable to the erotic content of his movie.

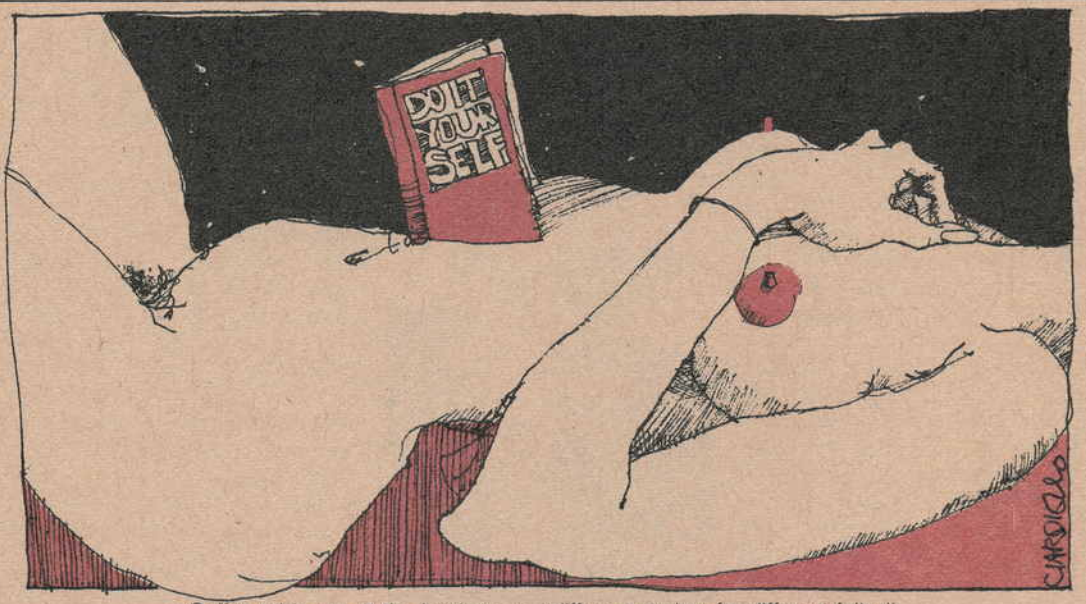
The modern story in *Immoral Tales*, called "The Tide," isn't interesting. But the nineteenth-century tale, "Thérèse the Philosopher," about a devout young thing who, with the help of several cucumbers, comes while reading the Stations of the Cross, develops some of the single-minded intensity that I've always felt to be the soul of sex in the movies. The locked bedroom on a summer's afternoon, the ripe but childlike blonde writhing in ecstacy on her bed—it is like discovering on the screen the secret partner for a perfect masturbation fantasy.

I could say as much against as for Yves Robert's ***Salut l'Artiste***, a trivial movie about a second-rate middle-aged actor more or less making do in contemporary Paris, if it weren't for the cast and for some very touching moments of gentle regret. Marcello Mastroianni is the actor. He works on stage, in films, in nightclubs, wherever he can find work—which, unlike most of the actors I know, he can always find. He lives with his mistress and flirts with his ex-wife (both in show biz) and generally sees his existence crumbling into a succession of increasingly minor walk-ons, whether in the theater or in life. Yves Robert doesn't have the means, or the insight, to make anything real out of this situation. But he does have Mastroianni, and Françoise Fabian as the mistress and Carla Gravina as the wife. They are all wonderful. And so the movie keeps turning up as better and more moving than anything the lightweight script or direction had prepared for. There are some very funny episodes and some very pathetic ones, where the actors' expressive personalities carry the film. It is lovely to be in the presence of reasonable responsive human beings at the movies. And *Salut l'Artiste* allows us that, sometimes in abundance.—*Roger Greenspun*

Immoral Tales *with Paloma Picasso: a built-in decadence.*



WORDS



Coffee-table sex at the bookstores: "different strokes for different folks."

HARDCOVER SOFTCORE

The publishing business no longer considers sex an under-the-counter affair. With plain, brown-paper wrappers giving way to bold-faced hardcover book jackets, coffee-table sex may be here to stay. Looking for the permanent, perpetual orgasm? A few of the following selections may eliminate anxiety if not inspire sexual ecstasy. But as they say, "different strokes for different folks."

The key to sexual happiness seems to be do-it-yourself or, more aptly, do-it-to-yourself. One "how-to book" that exploits the therapy of masturbation is Kass's and Stauss's ***Sex Therapy at Home*** (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). These therapists encourage not only "doing yourself" but also teaching yourself. With their clinically tested program (90 percent effective at their Wisconsin test center), you can be your own sex therapist. Reduction of discomfort and desensitization of anxiety (read: rich, highly satisfying sex life) are the goals and are within reach by the end of this book's step-by-step questionnaire format. Do not pass go! Don't even read the next question unless the preceding ones have been satisfactorily answered. Spontaneity through methodic repetition is what Kass and Stauss preach. Only trouble is, What makes them think their readers are so easily honest? There's no consideration for those who've not yet faced the truth about their sex lives, let alone told their partners.

Much more specific and informative is Lonnie Barbach's ***For Yourself: the fulfillment of female sexuality*** (Doubleday, $7.95). Despite its obvious female orientation, it is invaluable for both sexes. Again, masturbation is the key to discovering orgasmic response between partners, but Barbach's approach (developed at the University of California's Medical Center) is far more intimate than that of the Wisconsin team. The tone is uncondescending and pleasant; the exercises are not overly clinical; and first-name case histories woven into the text make the whole experience more human. Over and over again, the reassurance recurs: external standards are senseless; each individual is unique.

Such reassurances—in fact, the whole idea of sexual therapy, whether pro-masturbatory or not—have their foundation in our continuing evolution of sexual thought. The various methods of therapy have long been the seeds of conflict, and soon volumes of critical analysis will be as much a part of our literature as the original sex manuals themselves. Among the first of such assessments of sexual theory is Paul Robinson's ***The Modernization of Sex*** (Harper & Row, $8.95), an exploration into the work of Havelock Ellis ("the most romantic of sexual modernists"), Alfred Kinsey ("this century's foremost sexual demystifier"), and Masters and Johnson ("authors of the Consumer Reports on sexology"). Also author of *The Freudian Left*, Robinson seeks to distinguish serious sexual ideology from simple popular prejudice. Examining biases, myths, and scientific approaches, he underlines the pioneering courage of those who've led us from the veiled sensuality of the romantic era through the repressive Victorian age to today's demystified sexuality. Simultaneously, he warns against a deromanticized future in which the cost of greater sexual freedom could produce an irreversible emotional emptiness. Unfortunately, his book is flawed by what seems an almost niggling prejudice against Masters and Johnson and by an overly severe scholarly attitude. At one point he criticizes Masters and Johnson for their "consistent preference of complex and pretentious expressions," forgetting his own pomposity in such phrases as "the illicit hypostatization of an essentially fluid reality."

Desanctified sex is by no means limited to doctors and scholars. Our most intimate pastime has also become a natural target for satirists. Out to get the sexperts and sex guides, ***5,000 Years of Foreplay*** (Morrow, $5.95) by Ira Wallach is a source of many more giggles than gasps. A totally irreverent guide to perpetual orgasm, *5,000 Years* takes us from techniques initiated in 3025 B.C. to more recent approaches like the Flannel Tongue Lash. From frankfurters to the kitchen mop, Wallach cautions: "Never go shopping without lovemaking in mind. Involve the entire gross national product." Questions such as "Can I get pregnant from toilet seats?" receive immortal answers: "Not if you sit on them alone." Wallach's humor hits a hot .300, and Mischa Richter's illustrations for the book are just as good.

If words have destroyed the magic and mystery of sex, there's always visual eroticism. A number of recent works by photographers and illustrators show that, for them, the image outweighs the word. Among them: Tana Kaleya's ***Les Hommes*** (Harmony, $19.95) and J. Frederick Smith's ***Sappho: The Art of Loving Women*** (Chelsea, $30). Both books are photographic-portrait collections accompanied by occasional poetry; there the similarity ends. The book of male portraits, shot by a female French-based Polish photographer and graced by Michelangelo's sonnets, truly encompasses the energy and sensitivity of man. Exquisite compositions, diffused lighting, and muted colors create an aura of

contained passion and depth. The bodies are reminiscent of Renaissance art—flowing and graceful. The book of female portraits, however, is supposed to evoke erotic lesbian fantasies in keeping with the verse of Sappho. It falls comparatively flat. Despite soft lights and filters, endless props and costumes, the pictures remain empty, postured, and false.

Rich in character and intimate honesty is an entirely different book of photographs, ***Women and Other Visions*** (Morgan & Morgan, $14.95). Sans poetry or filters and in black and white only, this volume of female portraits was shot by both a man and a woman—Jack Welpot and Judy Dater. Unashamed, unassuming, their subjects stare back at the camera. A most honest composite of womanhood and of sexuality.

Those caring for a bit more action may well look beyond the coffee table. Penthouse Press has just published ***The Erotic Coloring Book*** ($5.00); and it's anything but hardcover softcore. Created by Craig Berlin, an innovative West Coast artist, *The Erotic Coloring Book* is this illustrator's first venture with Eros. Unlike most legit artists, Berlin doesn't shun the term "pornography." Instead, as he expresses his interest, "Mass-market pornography has many easily identifiable symbols. I'm taking those symbols and using them to communicate an art form." And so the subject matter of his work ranges from bondage to trisexualism. Stylistically, it's not child's play either. Berlin's line drawings show a penchant for complicated mirrored images and Tibetan symbols that push his work into the abstract—until you color in the spaces. Actually, *The Erotic Coloring Book* is the first in a trilogy of works by Berlin. "I held back with this one," he says. "The next two will involve more volatile symbols of pornography." For starters, at least, check out *The Erotic Coloring Book*.–*Karen Thorsen*

SOUNDS

THE NEW BIG BANDS OF JAZZ

Roll over, Glenn Miller, and tell Tommy Dorsey the news. **Gil Evans**, unreconstructed avant-gardist and inventor of the plugged-in orchestra, is revolutionizing Big Band music, which has long been the stodgiest, most innately conservative jazz.

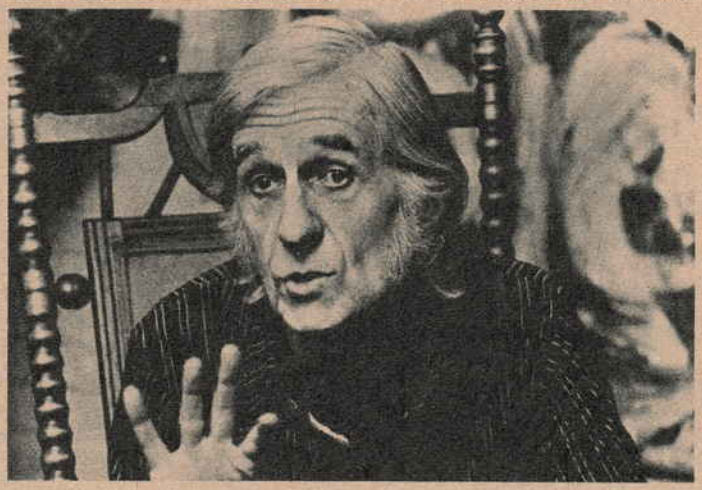
"I'm very eclectic," Evans admits with a barely audible chuckle. "My sources are everybody and everything I've ever heard." At age sixty-three, he includes blues, electronic music, Venezuelan folk rhythms, Jimi Hendrix, and yes, even Glenn Miller as source material. And, finally, Gil Evans's eclecticism is paying off. He's performing for more than the usual handful of New York cognoscenti, in rock clubs like the Bottom Line, at festivals all over Europe and the U.S., and on his albums for RCA: *The Gil Evans Orchestra Plays the Music of Jimi Hendrix* and the even more futuristic; *There Comes a Time*. Heard on a decent sound system, these recordings are positively hypnotic. Intersecting planes of color, flutes and bells with a dark line for tubas and Fender basses, a woodwind choir with synthesizers, chimes, and tympani. Detail is piled upon detail; yet the mix never muddles. Instead, it seems to glow from within.

Heard live, Evans's fourteen-piece group blazes through a hard-rocking blues, settles down to a hazy-hued "Summertime," then finds a groove infectious enough to sustain a round of solos. The players are all in their twenties and early thirties, which suits Gil's purposes. "They have modern styles," he says, "but they also have an old country-and-western, New Orleans–parade-band, early folk-blues feeling. And they can make all that new and fresh, because to them it *is* new; whereas I've been hearing it since I was a little boy." Among the band's stars are saxophonist Dave Sanborn, whose gritty blues licks enliven LPs by numerous pop acts, from the Brecker Brothers to Phoebe Snow; Howard Johnson, the triple-threat tuba-trumpet-saxophone player, whose prominence in the rock world dates from his work with Taj Mahal and the Band; and a flashy, ferocious young trumpet player named Hannibal, who pops up on more and more big- and small-band jazz sessions. None of these musicians has to work with Evans; often they turn down more lucrative assignments to do so.

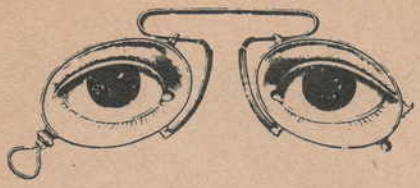
The ability to inspire such devotion isn't just a desirable quality in a Big Band leader; it's a necessity. Evans's only living rival in this regard happens to be the other pioneer of the new Big Band music, the shadowy, elusive **Sun Ra**, who has employed several of his sidemen steadily for twenty years. Ra is another Swing Era veteran, having played piano in the last incarnation of the Fletcher Henderson orchestra and in small groups with pre-modernists Coleman Hawkins and Stuff Smith. His arrangements are no match for Evans's in terms of color and drama, but his integration of the electric piano and synthesizer into jazz began as long ago as the fifties, and his was the first Big Band to play the freely structured energy music of the sixties. "It's amazing how good he is," Evans says, "and how good his early records are. People hardly know about them, and it's a shame; there's some great music there." *The Nubians of Plutonia* and *The Magic City* (ABC/Impulse) are the best of the few Sun Ra albums available on mass-distributed labels.

The **Jazz Composer's Orchestra**, which has its own record label as well as a distribution service (New Music Distribution Service, 6 West Ninety-fifth Street, New York, N.Y. 10025) for other new music recordings, is another potent force in the Evans-Ra tradition. It isn't really an orchestra in the conventional sense; it's a repertory company that commissions new works from deserving jazz composers and then performs and records them, with personnel that varies according to the demands of the music. For *The Gardens of Harlem*, Clifford Thornton's release on the JCOA label, the orchestra consists of horns, playing traditional African choral melodies, and a corps of percussionists playing complex cross-rhythms. Grachan Moncur III's *Echoes of Prayer* includes percolating Afro-Latin rock, a repetitive section that sounds like an orchestrated tape loop, more African drumming, and visionary violin, clarinet, and trombone solos.

The most challenging of the JCOA Big Band albums is Leroy



Jazz artist Gil Evans: revolutionizing Big Band music.



Jenkins's *For Players Only*. An orchestra composed of synthesizer, contrabass clarinet, piccolo, flute, tuba, electric guitar, three drums, and various other instruments is continuously broken down and recombined into ever more extravagant sound structures. Finally, his imagination momentarily exhausted, Jenkins allows each player to perform an unaccompanied solo—of fifteen seconds' duration.—*Robert Palmer*

DIRTY VINYL

With the national popularity of **Richard Pryor** and **Redd Foxx**, raunchy X-rated comedy has suddenly become the norm rather than an abused aberration. No longer the victim of undue censorship, barroom humor has now come out of the toilets to be sold in posh clubs from Broadway to Las Vegas.

Much of the credit for breaking such strangleholds of repression must go to Richard Pryor. Like Redd Foxx, Pryor had been popular in the black community for years before emerging as a national figure. In fact his first album of raunchy material, *Craps*, was released by the obscure Laff Records (2683 South La Cienga Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90034), a small label specializing in X-rated product. That label, along with Dootone Records (now defunct), Starday-King (1540 Brewster Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207), and a few other fly-by-night operations, led a precarious existence by supplying X-rated records to an eager *sub rosa* market. The business was always in ill-repute, and it wasn't until Pryor's *Craps* became a hot seller in the black community that any major label considered touching the seamy stuff.

Too hot to handle, Pryor's follow-up album, simply called *Richard Pryor*, was released on Dove Records, a label especially created by Warner Brothers to distribute Pryor's liberated product. Apparently, such four-letter humor was considered too

Richard Pryor, the king of X-rated comedy: prime time.

controversial for Warners to handle directly. But with his third album, *That Nigger's Crazy*, Warner Brothers finally found the balls to promote Pryor just as they would any other artist. The result was the first officially X-rated Gold Record, and Pryor has followed it with another, *Is It Something I Said?*

Pryor has become the most popular X-rated comedian in the country, and he is the best, although not necessarily the dirtiest. Even so, you'll probably never hear Pryor's true brand of humor on television. If the four-letter words don't infuriate the censors, the commentary will:

"A lot of niggers here today, some white folks, too. You motherfuckers came in a bunch, didn't you? . . . Shortage of white people lately. I ain't seen no white folks no more. Ya'll stopped fucking? White folks into yoga. You can't get no nut doin' no yoga. You got to get the pussay! . . . There will be no shortage of niggers. Niggers *is* fuckin'. We got to have somebody here to take over. White folks tired of our ass, too. They getting them some new niggers, the Vietnamese. . . . They didn't ask us shit! We the motherfuckers that got to give the jobs up for 'em. I know why they like those motherfuckers, too, because they got the kind of music they can dance to."

On television Pryor has to control himself. The same is true of Redd Foxx, who before Pryor was *the* King of X. Foxx was and continues to be more strongly linked to the black vaudeville tradition which gave work to comedians like Pigmeat Markham and the late Moms Mabley. They, along with Redd Foxx, were the unholy trio of black street-humor for over thirty years. And yet most people seeing Foxx shuffle through his paces on *Sanford and Son* are unaware of his true nature. With *You Gotta Wash Your Ass* (Atlantic), recorded live at Harlem's Apollo Theater, Redd Foxx demonstrates his total disregard for convention that's taken him from the black chitlin' circuit to the prime time. If the title doesn't warn you, the first few minutes of the album should do the trick. It's Foxx's first album in twelve years, and he makes up for lost time with a vengeance:

"You can let your armpits go two days, but not your ass. How can you tell someone, 'I love you, darling,' knowing in your heart you haven't washed your ass? . . . How can you turn around with your loved one in sixty-nine and not have washed your ass? Shit, it ain't but an inch away!"

If such libertine wit brings a smile to your lips, you'll find more of the Foxx's tireless tongue on dozens of old records distributed by Starday-King Records, some disks dating back as far as twenty years.

Other cock 'n' cunt comedians to look for include Rudy Ray Moore, Belle Barth, Lawanda, Potts and Panzy, and Jimmy Lynch. But keep a special eye out for **Wild Man Steve**, the one destined to be the next big X-rated comic. The Wildman has already cut seven of the dirtiest albums ever recorded, disks like *Wild Man! Wild Man!*, *Eatin' Ain't Cheatin'*, *Midnight Snack* and *Shacking Up* for Laff Records. Wild Man Steve is dirtier than both Foxx and Pryor put together and he isn't afraid to name names and insult minorities: cripples, midgets, famous entertainers, and ex-presidents. On *Eatin' Ain't Cheatin'*, Wild Man takes on Nixon:

"That motherfucker Nixon, son-of-a-bitch, he had the nerve when he was in the White House to hit on a black woman for some of that good black pussy. The black woman said, 'Nixon, you wanna go to bed with me? If you can get my dress as high as you got taxes, if you can get my drawers as low as you got wages, if you can get your dick as hard as you got times, and if you can fuck me like you trying to fuck this country, you can have it for free.'

"My influences were people like Redd Foxx and Pigmeat Markham," says the Wild Man, "but not Richard Pryor. I was on the road before Pryor and my album *Wild Man! Wild Man!* outsold *Craps*. I have proof. But Pryor got the movie break (*Wattstax*) and from that the big LP, and now I hope to do the same thing. You see, I have the same problem as Redd Foxx. People are always afraid I'm gonna say something wrong, but I can tailor my act for any kind of situation."

In its present state, Wild Man Steve's humor is even coarser than Foxx's, but he's continuing that tradition and bringing it to new heights of hysteria with lots of verbal fucking and sucking. In fact, he's so outrageous he'll have to make the bigtime just so the censors can shut him up.—*Vernon Gibbs*

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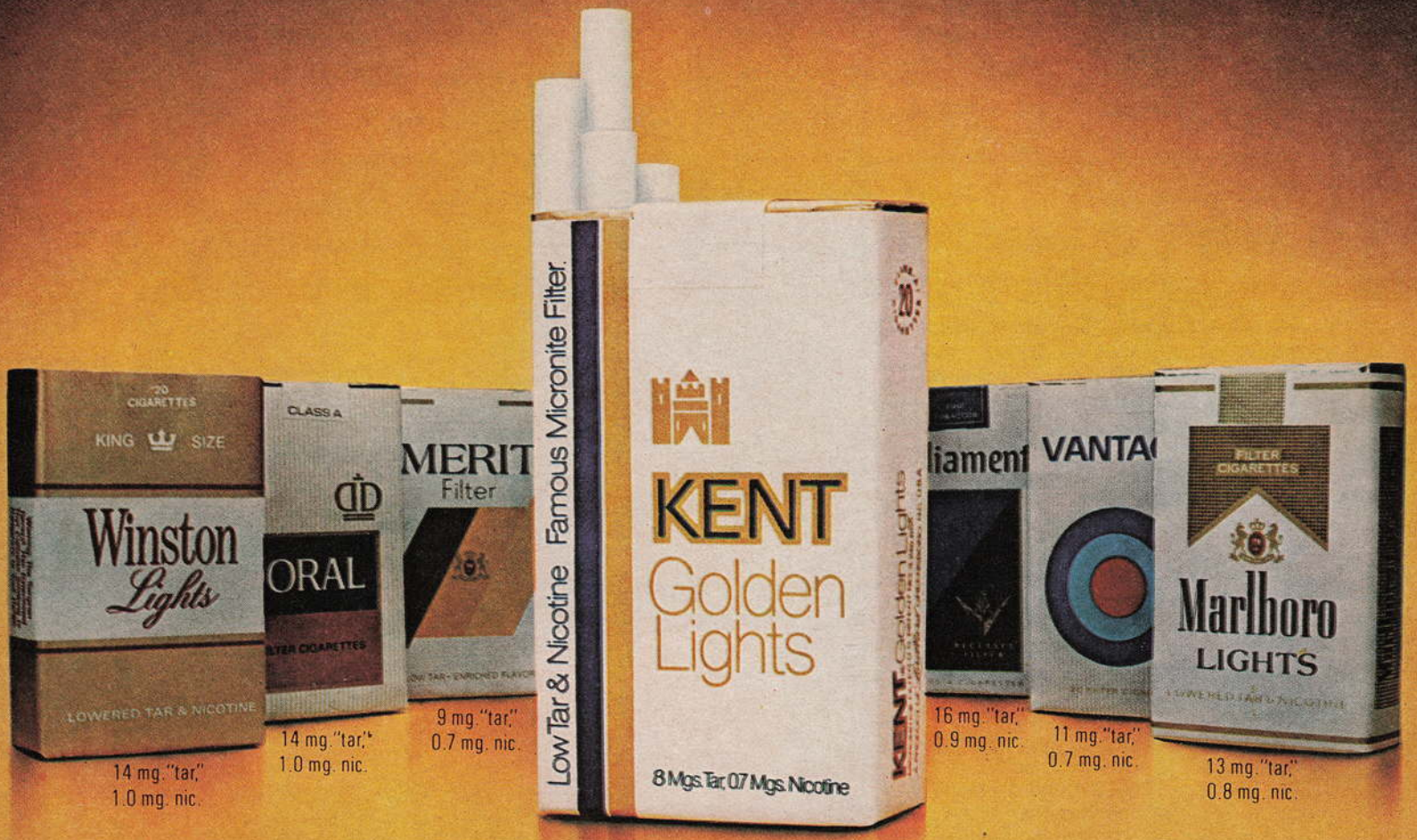

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CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

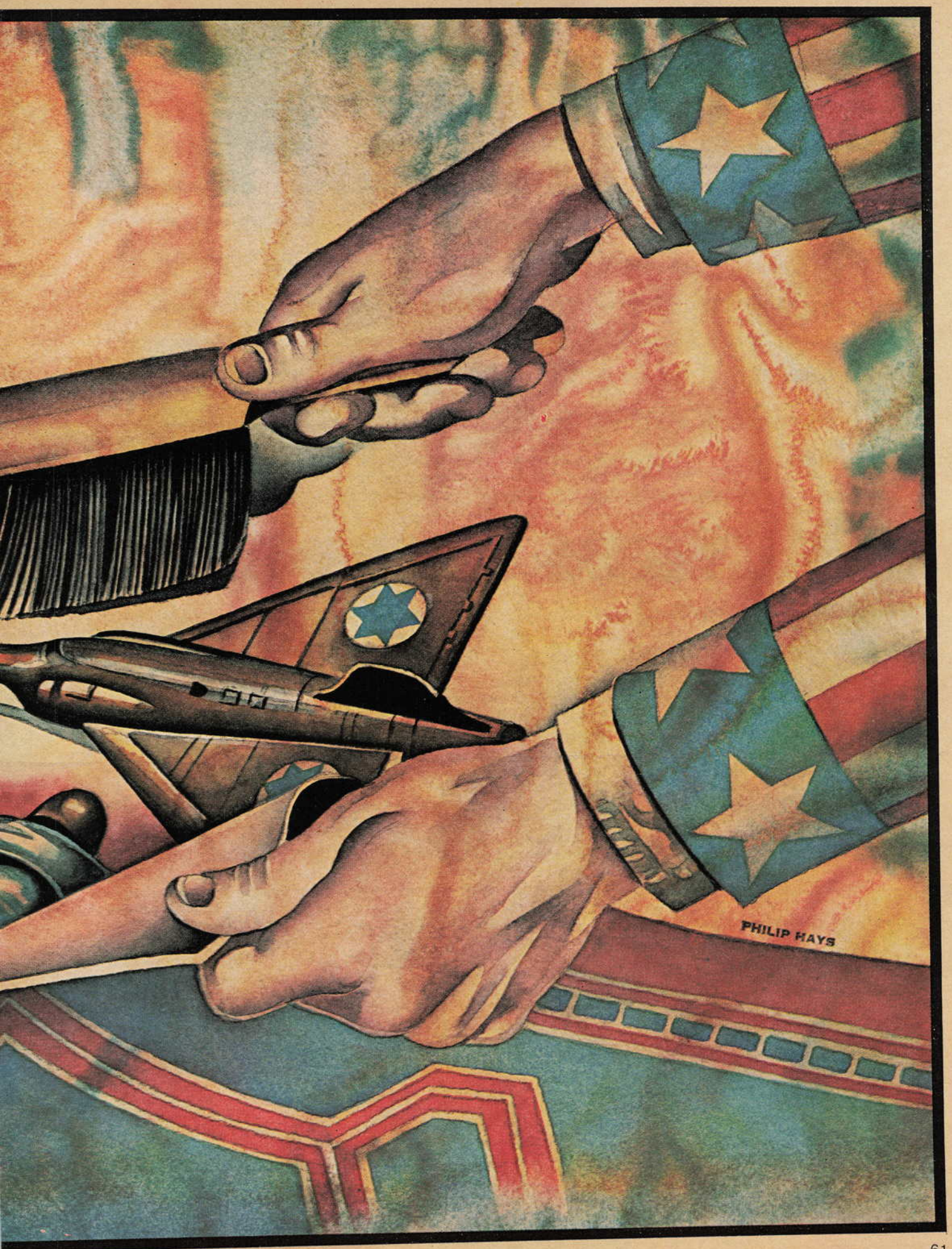
Although thirty-four Americans were killed when Israel attacked an unarmed U.S. ship in 1967, our government had left itself no choice but to help the Israelis sweep the entire matter under the rug.

June 8, 1967, was the fourth day of the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War. By that morning Jerusalem had fallen and Jordan was conquered. Israeli Mirages were masters of the air. The Egyptian air force had been destroyed in the early morning of the first combat day. Israel had been victorious within the first few hours. Now, on the fourth day, only Syria remained to be taken.

But the Arabs had not been the only targets. On the afternoon of June 8, an American spy ship, the U.S.S. *Liberty*, was hit in a coordinated raid by Israeli planes and torpedo boats. Thirty-four Americans were killed, and 164 were injured—including the captain, William L. McGonagle. The reasons for this attack were never fully explained. The Israelis claimed that it was an error, and the U.S. government accepted that explanation. But, as *Penthouse* reported last month, the attack was deliberate and both governments knew so at the time.

The *Liberty*, which was furnished with extremely sophisticated intelligence equipment, had been monitoring Arab and Israeli transmissions from her post off Gaza. Thus the communications experts on board had discovered that the Israelis were intercepting messages between the Arab leaders and then changing them and retransmitting them—a procedure known as "cooking." These cooked messages led King Hussein of Jordan and President Nasser of Egypt to believe that the war was actually going well for the Arabs and encouraged them to continue fighting. This ploy gave Israel the time it needed to consolidate its growing victory. It allowed the Israelis to destroy the confused Arab armies and seize Arab territory.

BY ANTHONY PEARSON


PHILIP HAYS

What no one knew—except those at the highest levels of the Israeli and American governments—was that Israel was violating a predetermined plan formulated by the CIA, top officials of the Johnson administration, the Israeli General Staff, and leading Israeli politicians. According to this plan, Israel should have fought a *contained* war with the Arabs—which would not have affected the territorial lines between Israel and Syria and Jordan. But the *Liberty* had discovered Israel's violation of this scheme, and on the evening of June 7, the Israeli ambassador in Washington was told that the attacks had to stop. Eight hours later orders were given in Tel Aviv to destroy the ship.

The attack would have been totally successful. It failed only because a "Mayday" distress call from the *Liberty* had reached the Sixth Fleet, six hundred miles to the northwest. Two flights of four jet fighters were immediately launched to save the ship. The Israelis intercepted the call and pulled back while there was still time to make the only possible excuse—error and mistaken identity.

On June 14 the *Liberty* limped into the harbor of Valletta, Malta. Dockworkers counting 821 rocket, cannon, and bullet holes marveled that the ship still lived.

An inquiry court probing the attack had already been convened three days earlier in London. Its president, Adm. Isaac Kidd, now came aboard the *Liberty* to continue the investigation. It seemed to him, he told the officers, that the ship's survival was nothing short of a miracle. The job of the inquiry, he said, partially joking, was not so much to find out what had gone wrong but to record how it had all gone right—how McGonagle and his men had pulled themselves from the proverbial jaws of death.

But that did not matter. Heroes did not matter. Bravery had not changed the course of events. Whatever Kidd or Admiral John McCain, chief of the U.S. Naval Forces in Europe, or McGonagle or the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington or the crew of the *Liberty* thought—and they all knew damn well that they had been attacked in cold blood—because of the attack the Israelis had achieved their objectives. On June 10, 1967, they were masters of Sinai as far as the very eastern banks of the Suez Canal, of the Jordan West Bank, of Jerusalem, and of a big chunk of the Syrian Golan Heights. The attack on Syria had been almost as big a shock to the world as was the whole sudden war. It was significant that *Liberty* was the only neutral voice able to tell the United Nations in New York and the Defense and State departments in Washington that the Israelis were making moves to conquer the Golan Heights. The transmissions from *Liberty* exposing the Israeli Golan attack plans could have saved Syria if they had gone through. The Israelis were in violation of a U.N.-negotiated cease-fire. The attack on the ship, however, stopped communications, and the Israelis had their way.

"Jesus! They've reshaped the whole strategic map of the Mideast," a friend in the American embassy in Beirut told me three days after the war had ended. "They've sabotaged every plan the State Department had for reestablishing any sort of worthwhile dialogue with the Arabs."

For this reason, many professionals in the State Department's Near East section did not join the American press and people in rejoicing because little Israeli David had killed the sinister Arab Goliath. They were concerned about a future that now looked dark and twisted.

THE KGB CONNECTION

Immediately after Adm. William Martin, the commander of the Sixth Fleet, had dispatched planes to save the *Liberty*, Lyndon Johnson contacted Leonid Brezhnev, the Russian leader, on the hot line. Johnson wanted to explain why there were American planes in the air. This incident raises the question of the Russian role in the planning of the Six-Day War—a role that was as crucial as that of Israel and the United States.

In 1967 a man called Sami Sharaf was probably the second most powerful man in Egypt. He was a close friend of President Nasser, and he was also Nasser's intelligence adviser. His title was Director of the President's Office of Information, but his actual job was running the KGB operation in Egypt. He was considered by both the British SIS and the CIA to be one of the most important Soviet agents in the world. His close allies in Egypt were Vice-President Ali Sabry, Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa, and War Minister Mohammad Fawzi. He was determined to drag Egypt totally into the Soviet camp, and he was constantly troubled by Nasser's reluctance to give up all hope of reestablishing some sort of American-Egyptian détente.

After the CIA-inspired coup in Greece, which was supposed to bolster NATO military advantages in the Eastern Mediterranean, the KGB began to dig hard into the overall tactical U.S. plan to subvert Soviet influence in the Mideast. They discovered that the American government had come to terms with the Israelis to attack Egypt, bring about Nasser's resignation or removal from office, and help in a right-wing military coup.

Sharaf and his associates agreed that if the Israelis did attack Egypt, Nasser would certainly be ousted. But Sharaf had total confidence in his own position. If anyone could take power, he and his group could, and Egypt would then be irretrievably in Soviet hands. This would give the Russians the ultimate military advantage in the Eastern Mediterranean.

To manipulate the situation to his own advantage, Sharaf told Nasser that the Israelis were assembling three brigades on the Golan Heights against the Syrians and that the Egyptian army should be mobilized in Sinai as a countermeasure. But the whole story was a lie. The Israelis were on full military alert, but they had not marshaled any brigades on the Golan prior to May 22, when Nasser blockaded the Straits of Tiran and moved his forces into a Sinai confrontation.

The Egyptian troop movements alarmed the American security agencies. When they learned the reason, they were deeply shocked. The State Department dispatched two special envoys, Charles Yost and Robert Anderson, to Cairo to cool things. They had fairly agreeable meetings with Nasser, and the Egyptian president agreed to send his special envoy, Zacheria Mohedein, to Washington. Sharaf was in no mood to see cold water poured on his dangerous game, which he saw a good chance of winning. Mohedein was due to leave for Washington on June 5. Somehow the Israelis found out. They had their own plans, and, likewise, they were in no mood to be thwarted by attempted Egyptian-American détente. So they made their preemptive strike.

The plan for a coup collapsed because the Egyptian people refused to accept Nasser's resignation after defeat. His charisma went beyond the assessments of both Russian and American political observers.

In September 1970, Anwar el-Sadat succeeded Nasser, who had died of a heart attack. In May 1972, Sharaf and all his associates, including Sabry, Gomaa, and Fawzi, were arrested by the Egyptian authorities after an attempted coup against Sadat. They were sentenced to life imprisonment. Sharaf was originally sentenced to death, but Sadat commuted the order.

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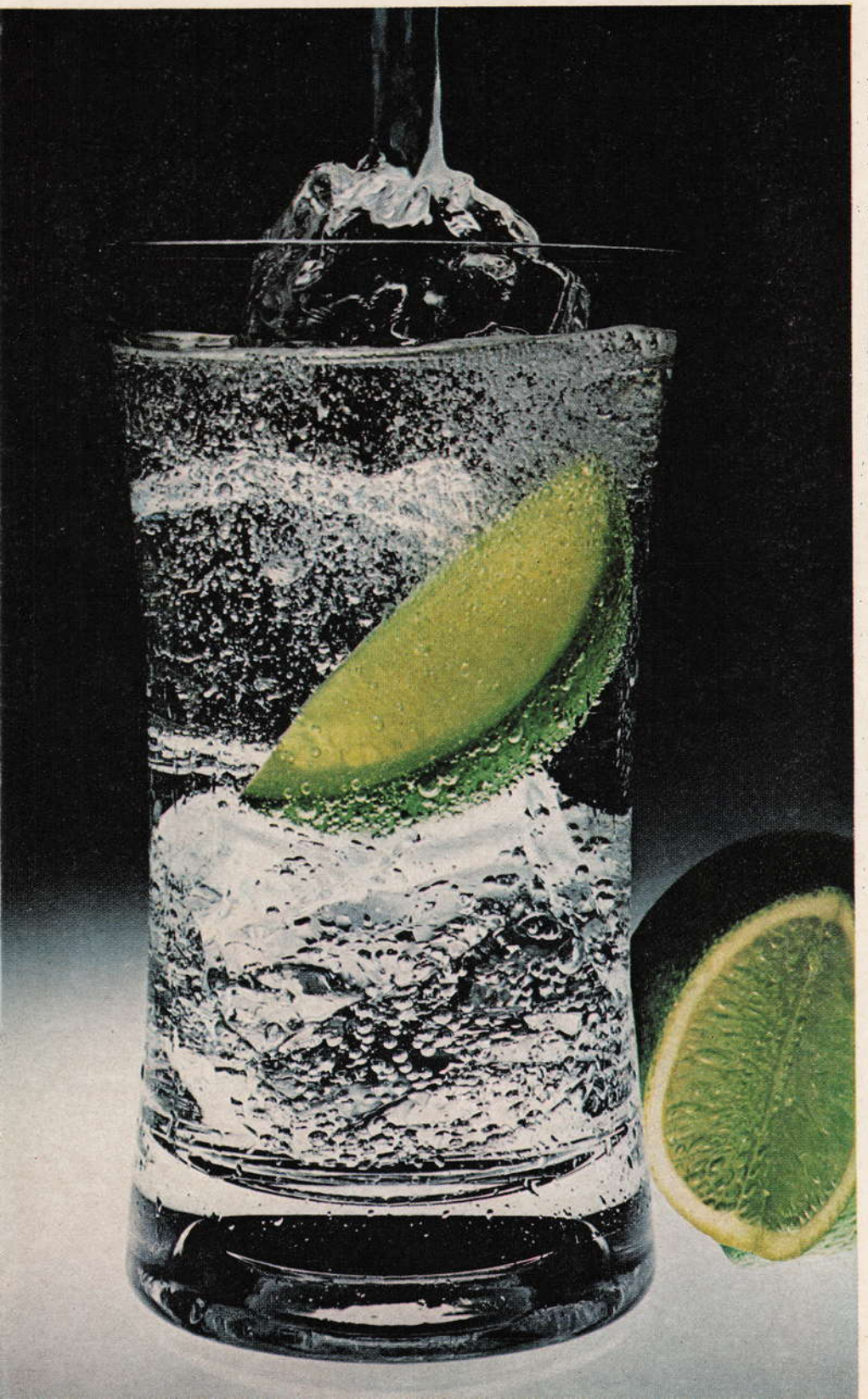

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It's possible—if the white rum comes from Puerto Rico and the tonic is Schweppes. Only in Puerto Rico are white rums aged for smoothness under the law.

And only Schweppes tonic water is made from imported essence to give it that curiously refreshing taste.

Together these two tastes seem to fuse into a whole new kind of summer drink. Something indescribably soft and clean-tasting.

Next to white rum and Schweppes, other tonic drinks won't stand a chance.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

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The *Liberty* had been only a small obstacle against a determined Israeli plan for reshaping the Mideast in Israel's own interests, and the attack on the ship was an indication of that country's determination to expand. To achieve their aims, the Israelis were prepared to push aside the restraining hand of their American ally with the same contempt that they felt for the threatening arm of their enemies. America had forbidden the conquest of Jordan. The *Liberty* attack was the Israeli reply. Oldtimers in the State Department could well say, "We told you so." But the cost of thirty-four lives and so much pain and injury left a burning anger in many places. According to former CIA staffer Patrick McGarvey, who was coordinating intelligence reports for the Joint Chiefs of Staff when the *Liberty* attack became evident, an order was immediately issued for an air strike against the Israeli torpedo base at Haifa, which had launched the torpedo boats. That order was quickly countermanded by the White House.

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee was in special session on the morning of the *Liberty* attack. Their reaction to the news was just as furious as that of the military, but it was motivated by different reasons and directed against different culprits. "It's the Russians," Secretary of State Dean Rusk announced. "They've escalated the war to direct confrontation," Sen. J. William Fulbright said.

How could they have been expected to realize the truth? Even two days afterward it was hard to believe. A Pentagon spokesman was quoted as saying some "plausible explanation" could be found in human error. But immediately afterward, Assistant Defense Secretary Phil Goulding rejected this, saying, "We cannot accept an attack on a clearly marked noncombatant U.S. naval ship in international waters as 'plausible' under any circumstances." An admiral in Naval Communications made the comment that the attack had been "another Pearl Harbor."

Cries of outrage were also heard in the House. Craig Hosmer, the Republican congressman from California, called the attack "high piracy" and demanded that the Israeli government make full reparations to both the United States and the families of the dead and injured. He also said that open proceedings should be taken against the men responsible for the attack order and those who carried it out.

Congressman Thomas Abernethy, a Mississippi Democrat, criticized the government's attitude. The Americans had taken the whole thing too lightly, he said. Washington was "as quiet as the tomb" about the whole event.

Of course, Congressmen Abernethy and Hosmer, the Joint Chiefs, Goulding, and all the others who had criticized Israel's action had never been privy to the secret war plans of the CIA and the highest advisers of Lyndon Johnson. If they had, they might well have been appalled; but at least they would have understood the reluctance with which the government approached the problem. Its plan was simple. It had to cool everything—to cover up. There had been a little trouble at Valletta because no one had told the crew not to talk. Naturally they did. The press left with the impression that whatever views Washington or the inquiry boards might take, the *Liberty* crew was in no doubt concerning the intentions of its attackers. One man, a Jewish boatswain's mate from Brooklyn, told how he had ripped the Star of David from his neck and had thrown it into the sea when he saw the blue-and-white Israeli flag. "The dirty murdering bastards" was all that he could say.

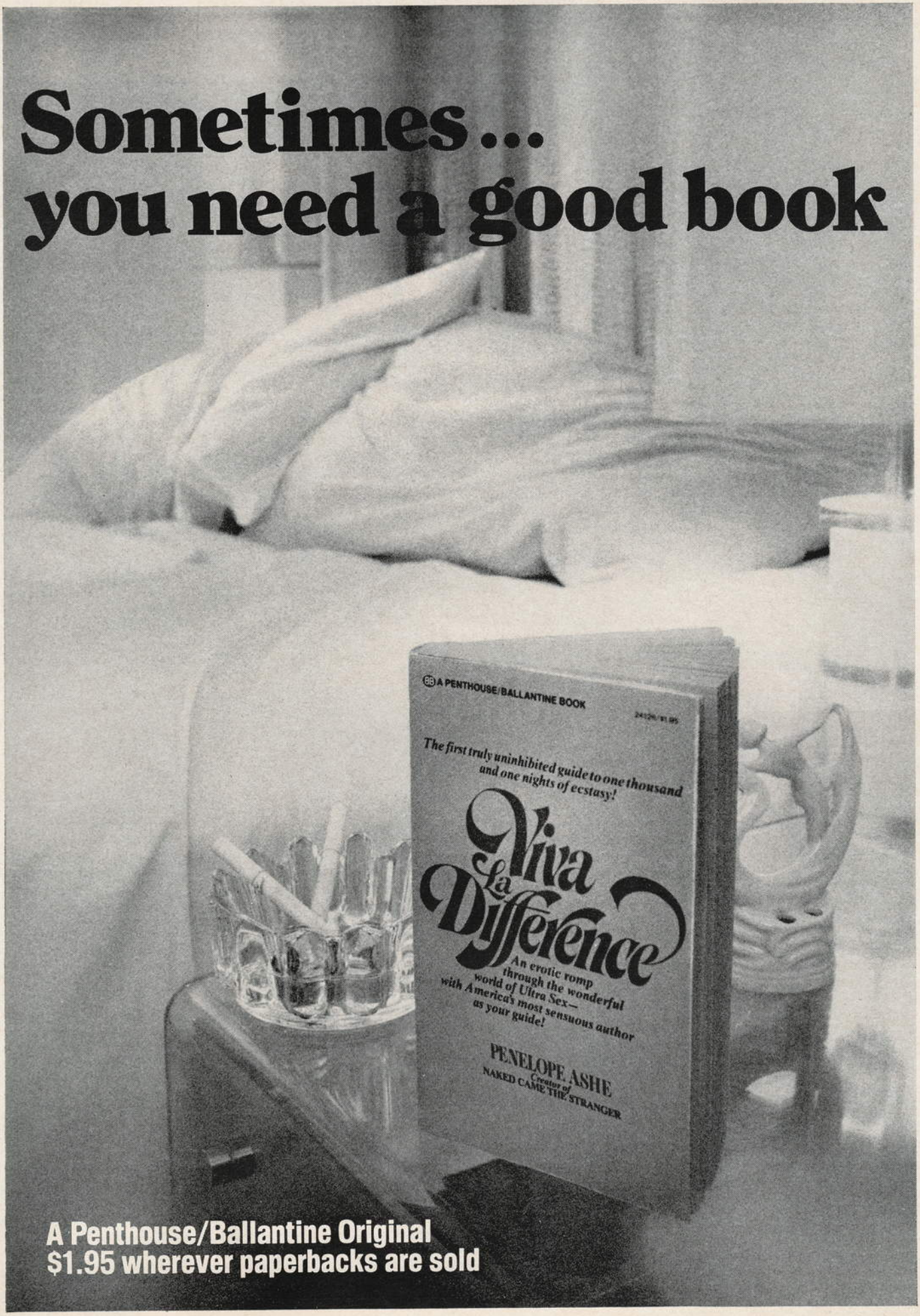
At home the story had received some publicity immediately after the attack, but there was a strange lack of interest shown in any follow-ups. Jack Anderson, the Washington columnist, raised questions about the *Liberty*'s role as a spy ship, expressed the opinion that the attack was no accident, and exposed the facts that initial congressional hearings on the matter were totally secret and apparently leak-proof, and that there was a good deal of friction among representatives concerning the issue. On the Hill and in the White House, the State Department, the Pentagon, and the intelligence community, the *Liberty* affair was suddenly shrouded in secrecy. A presidential citation was issued for the ship, and Commander McGonagle was cited for the Medal of Honor. Beyond that necessary routine there was silence.

On July 28 the *Zarephath* (N.J.) *Herald of Freedom* published a story headlined "The Rape of the U.S.S. *Liberty*," outlining details of the attack from the released unclassified record of the naval inquiry. In sifting through possible reasons for the attack, the newspaper suggested that it probably had much to do with Gen. Moshe Dayan. The suggestion was a fair shot in the dark. Dayan was, in fact, the "senior officer" in the Israeli Ministry of Defense who had helped coordinate the plan with Mossad (the Israeli Secret Service) to sabotage American-Egyptian relations in 1954, the so-called Lavon affair, in which Israeli secret-service agents tried to bomb the American embassy in Cairo. Nevertheless, he had never been publicly identified in this connection. He had also been party to the American-Israeli prewar planning discussions.

But the most emotional issue was swiftly becoming that of compensation. An organization had been formed in Linden, N.J., by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Reilly, whose son Thomas, Jr., aged twenty, had suffered a fractured skull and had a piece of shrapnel lodged in his brain during the *Liberty* attack. The organization was called the Committee for Immediate Action—Families and Friends of Victims of the U.S.S. *Liberty*. Its intention was to extract whatever money the members considered the government of Israel owed them. The first positive move to force compensation payment was taken by Mr. and Mrs. Reilly,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 147

"This is the last time I'll ever let you make the reservations!"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© Lorillard 1975

The Vietnam veteran is the forgotten man of American politics. His real needs have been lost in the morass of public indifference and congressional apathy. Although unacceptable, the people's indifference is understandable. It is based on the widespread desire to forget the Vietnam War and avoid any real consideration about the whole treatment of Vietnam veterans. The people's apathy has been fostered by the Vietnam veterans themselves, who in their desire to return home and forget, have allowed the creation of a gap between how Americans think Vietnam veterans should be treated and how they *are* in fact being treated. This "Vietnam veterans gap" is wider than most people suppose.

As *Penthouse* has pointed out, the difference between the promise and reality of Vietnam veterans programs is considerable. The reasons are many. One involves the inability of inept organizations, such as the Veterans Administration and the Department of Labor, to implement the legislative intent of Congress without planting bureaucratic mine fields that confuse the Vietnam veteran, deterring and inhibiting him from participating in various educational, vocational, and assistance programs. But perhaps the most important reason is that the people and the Congress, as well as the federal government itself, have not yet grasped the essential fact that the Vietnam veteran's situation, while having some similarity with veterans' circumstances in the past, involves a whole new set of problems.

These problems are not simply due to the peculiar nature of the Vietnam war, or its unpopularity. Rather, they stem from two basic facts: American society went through a series of major, wrenching social and political changes during the period of the Vietnam War, and the Vietnam veterans who dropped out of the American mainstream to go and fight the war have not been able to catch up with their peers and make up for the "worst years of their lives." Unlike their counterparts in World War II, and to a lesser extent in Korea, the Vietnam veterans constitute an extremely nonrepresentative segment of the American population. Only one in eight of those who were eligible were called upon to serve, and in the main, those who did were either unwilling or unable to make use of the numerous stratagems to dodge the draft.

The Vietnam veteran's "differentness" is a controversial point. Some have argued there is no difference. Others claim his uniqueness is a result of the government's meeting its military manpower needs by drafting the poor, the black, and the uneducated. While both arguments are moot, the important point is that the great bulk of those who were required to serve came from economically disadvantaged backgrounds and thus were unrepresentative of American society as a whole. By no means were they all "poor" or black. Blacks did suffer a disproportionate share of the war's combat fatalities. However, contrary to public opinion, the number of blacks who were required to serve was not disproportionate to their percentage in the economic class that provided the great bulk of the military manpower mobilized for Vietnam. Therefore, the government's manpower policies were based more on class consideration than race.

Once this matter of class is understood, the Vietnam veteran's problems begin to fall into place. The average Vietnam veteran can be properly seen as a member of American society who, *without* the experience of the Vietnam War, would have had some difficulty in achieving the American dream. It's not likely, for example, that he would have gone to college or have entered the labor force at much above a menial position. Similarly, he would not have been an active participant in the social changes of the 1960s or its politics of protest. In short, he would have taken his place in America's working class, albeit not its more affluent middle class. But the Vietnam War changed all this. It yanked the Vietnam veteran out of his normal path and left him with a set of complex, difficult reentry problems. Upon his return, the Vietnam veteran found that his personal "train" had left the station without him, and there was no room for him on any of the later ones.

This commuter-train metaphor explains much about the Vietnam veteran and his problems. Study after study shows that the Vietnam veteran is having trouble simply getting even with his peers. For example, unemployment statistics in the last several years show clearly a higher rate of unemployment for Vietnam Era veterans in comparison with nonvets in the same age group, and the gap is increasing. Among minority Vietnam veterans, this situation is extremely critical. To wit: One year ago the unemployment rate for minority Vietnam Era vets from age twenty to twenty-four was 22.7 percent, and in the last quarter of 1975 it had increased to 36.5 percent. In comparison, nonvets in the same age group had an unemployment rate of 15.2 percent a year ago, and in the last quarter of 1975 it had increased to 16.9 percent. These numbers constitute a national tragedy: They reveal the real dimension of the Vietnam veteran's job problem, that the Vietnam veteran has been thrown into a pool of job seekers overflowing already with those just getting out of school and those who became unemployed as a result of America's post-oil-embargo recession.

It's one thing for Americans to demand that some of its citizens make greater sacrifices in time of war, but it's extremely unjustified to force these same people to continue making inegalitarian sacrifices in a time of peace. Simple equity for Vietnam veterans suggests the need for a commitment to a national policy of reverse discrimination, which would at least enable the Vietnam veteran to catch up with his peers who did not serve. Such a notion cannot be pie in the sky. It must recognize the differences among Vietnam veterans and their counterparts from earlier wars and hold that there is ample precedent for new, improved, and expanded benefits to meet the Vietnam veterans' legitimate needs.

These needs won't go away. The Vietnam veterans gap is widening, and although American society has assimilated six million Vietnam Era vets, an alarmingly high percentage of those vets are still far behind their peers. These veterans face the unpleasant prospect of never getting back into the nation's mainstream. Instead, they have been left with unsolved psychological-readjustment problems and little hope about their extremely uncertain futures. This can, and must be, changed.

In previous articles, *Penthouse* has described how Vietnam veterans are being treated and served by their government. *Penthouse* believes that this treatment is not consistent with the way the American people thinks the government should be treating and serving Vietnam veterans. To this end, in next month's issue, *Penthouse* will suggest what the government must do to close the Vietnam veterans gap. The time is late, but not too late for an aroused people to shake Congress out of its apathy and force it to pass the kinds of legislation needed to enable the Vietnam veterans to play real "catch up" ball.

THE PENTHOUSE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Photograph by Bob Guccione

PET PLAY-OFF

EACH JUNE *PENTHOUSE*'S READERS AND EDITORS CHOOSE THE WINNER OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST PRIZE FOR BEAUTY—THE PET OF THE YEAR. THIS YEAR OF 1976, MEMORABLE IN SO MANY WAYS, WILL BE MADE EVEN MORE MEMORABLE WHEN *PENTHOUSE* SELECTS ITS TENTH PET OF PETS AND BESTOWS ON HER THE ELEGANT TRAPPINGS OF FAME (AND NOT A LITTLE FORTUNE) DUE ANY WOMAN WHO INCORPORATES THE BEAUTY, INTELLIGENCE, SENSUALITY, AND LIBERATION WHICH *PENTHOUSE* STANDS FOR. THUS, FOLLOWING OUR DECADE-OLD TRADITION, WE HEREWITH INVITE EACH FAITHFUL READER TO SELECT ONE OF THE FIVE FULSOME FINALISTS AS HIS PERSONAL NOMINEE FOR PET OF THE YEAR. LAST YEAR'S WINNER OF $50,000 IN CASH AND GIFTS, ANNEKA DE LORENZO, WILL SURRENDER HER CROWN TO THE PET OF YOUR CHOICE. SEND A POSTCARD, INDICATING YOUR FAVORITE FEMME, TO THE NEW YORK OR LONDON *PENTHOUSE* OFFICE (SEE CONTENTS PAGE FOR ADDRESS). AN ALL-NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC APPRECIATION OF THE WINNER WILL APPEAR IN AN AUTUMN ISSUE.

JANICE KANE
September 1974

Only twenty-one, Janice finds that her life is underscored by her commitment to personal liberation, men, and the act of making love. "I adore long, drawn-out foreplay, like kisses on the back of my neck, along my spine... I go wild. I get shivers all over." Naturally, watching Janice's perfect 36-24-36 shiver is a pleasure many men wish for. Still, despite all of her unbridled sensuality, Janice is cautious about the sort of men she dates, admitting only to having a lifelong, enduring attraction for mature men with "hairy chests, small curved bottoms, and the kind of sensitive, penetrating eyes that look right through you." We leave it to our readers to decide if the eyes really have it.

Photograph by Bob Guccione

LAURA DOONE
October 1974

"I love sex, and I love to have it in large, healthy doses," says Laura Doone, whose non-theatrical name is Paula Randel. Very much a private person, this twenty-one-year-old is most at home with old lovers and new friends. And Laura's ability to maintain her breezy personality even when the old mixes with the new is perfectly in keeping with the versatility of this young woman. And since no woman with a stunning 36½-18-35½ configuration like Laura's is likely to lack friends, she's become, she admits, "fairly selective about the company I keep." A company, we'd add, that could employ our talents any time. Exclusive, yes, but imagine filling all those lovely positions.

Photograph by Bob Guccione

SUSAN RYDER
March 1975

Complete and unashamed sensuality is a phrase that sums up the *raison d'être* of Philadelphia-born twenty-two-year-old Susan's life. "I love oral sex. My mouth seems to come alive. I could kiss passionately for hours." Obviously, any man involved with this pensively beautiful child-woman and her supple 35½-20-35 figure would be more than willing to return her affections. Still, sex for Susan is just a part—though a very realistic and *important* part—of her relationships. "Total communication with another person is impossible unless you have some sort of sexual relationship in addition to having intellectual, emotional, and spiritual relationships." Okay, Susan, we read you loud and clear.

Photograph by Bob Guccione

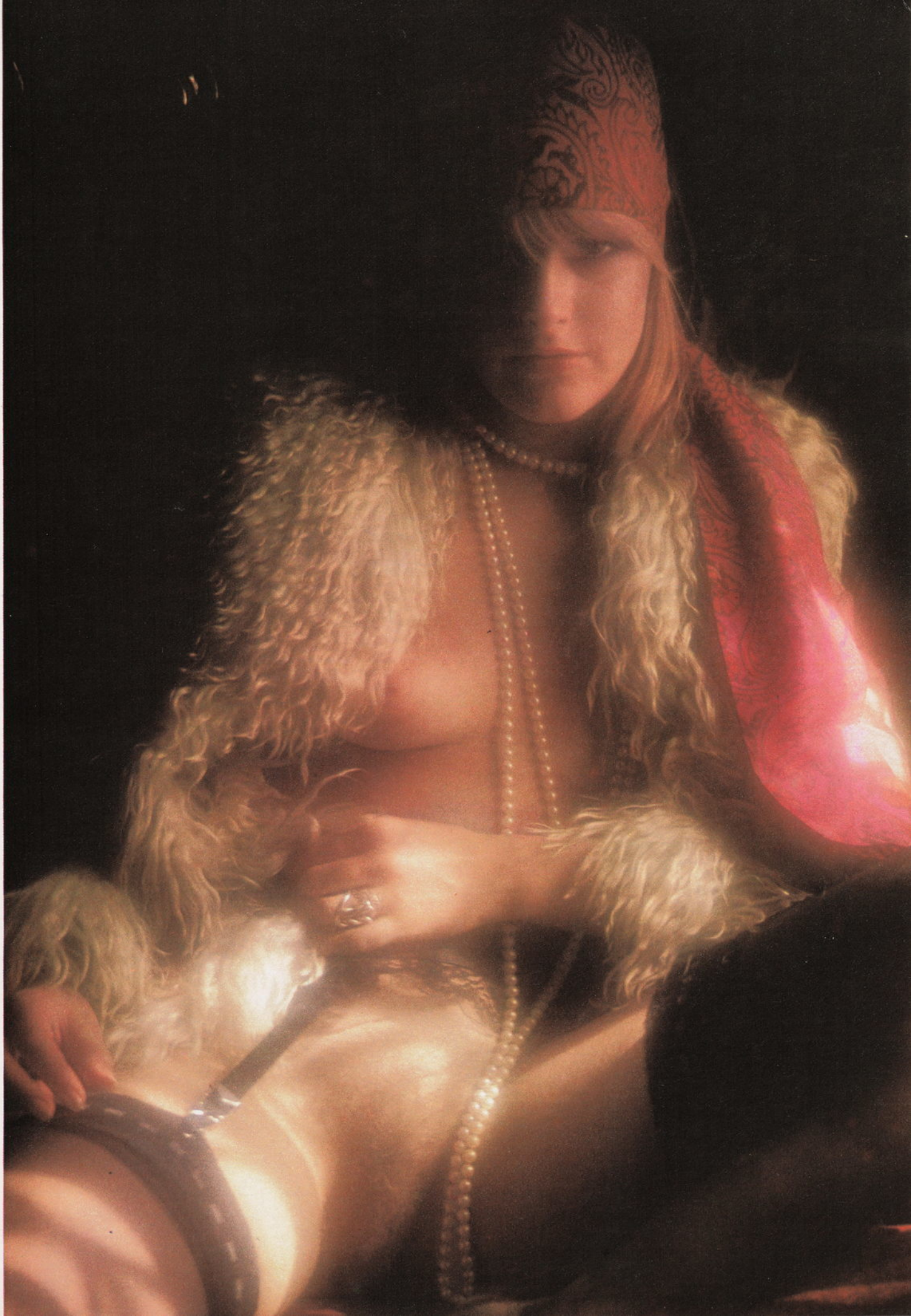
WENDY BLODGETT
June 1975

An incurable romantic, Vermont-born-and-bred Wendy knows exactly what she wants from a man. "I want candlelight, flowers, soft music—all the so-called passé things that love used to mean." Naturally, this kind of desire means that Wendy is not one just to give away her heart and her 37-24-36 body lightly. "Sex, for me, is something that has to be involved with love and commitment and romance. That way, the feeling between the two of us can grow." And if we look at it Wendy's way—into her soft eyes and over her very becoming body—we'd be among the first to admit that there are few other women we'd rather see bathed in candlelight and surrounded by flowers, and soft music.

Photograph by Bob Guccione

JANE HARGRAVE
July 1975

Whether she's delightfully dressed or lovingly nude, attired only in her well-rounded 35-24-35 form, London-born Jane is always concerned with her lover's enjoyment before her own. "I can be extremely randy and not need much foreplay—I get a kick out of giving my partner pleasure. But what really turns me on is seeing his erection . . . knowing that his masculinity is meant for me." Very free words for this twenty-year-old Pet staffer, now ensconced in our New York office. It might be that a few years in Russia made her appreciate the differences between East and West, or it may be that she just naturally enjoys the divine difference between men and women. Either way—*vive la différence!*



WHO'S AFRAID OF SUN MYUNG MOON?

Lots of people—and their number is growing as more and more children fall prey to this mysterious millionaire from Korea.

On February 17 more than three hundred parents met in the Senate caucus room in Washington to demand that the government do something about the Reverend Sun Myung Moon and his Unification Church. Speaker after speaker assailed the church and its "brainwashing" of their children. Dr. George W. Swope, a professor at Westchester Community College, read the following to the crowded room: "The whole world is in my hands and I will conquer and subjugate the world." These, Dr. Swope explained, were Moon's own words.

However, only two months before, on December 18, 1975, Moon himself presided over a "prayer meeting" in the House of Representatives, during which he proclaimed that it was the "will of God" that America "safeguard Korea." Moon was introduced by Missouri Representative Richard Ichord, chairman of the House Internal Security Committee, who—as the *New York Times* put it—"broadly compared the millionaire clergyman to Moses, John the Baptist, and Jesus." Moon assured his listeners that "prosperity will be eternal" if Americans accept a new religious movement. "That movement is none other than the Unification Church," he said.

Who is this strange Pied Piper who has entranced so many American children and enraged so many of their parents? Jim Sheeran is one man who tried to find out.

Sheeran, New Jersey's Insurance Commissioner, regulates that state's multibillion-dollar insurance industry. He is a member of Governor Brendan Byrne's cabinet, and a close friend and policy adviser to the governor. By background and lifestyle, Jim Sheeran could be Mr. Middle America. He's an ex-FBI agent, an ex-World War II hero, and the ex-mayor of West Orange, New Jersey. Fifty-three-year-old Sheeran's perennially tan face is capped by dark, wavy hair. He has a comfortable suburban home, a wife, and six handsome children, including four blond-haired, blue-eyed daughters. Jim Sheeran is a man used to winning in life.

But last August 28, Jim Sheeran fought a no-holds-barred fight for three of his daughters. He lost. He emerged physically battered, emotionally bruised—and without his daughters. They were now firmly in the corner of Sun Myung Moon, the mysterious Korean millionaire who founded the Unification Church.

Sheeran's defeat is, in retrospect, not all that surprising. Nothing like Moon has come down the evangelical turnpike in years. Throw all the contenders at him you want. At this point, Moon's a match for anyone. The easiest and most dangerous thing to do would be writing Moon off as another of those gurus who seem to flicker in and out of our consciousness nowadays like so many bad dreams. The name itself is strange. Sun Moon. Then there're all those mass weddings, marches against pornography, even demonstrations in support of Nixon when most people thought there was little left to support.

But no one laughs at Sun Moon anymore. This isn't the Father Divine branch of evangelism. Many people believe there's something much more sinister about

BY MICHAEL POUSNER

Moon. In the few short years since the good reverend came to the United States, he has amassed millions, bought up choice, high-priced land all over the States, and presided over a booming, multinational, multimillion-dollar conglomerate with business, religious, and political interests.

Then there's the kids. Moon's serene smile, beaming out from full-color posters all over the country, is contradicted by the lives wrecked when kids have mysteriously left home to join Moon's true believers (the Moonies). Many parents charge they haven't seen their children since then. Unless, that is, the kids returned home to withdraw all their savings or to rip off mom and dad. The purpose presumably is to donate this money to Moon. Other parents see their kids briefly when the youngsters panhandle or sell flowers and nuts on the street for "the cause." Some parents, acting out of desperation, have spent thousands of dollars hiring "deprogrammers" to bring the kids physically home and psychologically back to normal. The difficulty in retrieving them is understandable, according to some parents and ex-Moonies. They claim Moon's ministers have brainwashed the youngsters into believing that parents and former friends are either disciples of Satan or Satan incarnate.

According to Moon critic Rabbi Maurice Davis of White Plains, New York, one member he spoke to wouldn't come home even though her mother was dying of cancer. The girl's refusal was based on the fact that she was "steadfast to God."

There are even darker charges: that the Moonies are being trained to fight against Communism in the defense of Moon's native Korea, that mysterious deaths have occurred among Moon's followers. As this is written, the district attorney in Dutchess County, New York, is reportedly investigating several strange deaths of Moon followers. In one incident, a young Moonie put his head on railroad tracks near Moon's Barrytown, New York, training center. He was decapitated by a train. And several former Moonies claim that some trainees suffered nervous breakdowns. But there is no proof of this, and the Unification Church strongly denies it.

Moon has never addressed these charges personally, perhaps because his sights are trained on higher things. "The time will come," he has written, "without my seeking it, when my words will almost serve as law. If I ask a certain thing, it will be done. If I don't want something done, it will not be done."

Don't laugh now. Jim Sheeran, for one, has recognized the basis of one important ingredient of Moon's power: his control over his growing flock of kids.

Parents like Sheeran say the Moonies practice "menticide." "It's mind control," Sheeran says. "Moon has captured my daughters' minds with the same brainwashing techniques used by the Communists against our POW's." Another parent compared the Moon kids to the children in the horror film, *Village of the Damned*. Only the glint in their eyes gives them away as aliens.

"It's hard to believe," Sheeran says over and over.

"We know precious little about menticide in this country, but I know enough to know that this is it. How else do children come to disavow their parents in a matter of months?"

August 28 was the day of Sheeran's big defeat. Sheeran always prided himself on being a man of action, and early that morning he decided it was time. His resolve had been buttressed by the events of the preceding year. His twenty-four-year-old daughter, Jaime, went to a workshop sponsored by a Moon-related group in late 1973. Subsequently she became more involved in Moon's activities. Daughters Josette, twenty-one, and Vickie, twenty-six, then went to visit Jaime and they, too, fell under Moon's spell.

At first, Sheeran, who thought of himself as a liberal parent, didn't complain too much. Moon sounded like a fraud, but Sheeran thought, let his daughters find out in their own way. It's all part of growing up, right? By mid-1975, though, Sheeran was receiving disturbing reports from ex-Moonies about the goings-on at Moon's various camps. And the media were hinting that Moon was dangerous—much more than a mere fraud. Sheeran's daughters had already scattered to the widening boundaries of Moonland. One was in Maine, another in New Hampshire, the third had gone to Louisiana. Sheeran called his daughters and asked them to return home for a family conference. His calls produced obfuscation, he says. There were times when the girls never returned his calls. Times when they talked briefly, promised to get back to him, and never did. Times when the conversations were punctuated by their long silences when, he now presumes, they were asking a superior for instructions.

Finally, Josette relented. Calling from Barrytown, she promised to come home early on August 27. But on the twenty-sixth, Sheeran's wife, his mother, and his two sons were involved in a serious auto accident. He desperately needed to talk to Josette for that and another reason: "By this time I felt that when we reached the bottom line—their actually, physically, coming home—they wouldn't." And by noon on the twenty-seventh, there was no sign of Josette. Throughout the day, he repeatedly called her at Barrytown, and was told she was coming home. She didn't. He told the anonymous, unsympathetic voice he talked to about the accident. The voice said to wait, then returned several minutes later.

"Your daughters know about the accident, Mr. Sheeran, and they'll be home tonight."

But around midnight, Josette called. "I'm not coming, Daddy."

Then Sheeran says he found out that the voice had lied. His daughters hadn't been told about the accident. Sheeran was furious. Josette went away from the phone, again presumably to talk to superiors.

She returned. "I won't be coming until Saturday or Sunday."

"Then I'm coming up to get you tonight. We agreed on tonight."

Josette whispered to someone, then told Sheeran: "No, you can't come here. I'm going to New York City tonight." (New York is two hours from Barrytown.)

That was the final straw. Sheeran didn't think the Moonies would move Josette all the way to New York on the chance that he would show up. At 1:30 A.M., he put his wife, Sally, and fourteen-year-old son Jimmy into his car, and set out for Barrytown.

His goal, Sheeran insists, wasn't to "snatch" Josette from the Moonies, not irrevocably anyway. He just wanted her to come home to talk. Certainly his procedure lacked the smooth, cloak-and-dagger sophistication whereby other parents have retrieved their kids. Some watched the camps for weeks, finally lured their kids out with bogus excuses, and then confined them in rooms with "deprogrammers." Not Sheeran. He didn't even know where Barrytown was. Finally, at 4 A.M., the Sheerans arrived at the guardhouse of the massive former monastery the Moonies call their Barrytown estate.

As the Sheerans pulled up, one person in the guardhouse ran up the hill toward the monastery. The other approached the Sheerans.

"I'm here to get my daughter," Sheeran explained. "Where are her barracks?"

He was directed into a cul-de-sac, a dead-end parking lot. Disgusted, Sheeran parked his car and began walking swiftly toward a big building on the hill, his wife and son behind him, the Moonie in close pursuit behind them.

The other guard came down the hill and shouted at him: "Your daughter's not here, Mr. Sheeran."

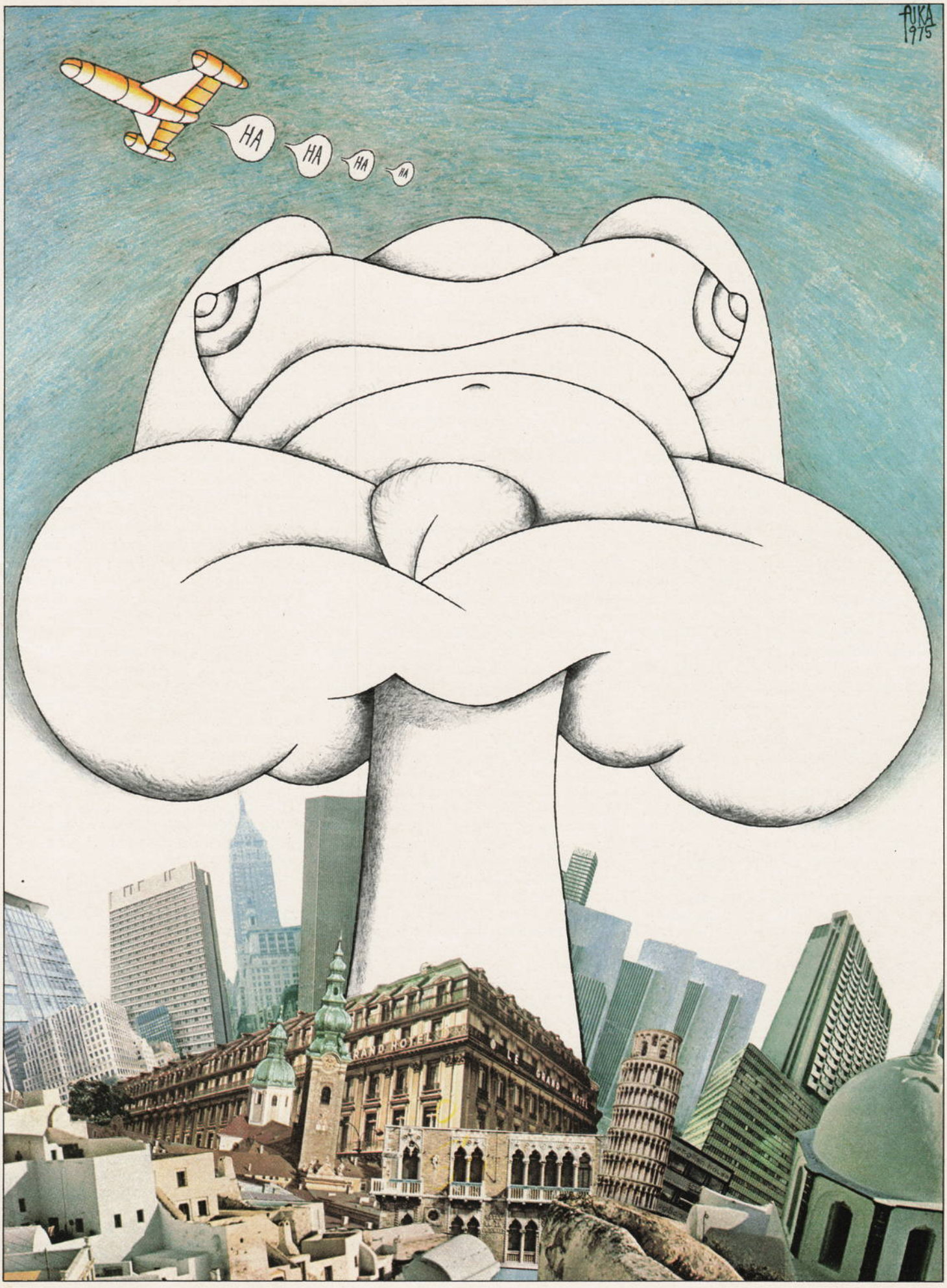
Sheeran stopped and yelled at him: "How do you know who I am? I never mentioned my name."

The Moonie was silent, and Sheeran, advancing rapidly, brushed by him. His determination to find Josette was obvious, and the Moonie seemed to relent. He called after Sheeran: "What program is your daughter in?"

"Program Forty, I think," Sheeran replied. (Today, Sheeran smiles grimly at this point in his narration. "They call their training regimes 'programs,' " he says. "And that's exactly what they are. Or rather 'programming.' ")

Sheeran entered a big, dark building. He saw a long corridor beneath high, cathedral ceilings. A number of rooms, their doors shut, opened onto the corridor. There wasn't time to knock on each door. Sheeran cried out: "Josette Sheeran."

He didn't see her, but he did see young men rushing toward him from seemingly every direction.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Sheeran turned around and tried to leave the building. It was too late. He says he was assaulted by an older man, thrown hard against a radiator, and then pinned to the floor. The older man who seemed to be the leader, held Sheeran's arm tightly against his back in a hammerlock. Others grabbed his other arm and his legs.

His wife was restrained by others, his son pinned to the floor.

Sheeran tried to reason with his captors. "If you have any spine left in you, you'll let me see my daughter," he kept repeating. Their grim expressions never changed.

Sheeran began screaming, alternately for help and for Josette. His assailants tried to stuff a rag into his mouth to stop the screaming, he says.

"Don't do that, you'll choke him," Mrs. Sheeran pleaded.

Sheeran kept asking for a leader to come forward and identify himself. No one did. Sheeran says he was beaten unconscious. Finally, the cops arrived, called presumably by the Moonies.

An ambulance took Sheeran to the emergency room of a local hospital where he was treated for numerous bruises of the head and body. Later, he was taken to a local police station where he charged the man who seemed to be the leader with counts of kidnapping and assault. Only then, Sheeran says, did he learn that that man was Joseph Tully, the director of Moon's Barrytown center.

Tully responded by charging Sheeran with criminal trespass and assault.

Sheeran left that morning bruised and beaten and without Josette. The story was soon big news. Moon was no stranger to unfavorable publicity, but the New Jersey Insurance Commissioner's claim that he had been beaten by Moonies was another matter. Perhaps because of the publicity, Josette and the other two girls were allowed to go home. The upshot, though, was perhaps worse than if they hadn't visited at all. The Sheerans resolutely tried to keep from saying negative things about Moon to them, figuring any pressure would only drive the girls back to him. Instead the thrust of the Sheerans' arguments was to get Josette—the only girl who hadn't finished college—back to the University of Colorado. At first the Sheerans thought they'd succeeded.

Josette did agree to go back to school. Sheeran put her on a plane to Denver and gave her $400 for an apartment and spending money.

Several days later, the Sheerans were relaxing at home when they received a call from a wire-service reporter. Would the Sheerans be attending the press conference on October 1?

What press conference?

The one where the Sheerans' daughters would publicly choose Sun Myung Moon over their parents.

Sheeran was beside himself. His own daughters had set him up. But he would never blame them. "Somehow they [the Moonies] got to my daughters," he says bitterly. "I don't know how."

On October 1, 1975, the Sheeran drama played the New York news shows. An angry Sheeran and a weeping Mrs. Sheeran were kept outside Moon's office on Fifth Avenue in Manhattan. Meanwhile, the daughters were inside, reaffirming their belief in Moon and telling reporters they wouldn't be going home. After all, they feared their parents would try to "deprogram" them. And no, they hadn't been brainwashed. How could anyone ask?

Since then, representatives of Moon have offered to debate Sheeran. He's refused so far.

"I'm an important man in the community," he says doggedly. "I don't want to debate grains of sand. I want to debate Moon himself. So far, he's dodged me. But when I finally get to talk to him, I have some questions for him."

So do a lot of people. But for one whose minions are so visible, Reverend Moon is remarkably elusive. His public relations apparatus turns down almost all requests for interviews, claiming Moon does not speak English well. Moon prefers to let aides like Neil Salonen, president of his Unification Church, do the talking for him.

Yet Moon cannot avoid publicity, for some obvious reasons. First, he desperately seeks respectability. Witness his land purchases in wealthy sections of New York's Westchester County and his periodic "Conferences on the Unification of the Sciences," to which he invites top names from the academic world. But more importantly, Moon's power and influence are expanding rapidly while some rather remarkable claims are being made—both in his behalf and against him.

Indisputably, Moon has staying power. After proselytizing in the United States for a mere four years, this self-ordained preacher is looked on as the Second Christ by increasing numbers of people. From thirty kids in the United States in 1972, membership has expanded to 7,000 true-believers here at the present time. Perhaps "true-believers" is too weak a term. For their Master, the Moonies are willing to work up to eighteen hours a day, and if critics are to be believed, maintain an inadequate diet and hand over all of their worldly goods. Moon officials also claim an additional 30,000 Americans "accept" Moon but have not left home to join the "Father."

The Unification Church's national budget has been estimated at $11 million, not including the expenses of the 120 local branches and affiliates in towns and college campuses across America. Worldwide, the Moon legions are said to number 400,000, with groups in forty countries, particularly South Korea and several Western European nations.

Religion is only one aspect of Moon's power. He presides over an empire of political, cultural, and financial groups, many of which seem to have no relationship to Moon. Sun Myung Moon is an exceedingly prosperous man—as indicated by the land purchases he has made in the United States over the last few years.

Moon's new real estate—particularly his home—emphasizes the disparity between Moon's lifestyle and that of his followers.

The kids may be working in the streets, but Moon's Irvington, New York, home is luxurious. East Garden (also called "Exquisite Acres") is a twenty-six-acre estate that Moon bought in 1974 for $625,000. Moon's twenty-five-room Tudor-style mansion is separated from the road by a guardhouse, a wraparound stone wall, and acres of oaks and maples. Irvington officials say the house contains $50,000 worth of antiques, which were purchased by Moon when he bought the mansion.

East Garden is only one of the numerous real estate purchases Moon has made over the last few years in affluent Westchester County, just north of New York City. His total purchases in the tiny Westchester town of Greenburgh alone are estimated at $8 million, and the local residents have strenuously objected to the removal of this land from the tax role (the Unification Church is tax-exempt). In Tarrytown, several blocks away from East Garden, lies Reverend Moon's so-called Belvedere Training Center, which he purchased last year for well over $2 million. It includes a twenty-six-room mansion, numerous smaller buildings, and sixty-eight acres of rolling land near the Hudson River.

Comments George Case, Commissioner of Community Development for the town of Greenburgh: "I hear when they make a purchase, they pay cash. That's right, *cash* for the whole mortgage. Certainly here in the Town of Greenburgh, they pay their taxes in cash bundles of bills . . . hundreds and smaller denominations."

Further upstate is the 258-acre Barrytown estate, scene of the Sheeran altercation. Moon reportedly paid the Christian Brothers Order $1.5 million for the choice land and picturesque seminary overlooking the Hudson.

Moon has also become a landowner in New York City. He paid $1.2 million for the magnificent, stone-faced Columbia University Club off Times Square, and at one time was said to be considering purchasing nothing less than the Empire State Building. He has more than a few holdings in other states too—the most prominent perhaps is 680 acres of prime land near San Francisco. His chief aide, Colonel Bo Hi Pak, a former South Korean military officer, lives in a $115,000 home in the suburbs of Washington, D.C.

Where does all this money come from? Critics charge that Moon is backed financially by South Korea's right-wing Park Government—even, some say, as an agent of the Korean CIA. Although there is no evidence to support either charge, it is known that Colonel Pak was formerly associated with the South Korean secret police. And Moon, a wealthy industrialist in South Korea before he shifted his focus

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ANNA

"I go crazy when a man kisses and fondles my nipples. Seeing them stiffen when a man touches them makes me feel terribly, terribly randy."

Anna spends a leisurely afternoon at Gore Vidal's Rome apartment as Vidal and film star Malcolm McDowell (facing page) *collaborate on the script for the upcoming Penthouse production, Gore Vidal's* Caligula. *Shooting of the film is scheduled to begin in July of this year.*

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG WOMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

It takes more than conventional good looks and a fast line to get on the right side of our twenty-eight-year-old English Pet, Miss Anna Grimwood. Suffolk-born and bred but vaguely miscast as your typical, staunch county lass, Anna knows precisely—if not inflexibly—the kind of men she wants to spend her time with: "They must have creative minds to get through to me. I spent one of the most exciting days of my life visiting Gore Vidal and Malcolm McDowell in Rome. Bob decided to do my pictures in Italy so that he could also work on *Caligula*, the new Penthouse film. I had the opportunity to watch Gore and Malcolm discuss Gore's screenplay. It was beautiful. They have all the attributes I adore in a man: intensity, intelligence, perceptiveness, and dedication to their art. That's the kind of person who can appreciate me, who can understand how deeply involved I am with my own art."

Her plans—for the moment, at least—are somewhat less than serious. As a painter-sculptor of considerable talent, she values her aesthetic and personal liberty above all other things in life. "Freedom to create my art and myself is what really matters," says Anna. "It should be everybody's prime concern. The freedom to do what you want with your mind and your body makes life fascinating. When Bob first asked me to pose for *Penthouse,* I felt embarrassed. The thought of all those millions of readers poring over my body....But now I see the other side, the exciting side. I am using my body like a work of art—my own, natural shapes and texture—using it to excite the imagination and give real pleasure to people. Isn't that how you become yourself, by not being afraid to experiment—to try something new—to extend yourself into situations you never thought about before? It's a very natural high."

"Sex"—according to this sumptuous young lady—"is filled with mystery and surprise. You never really know what's going to turn you on next. It's a question of trying something at least once. My own breasts are the supreme turn-on at the moment, of course. I simply adore being caressed there when I'm making love. I go crazy when a man kisses and fondles my nipples. You know, they say it's supposed to make you feel maternal, looking down and seeing your nipples stiffen when a man touches them. That's not true with me. It makes me feel terribly, terribly randy."

"The freedom to do what you want with yourself, with your mind and body, is what makes life fascinating."

"My favorite fantasy? Oh, that's a bit naughty," Anna says with a shy smile. "What I'd love is to be the only female art teacher at an all-boys' school. Then when I said 'good morning' to the boys, I could watch them all blush crimson and stammer as they remembered all the passionate, undignified things we'd done to each other in their erotic dreams the night before. What fun!" Okay, kids, back to bed.

MISS ANNA GRIMWOOD/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

SUN MOON

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West, has Korean holdings said to be worth $15 million, including a pharmaceutical company and—strangely enough for a self-proclaimed man of peace—a factory which makes parts for shotguns.

Moon's business interests are expanding in the United States. He imports ginseng tea from Korea and he has also started a number of small businesses (coffee shops, for instance) in various cities near his churches. But the amount of money generated by his Moonies themselves is hard to estimate—even if one doesn't accept the anti-Moon argument that all Moonies are encouraged to surrender all their previous wealth. The Moonies incessantly sell tea, nuts, and candles on the street. They also panhandle for the church. Neatly groomed, well-spoken, and aggressively polite, they do this job perfectly. A number of ex-Moonies said their assiduous work had brought the church far more than anyone might suspect. One told the Pacific News Service that his twenty-four-man team operating out of a Berkeley, California church, earned $500,000 a year selling roses on the streets.

Sound improbable? Listen to Denise Peskin, a twenty-year-old ex-Moonie from New York who ended up panhandling in San Francisco: "At one time, I was taking in several hundred dollars each day. We were encouraged to bring in a certain amount, and feared to bring in less. So we stayed on the streets until we got it."

His millions have enabled Moon to form a number of political, cultural, and business groups. CERF (Citizens Engaged in Reuniting Families) is a new anti-Moon organization that has spent a considerable amount of time keeping up with Moon's "front groups." "It's a hard job," says one CERF leader. "The groups' names seem to change at the drop of a hat—particularly when some are linked to Moon." Nevertheless, CERF has identified at least forty-two of these groups. They include: the Unification Church itself, Project Unity, the One World Crusade, the International Cultural Foundation, the International Federation for Victory over Communism, even the Little Angels of Korea Folk Ballet.

Moon's money and power take other forms, too. He can afford high-priced lawyers—and he uses them. When, for example, the city council of Greenburgh, New York, took away his Church's tax-exempt status, Moon's executives sued to have it restored. When the New York City Council of Churches denied Moon's bid to join it—the first time it had ever turned down an application—Moon sued.

Moon's most mysterious power is that over the kids who join him. What is it about Moon that can completely change kids' lives almost overnight? Sheeran's response is "mind control," and a great many of the ex-Moonies back up that charge.

For example, Denise Peskin says matter-of-factly that she was "brainwashed by the Moonies." Her story is especially interesting because most of the Moonies who have left the fold won't talk about what went on because, they say, they fear retribution.

"The whole thing is a big fear act," says Denise. "The first thing they lay on you is that you have a responsibility to save the world. After hearing that for a week, I was totally coerced into believing that Moon was the Messiah and that I was Moon's child, who would save the world.

"I've always thought of myself as strong-willed. For something like this to happen to me is, well, scary. But anything they said I should do, I did. First they bring you to mental submission by making you eat a very harsh, starchy diet and by forcing you to listen to their Divine Principle, which is total garbage, over and over. During the first week, they lay their Satan rap on you; they tell you that your parents and former friends are possessed by Satan.

"If you're tired, they say the sleep spirits have seized your eyes, and you can't go to sleep. But if you should doze off during a lecture, people punch you hard on the forehead and shoulder or throw chalk at you. One time I raised questions and they made me run around in circles through a sprinkler for what seemed like hours."

According to Denise, Moonies were told to give all their worldly possessions to the group, and some of her fellow trainees withdrew thousands of dollars from their savings accounts for that purpose. The recruits were encouraged to rip off their parents, she says.

Denise's saga as a Moonie began when she met a neatly dressed, seemingly nice young man in San Francisco who invited her to dinner, music, and discussion at something called the Creative Community Project. She had a nice enough time and, with a few free days on her hands, agreed to pay eighteen dollars for a weekend at the Project's 680-acre farm—"The New Ideal City Ranch"—just north of San Francisco. The weekend stretched into a week because, Denise says, she was being brainwashed in a very subtle manner. At first she worked twelve hours a day at the ranch, weeding, planting vegetables, and cleaning. The days were punctuated with interminable lectures on Moon's Divine Principle and frequent group singing. Soon she was working and training eighteen hours a day. The training included two-hour hikes up and down steep hills.

Physically exhausted and psychologically vulnerable at this point, Denise didn't sense that she was losing perspective. After the third week as a Moonie, Denise and other recruits were ordered to sell flowers for the church in San Francisco.

"We were told to say anything to get the money because it was important to the cause," she comments. "So I would tell people I was collecting for 'youth educational guidance.' I was a good soldier, bringing in several hundred dollars a day.

"Another purpose of our street work was to get new recruits. I was too good at that. I'm sorry to say I attracted my share of new members to Moon."

Denise's mother, Mrs. H. Peskin, of Lawrence, Long Island, picks up the narration from there. "I really got suspicious after Denise's letters started to sound exactly like a book. I was determined to get her out."

Mrs. Peskin contacted Ted Patrick, a Californian who has built a career of sorts bringing brainwashed cult kids back to their parents. Mrs. Peskin paid Patrick $2,000, and he aided her in luring Denise home. Once there, Patrick worked on her for three days, convincing her that Satan didn't await her outside the Moon community.

"By the third day," Denise reflects, "I was all right again. I guess I was really lucky that I had been a Moonie for only a couple of weeks. Kids who were in for a year or so had a much rougher time making decisions for themselves again."

In many circles, Ted Patrick is as controversial as Moon himself. His tactics—which often include physically capturing cult-ensnared individuals—have been furiously assailed not just by the Moonies, but also by law enforcement officers and civil libertarians. Patrick, a short, bespectacled man of forty-five, has been arrested numerous times during or after "deprogramming" attempts. His critics charge that Patrick, whose reported fees are usually in the $2,000 range, engages in nothing less than kidnapping.

(Patrick responds to such charges by pointing out that the "victims" are deprived psychologically of their free will and are unable to make decisions for themselves. He says that he has received "thousands of letters from parents all over the world" asking for his help.)

Mrs. Peskin and Patrick were afraid that Denise might rejoin the Moonies. She was sent out of the state for her own safety. "It was a smart move," Denise says. "Based on what I heard and saw as a Moonie, I'd know what the Moonies would do to me if they kidnapped me back. They'd program me again by putting me in a room for three days. They'd wear me down with constant lecturing, and by the time I'd come out, I'd be a reprogrammed zombie. Then they'd have me sue my mother for kidnapping. They've done it before.

"It was only after I was out for several weeks that I began really realizing what the Moonies had done to me. It was utterly crazy. The whole thing. The things we would do without even questioning. A guy would say, 'If we have to go to Korea to fight for God, will you go?'

"We'd all scream yes."

Cathy Coleman is another ex-Moonie who now thinks she was lucky to leave the sect. After Cathy, a twenty-two-year-old native of Bellport, Long Island, was taken by her parents from the group's Tarrytown

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"CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT DRAGGED THEIR FEET, DESTROYED EVIDENCE, PRESSURED KEY WITNESSES, AND CONVENIENTLY RATIONALIZED ANY DISCREPANCIES THAT MIGHT HAVE SUPPORTED A SECOND GUN CONSPIRACY THEORY IN THE BOBBY KENNEDY ASSASSINATION. IF I'M ELECTED DISTRICT ATTORNEY, ONE OF MY FIRST OFFICIAL ACTS WILL BE TO REOPEN THE INVESTIGATION—NO MATTER HOW MANY UNLIKELY TOES I HAVE TO STEP ON."

VINCENT BUGLIOSI

On November 18, 1969, a thirty-five-year-old Los Angeles deputy district attorney named Vincent Bugliosi was chosen out of a staff of 450 lawyers to prosecute Charles Manson and his "family" for perhaps the most bizarre, complex mass-murder case of the century. For the next two years, Bugliosi served not only as the prosecutor on the case, but also the chief investigator, and when the jury finally brought in its verdict, Manson and three of his female followers had been convicted and sentenced to the gas chamber—and Bugliosi was being hailed as the brightest young trial lawyer in America.

Bugliosi's efforts in the course of the nation's longest, most publicized, and most expensive murder trial were in keeping with his eight years on the district attorney's staff. From 1964 to 1972, he compiled the highest conviction rate in the history of that office, winning 105 out of 106 felony jury trials. Although it's rare for successful prosecutors to win a youthful following, Bugliosi was able to do so because of his approach to the job. "The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is, not to convict, but to see that justice is done—that's from the old bar association's canon of ethics, and that's what I try to do," he once told a reporter. "Defense attorneys don't have a monopoly on truth. If someone isn't guilty, I never prosecute him in the first place. And if I come up with evidence or cases helpful to the defense, I bring it to the attention of the defense attorney."

Bugliosi, a Democrat, left his job in 1972 in order to challenge the incumbent DA at the polls. He was endorsed by people like California Governor Edmund G. "Jerry Brown, Jr. and Ralph Nader, and on Election Day he won a slight majority. The close to three million votes cast that day represented 95 percent of the final total—but Bugliosi was strangely trounced by the 5 percent of the vote made up of absentee ballots, which cost him the election by the smallest margin in Los Angeles County's political history. Although many knowledgeable insiders suspected foul play, Bugliosi took his defeat in stride. "I lost in a photo finish by a quarter of a percent. It's heartbreaking to lose by such a narrow margin, but that's how it goes sometimes," he said.

In 1974, *Helter Skelter* was published, and Bugliosi's book on the Manson case—a four-year collaboration with Curt Gentry—immediately zoomed to the top of the best-seller lists. Bugliosi has since devoted most of his time to a growing private law practice, but last fall he became involved in the investigation into the death of Robert F. Kennedy, and once again he was back in the news. For a man who'd considered becoming a professional tennis player, he's certainly come a long way.

Born on August 18, 1934, Bugliosi grew up sixty miles south of Canada in Hibbing, Minnesota. Bugliosi picked up a tennis racket for the first time when he was six, and by the time he was twelve, he was practicing eight hours a day—against the side of a building. "That's the only competition I could find," he recalls. "Hardly anybody plays tennis in northern Minnesota."

At sixteen, Bugliosi was the state's high school tennis champion, and before his senior year his parents moved him to Los Angeles for the express purpose of improving his tennis game. Winning the Los Angeles City High School tennis championship, he wound up with a clutch of

Photograph by Ethan A. Russell

college tennis scholarship offers, and—taking the advice of Pancho Segura—he enrolled at the University of Miami. The highpoint of his tennis career came in the finals of the 1956 Miami invitational Tournament, when he lost a gureling five-set match to Gardnar Mulloy, then the top-seeded player in the U.S. After graduation, Bugliosi spurned the life of a tennis bum and entered UCLA Law School, where he was president of the graduating class of 1964. He joined the Los Angeles DA's staff immediately afterwards. Bugliosi is married and has two children, Wendy, twelve, and Vince, Jr., ten.

Penthouse sent free-lancer Larry Linderman to interview the forty-one-year-old attorney in Los Angeles, and Linderman reports: "Catching up with Vince Bugliosi these days isn't particularly easy. Bugliosi is now involved in two demanding and time-consuming pursuits: the ongoing inquiry into the death of RFK and his own campaign for district attorney of Los Angeles County. Bugliosi's athletic excellence—his tennis adversaries currently include people like Bill Cosby, Rick Barry, and Gail Goodrich—has given him a great deal of stamina, and he needs every bit of it. Given to eighteen-hour workdays, Bugliosi is in and out of his office—and his car—so often that the most convenient way to get together for our interview was to meet at a motel situated twenty yards off a freeway. Bugliosi had just come from a campaign appearance, and his race for district attorney provided the opening question for our conversation."

Penthouse: You became nationally known while successfully prosecuting Charles Manson; financially comfortable as a result of your book about the case, *Helter Skelter*; and you've recently been in the news because of your inquiry into the death of Robert F. Kennedy. Given all that, why are you running for district attorney of Los Angeles?

Bugliosi: The reason is pretty simple: Los Angeles has enormous law-enforcement problems, and I think I can help clear several of them up. To begin with, Los Angeles County has a very high, growing crime rate, and the county needs a DA who's an experienced, proven prosecutor. I think I've demonstrated my ability to put hard-core criminals behind bars, and those are the guys I think we have to go after. That also means mobsters. In 1972, I said that organized crime was moving into California, and the state's attorney general and LA's police chief both claimed loudly that I was wrong. Well, it's now conceded by them that organized crime *does* have a foothold in California. A number of mob leaders from back East are now living here, and these aren't old men who've come to California just to retire and bask in the sunshine. They're vigorous and active. The information I have is that they're into legitimate businesses, but that's probably temporary, and we have to make sure that they never expand into illegitimate activities. We should do everything within our power to boot these mobsters out.

The range of law-enforcement problems we have to contend with is staggering. For instance, Los Angeles has become the heroin capital of the nation. When's the last time you heard about a big-time drug pusher being put behind bars? Rarely, if ever, does he even find his way into a courtroom. Instead, we spend our time chasing after young kids with marijuana cigarettes in their jeans. I hope to reverse that. Another thing we have to clean up is our air, which is probably the most polluted in America. Right now polluters only face small fines, but if I become the Los Angeles DA, you're going to see some major criminal prosecutions.

Penthouse: Are you talking about putting corporate executives in jail if their firms dirty the air?

Bugliosi: Exactly. I've found an obscure California statute which is constitutional and which is tailor-made for criminal prosecutions of air polluters. Look, we've *got* to clear up the air in Los Angeles, and fast. Smog is not only killing our trees and our vegetation, but it may also be shortening our life spans. Nearly everyone agrees it's injurious to our health. If we can put a man on the moon, surely we can produce a car that does not emit noxious fumes, to mention only one obvious source of pollution. Strange, isn't it, that industrial polluters can belch out tons and tons of smoke and poison into our atmosphere every day, and all that results are occasional fifty-dollar fines? Not a single industrial polluter has ever served one day in a Los Angeles County jail. But the little guy driving an old clunker down the street gets a ticket if there's too much smoke coming out of his car's exhaust, and if he doesn't pay it, he goes straight to jail. We've got to reverse that situation, and we also have to change our law-enforcement priorities in a number of similar ways.

> "No matter how distasteful pornography may be to some people, censorship is infinitely worse because it contains the seeds of a totalitarian regime."

Penthouse: Such as?

Bugliosi: For starters we have to place much more emphasis on crimes against persons and property and also on crimes against the public welfare—and less emphasis on victimless crimes, crimes whose only victim, assuming there *is* a victim, is the perpetrator himself. A few years ago LA police officers would go into gay bars, drink at public expense, and when some gay person would put a hand on their knees, they'd make an arrest. Sexual activities between consenting adults are now beyond the scope of the law in California, but there's still a controversy here about prostitution and pornography.

Penthouse: What's your feeling on those issues?

Bugliosi: There's really no legal justification for making prostitution a crime, because if sexual intercourse isn't unlawful, how does it become unlawful if a guy wants to pay a few bucks for it? Prostitution has its negative aspects. For instance, if it were legalized you might wind up with hookers harrassing people on the street, so it's probably for the good of the community to keep it under wraps. Anyway, enforcing the statutes against prostitution is my lowest priority.

And as for pornography, well, no matter how distasteful pornography may be to people, censorship is infinitely worse. Censorship contains the seeds of a totalitarian regime. The U.S. Supreme Court, which seeks to be America's sexual censor, says we have to bring about a certain moral tone in this country, and we therefore have to prohibit obscene material. My response is that if we start proscribing certain books and certain movies, we are taking a giant step closer to the day when the courts tell us what we *must* read and what we *must* see. I think censorship is just the most dangerous and anti-American thing imaginable.

At the same time, however, no right in America is absolute. Freedom of speech is probably our most sacred right, but as Justice Holmes pointed out, it doesn't entitle someone to stand up in a crowded theater and shout "Fire!" when there *is* no fire. So certain prohibitions on pornography, in my opinion, are proper. Number one, keep it away from children, because they aren't mature enough to make a decision about it. We also should prevent pornography from intruding itself upon those adults who are legitimately offended by it. For instance, it shouldn't be sent unsolicited through the mail. But if an adult *wants* to see such literature, I don't think that's a matter for the police. Law enforcement has more important things to do.

Penthouse: What else would you like to put more emphasis on?

Bugliosi: Consumer fraud. When a consumer defrauds a merchant or corporation by giving a bum check, he's prosecuted for a crime called insufficient funds, and he *should* be prosecuted. But when merchants or corporations defraud the consumer, they're only subject to civil actions—fines—and not criminal actions, even though crimes are involved. That's a gross inequity in the enforcement of the

law. It causes people to lose respect for the law. We have to remove the double standards and the utter hypocrisy of current law enforcement, and we have to let every citizen of this country know that the laws are going to be enforced equally—and we have to mean it. My main priority will be to go after crime in the streets—but I also want to go after crime in the corporate suites.

Penthouse: It seems to us that such an evenhanded approach to law enforcement might make for powerful political enemies. Has that been the case?

Bugliosi: Very definitely. If there's one political office in Los Angeles County the existing power structure doesn't want to see occupied by an independent, it's the DA's office. The district attorney is the only person who can put people behind bars on a felony charge—he decides which cases to prosecute. If you have power and influence and you have skeletons in your closet that begin to rattle, you don't want anybody opening that closet door. In fact, you want the only person who *can* open that door—the DA—to be someone you can talk out of getting on your case. You don't want a DA who'll enforce the law without fear or favor, and that's precisely why I have a lot of wealth and power aligned against me. The downtown business interests—people like Otis Chandler, a multimillionaire who owns not only the *Los Angeles Times*, but also real estate, radio and TV stations—they're all looking for a district attorney who's part of their team. And when they find out you're not someone who'll go along with them to get along with them, they use their power against you in any number of ways.

Penthouse: Can you give us some examples of this?

Bugliosi: Obviously, Chandler's *LA Times* is free to endorse the incumbent district attorney, who also happens to be a multimillionaire, and whose family are longtime friends of Chandler. Unfortunately, much of the public still believes a newspaper to be the conscience of the community, when it's actually nothing more than the conscience of the person who owns the paper. I defy anyone to give me a single example of a newspaper that backs candidates who take stances in opposition to those of the newspaper's owner. If there is such a newspaper, a monument should be built to it. No such monument, incidentally, need be contemplated for the *LA Times*.

Penthouse: Several years have passed since you were the prosecutor at the Manson trial. Do you see the case in a different light now than you did then?

Bugliosi: No, except to say that I'm more convinced than ever that Manson was an aberration that might've surfaced at any time during our history. But the late sixties, which were filled with ferment—race riots, discontent over Vietnam, campus violence, the sex and drug revolutions—probably provided a much more fertile soil for someone like Manson to blossom in. In a way, it can be compared to post-World War I Germany, whose social climate was right for an Adolf Hitler to emerge. If you were to scour the face of this globe, you'd be hard put to come up with another group like Charlie and his "Family." He's unique in the annals of American crime.

Penthouse: In what way?

Bugliosi: He got other people to commit mass murder for him, and I can't think of any other example of that in America.

Penthouse: Many people believe that the nation's permissive sex and drug attitudes played a large part in enabling Manson to manipulate his "family" into committing violent acts. Do you agree?

Bugliosi: No. I don't think there's any demonstrable evidence that sex leads to violence, although Manson had new girls in the family have sex with girls and boys with boys in order to break down their egos. Drugs played a more important role. Manson used LSD to manipulate his followers. Charlie would go on LSD trips with the family, and while people were under its influence he would dig down deep into their psyches and remove many of their inhibitions—and at the same time extract promises from them. But most of what happened was directly traceable to the power of Manson's personality—just as most of what happened in the Third Reich was directly traceable to the incredible power of Adolf Hitler's personality.

> If we discovered there was a conspiracy to kill Robert Kennedy, it could ultimately make Watergate look like a one-roach marijuana bust.

Penthouse: That's the second time you've mentioned Hitler in regard to Manson. Do you really equate the two?

Bugliosi: Oh, yes. Definitely. Manson even fashioned himself as no less an historical figure than Hitler. Out at Spahn Ranch we found a montage of photos in which Charlie had tacked up a photo of himself next to photos of Hitler and Stalin. He was a mini-Hitler who looked up to Hitler and who spoke of him often. Hitler believed that if you push something at people long enough, eventually they're going to start believing it. Well, Manson preached to the family on a day-to-day basis in the isolated setting of Spahn Ranch, where there were no radios, no calendars, no newspapers. The only thing those people heard was the sick philosophy of Charles Manson. And, of course, Manson and Hitler both got other people to kill for them.

Penthouse: Why do you think Manson urged his followers to become murderers?

Bugliosi: There were three main reasons. One was to ignite the war between blacks and whites that he called Helter Skelter, a war in which Manson saw himself as the ultimate beneficiary. He said the blacks would win, but wouldn't be able to handle power and would look for leadership to those whites who'd survived. So Charlie tried to frame black people for his murders. The Manson family believed in Helter Skelter—hook, line, and sinker. It was the family's religion and credo. But Charlie is a very evil, sophisticated con man, and I cannot conceive of his believing some of the things he preached about, such as a bottomless pit, the family growing to 144,000 people, and himself becoming the leader of the world. Oh, he was a megalomaniac and would've loved to become the leader of the world, but I find it difficult to think he believed those murders could actually start a worldwide race war between blacks and whites. My guess is that he used Helter Skelter as a vehicle to work his followers into such a lather that they were willing to kill for him. Whether *he* believed it, I have to guess no. And I have to guess because Manson has never admitted his involvement in these murders.

I feel very strongly about the two other motivations he had. One was a kind of revenge. He'd once been turned away at the plush residence where Sharon Tate lived. Before she moved in, the house had been occupied by Terry Melcher, Doris Day's son. Charlie had gone there to get Melcher, a record producer, to record him, and Terry had refused. Manson was a frustrated singer-guitarist, and on the night of the Tate murders he was striking back at that. The residence symbolized society's rejection of him. The third motive was his preoccupation with death. Charlie was always lecturing the family about death and how beautiful it was. In fact, most of the songs he wrote contained constant references to death. And where did he lead the family after the murders? Death Valley. Paul Watkins, who left Manson before the murders, said it best: Death was Charlie's trip.

Penthouse: If that's so, the state certainly did its best to accommodate him: Manson was sentenced to die in the gas chamber. Did you personally agree with that?

Bugliosi: Yes, I did. I told the jury that if this was not a proper case for the imposition of the death penalty, no case would ever be. How evil do you have to be, how many murders do you have to commit in order to get the death penalty? So the jury gave Manson the death penalty, but then the Supreme Court abolished it and made its ruling retroactive, and Charlie is now serving life. California has since reinstated the death penalty, but not retroactively.

Penthouse: Do you favor a death penalty?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 166

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING

CLOTHES TO GET HOT FOR

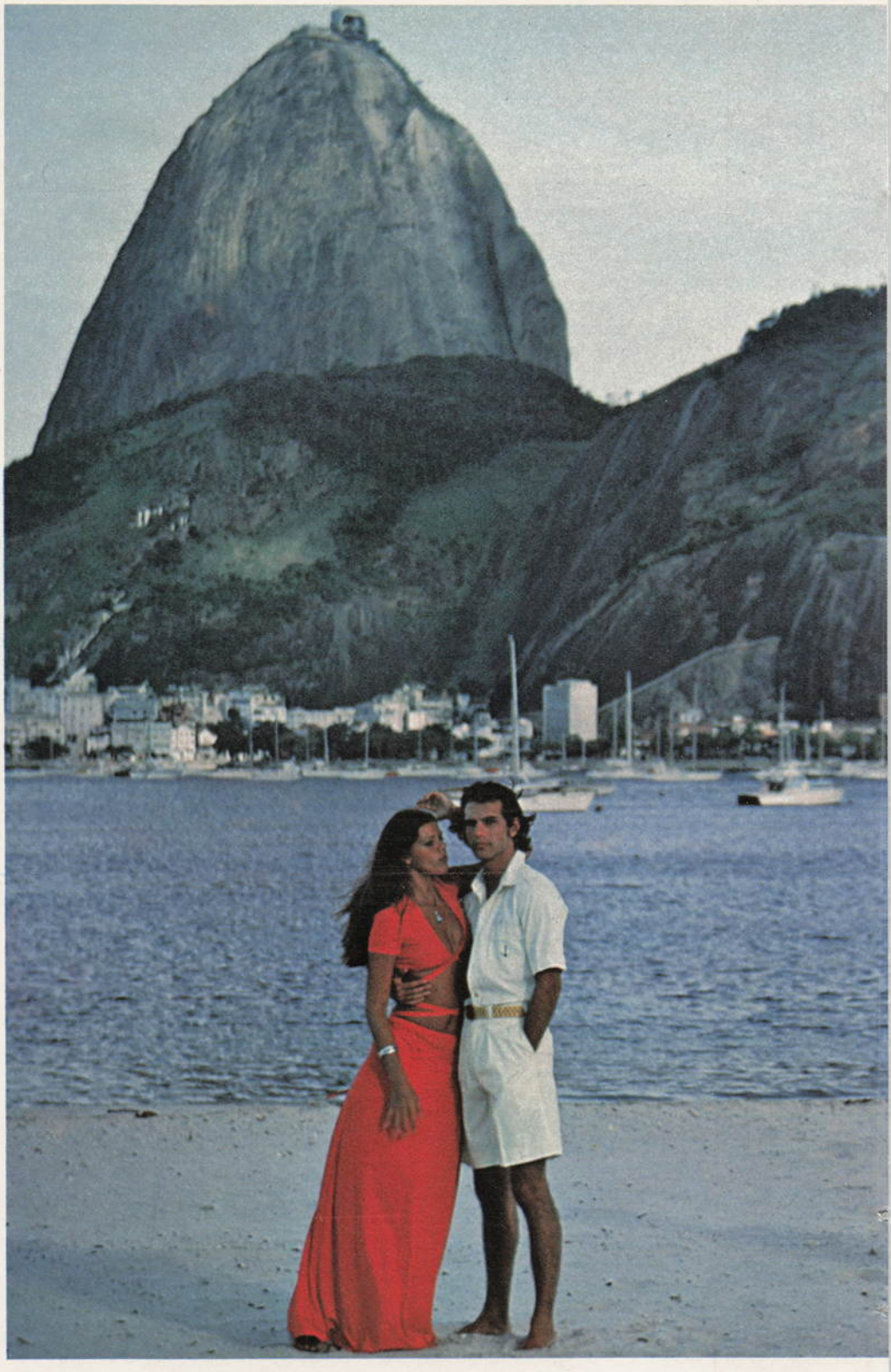
Summer sportswear stresses cool comfort for the tropics.

Summer sportswear is gearing up for an easy mix of leisure tops and slacks and jeans and sport shirts and shorts. Two important trends dominate: nautical and coolie fashions that have that bold European look of the macho, body-skimming, "jeans" fit; and the updated, almost Ivy League "classic" statement made by designer lines, here in bigger, softer-shape tops, slacks, and shorts in high visibility colors of red, orange, rust, and yellow—clothes we'll call Contemporary American Rugged. Either way, everything is light and soft and really tailored for the tropics—or, at the very least, for tropical temperatures.

To test this out we picked a perfect locale—beautiful Brazil—and a perfect two-stop itinerary: Rio de Janeiro and Bahia. Getting to Rio is simple. You can make it direct from New York via Pan Am in nine hours and forty-five minutes. If you're on the coast, Pan Am routes you from San Francisco through LA, with stops in Guatemala and Panama. Its longer, but pleasant, leisurely, and efficient, as you'd expect of an airline servicing Brazil for forty-five years.

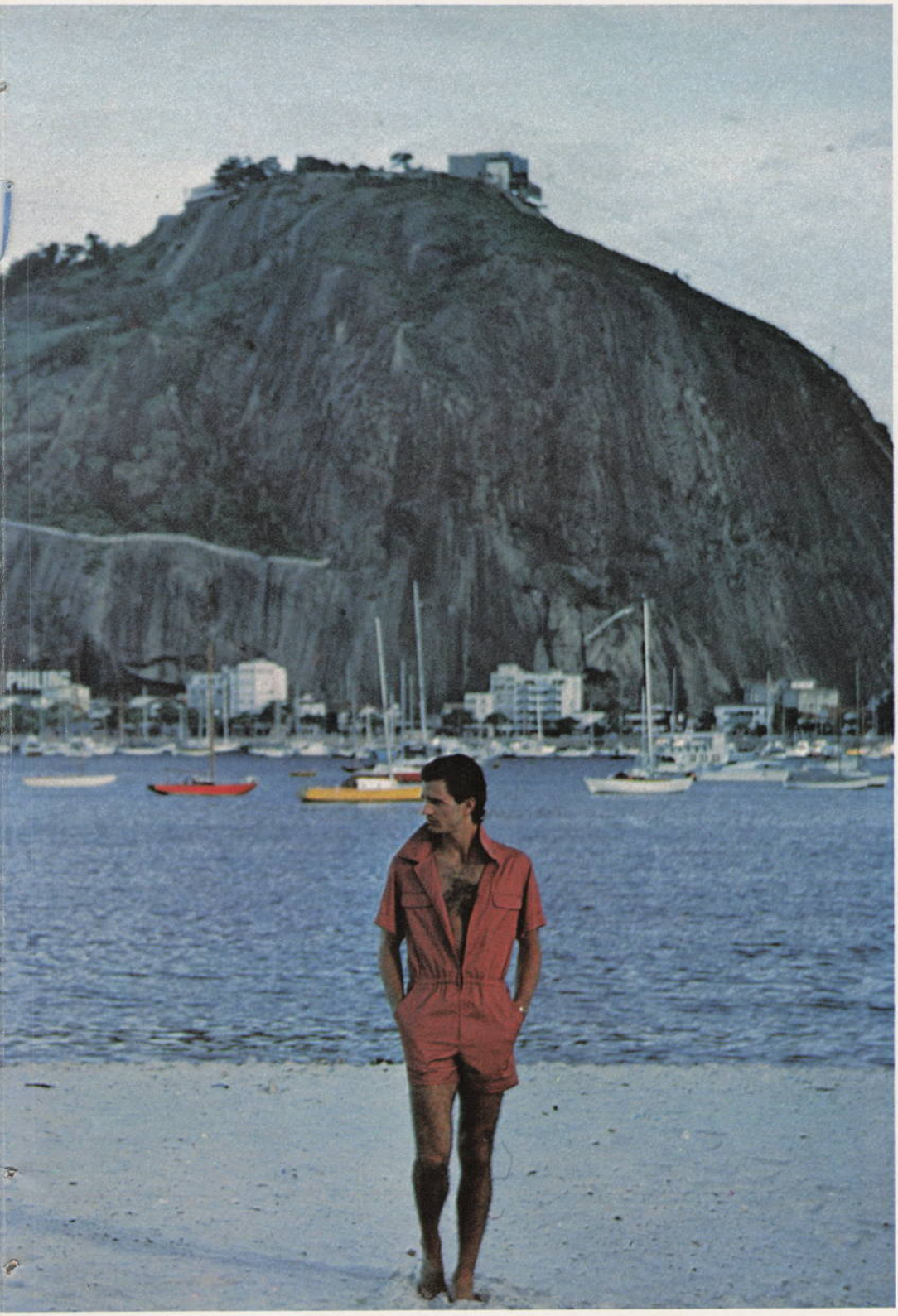
Back to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's beautiful international playground—a sophisticated city ringed by incredible beaches and mountains, a city that by nature and design pleases all the senses. A particular pleasure awaits you at the 609-room, twenty-nine-story Rio Othon Palace right on the world-famous Copacabana beach. And you needn't travel to find the best food—the chefs in the hotel's fine Gaucho-style steak house, the Churresqueria, offer as many different cuisines as there are states of Brazil.

Bahia, our next stop, is a state famed for its endless stretches of sandy beach, its fascinating local music, and its exotic foods, to say

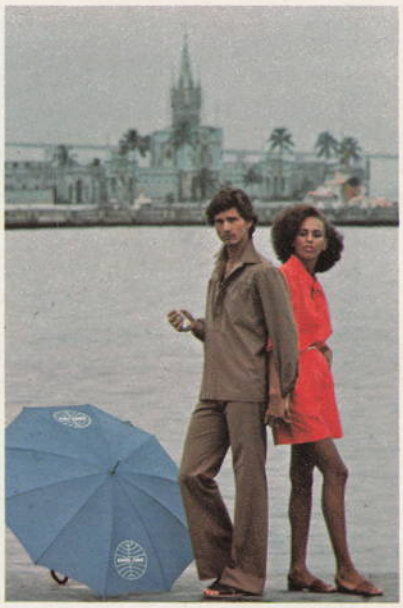


Botafogo beach faces the Yacht Club on Copacabana beach and Sugarloaf Mountain. At left, summer's Richards Sport. The bamboo belt ($7.50) is by Harness House. Another favorite, the rust, cotton-blend

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFF DUNAS



fashion favorites, the ecru-colored military shirt ($30) and pleated slim-leg shorts ($20), by Frank Bober for Arthur shorts jumpsuit ($115) is by Mark of the Lion. All men's jewelry by Swank; shoes and sandals by Verde.

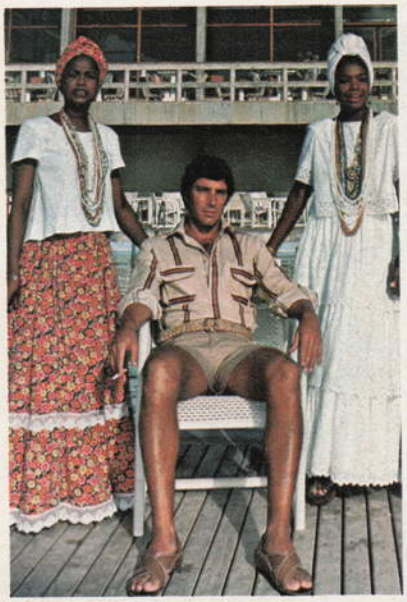


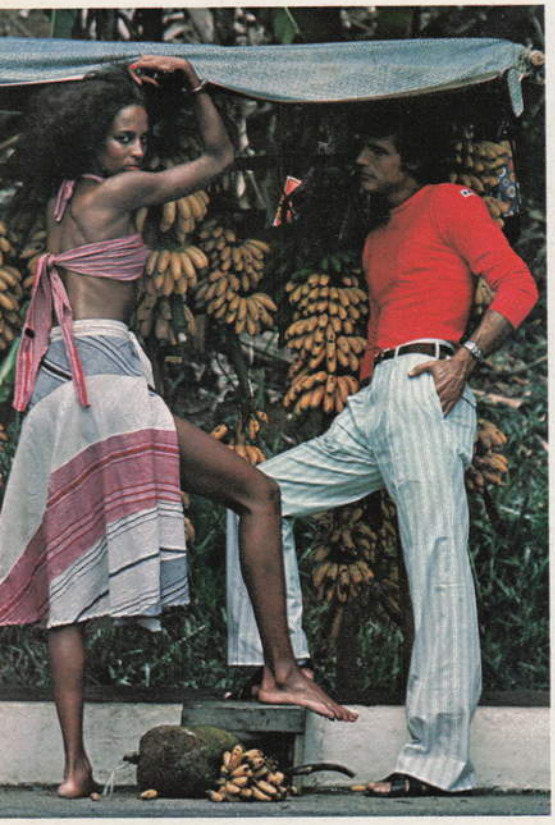
In the 1800's, the Imperial Castle was the home of Emperor Pedro II, and the site of many wild parties. In contrast, is the relaxed cotton-polyester big-shirtsuit ($115) by Flo Toronto. Her gear by John Anthony.

nothing of a culture deeply rooted in the Dark Continent. Bahia is just ninety minutes north of Rio as the VASP (that's Brazil's new domestic airline) flies. Its capital is Salvador, an ancient town that has a church for every day of the year, rainbow-hued houses, and open markets that are minor festivals in themselves.

Where to stay? Well, we chose the elegant Bahia Othon Palace, where each of the 301 rooms has a view of the sea and the magnificent Ondina beach. Although it's new, architect Paulo Case has maintained the aura of the past by basing his design on a colonial convent—taking full advantage of ocean views and shielding you from the heat of the tropical sun. Like the clothes, the look and the mood are authentic, and the Bahia Othon's chefs maintain this same authenticity in their elaborate meals, all strongly influenced by their Portugese and African origins.

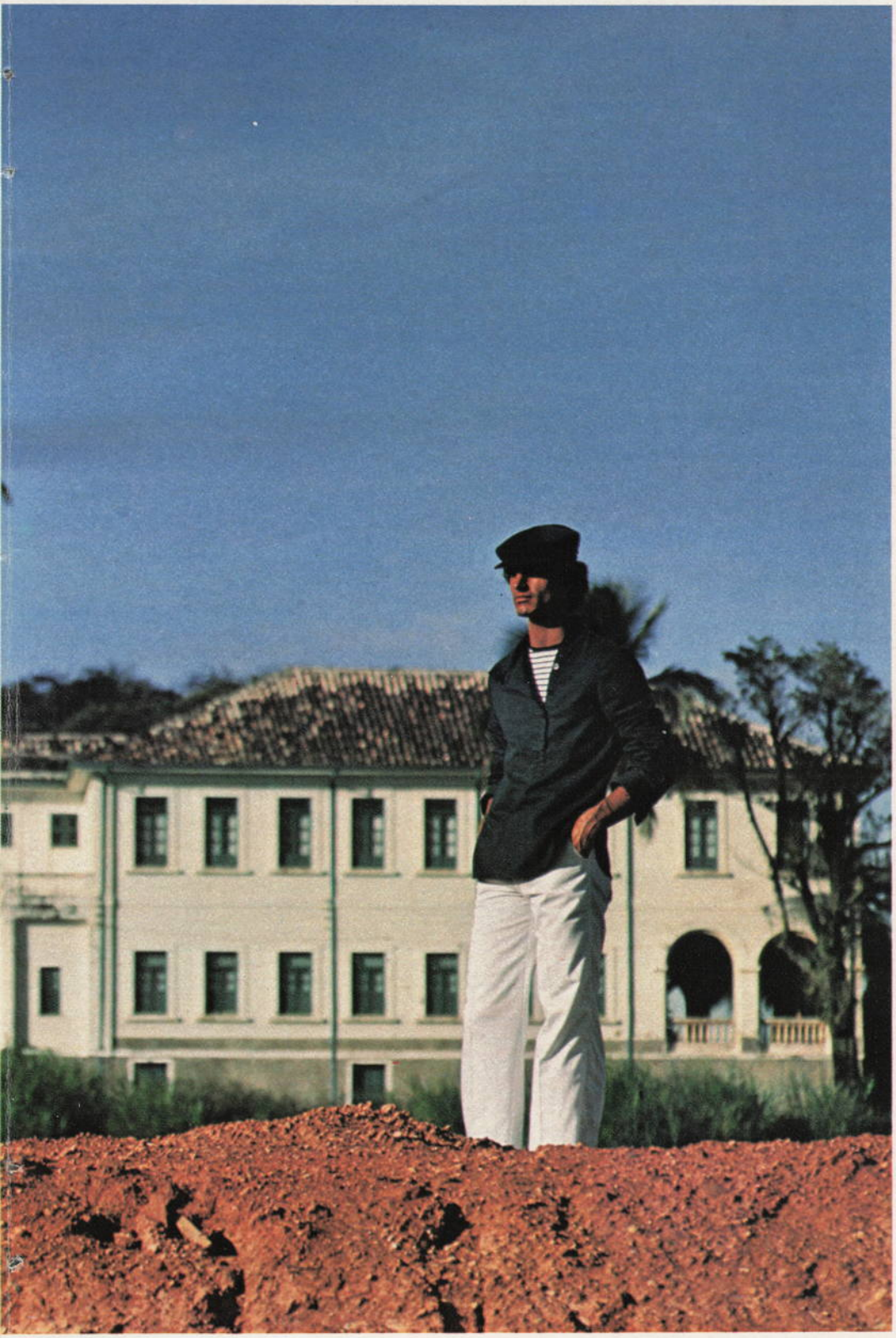
So dress for the occasion in sportswear that reflects a higher level of taste than what has been seen in menswear for many a season—and stay cool.





(Top) Poolside at the Bahia Othon Palace with one of the hotel's exotic native hostesses. The tan poplin shirt ($22.50) by John Henry. The braided hemp cinch-ring belt ($5) by Harness House. The khaki shorts are by Gant. (Bottom) His classic garb combines a rugby-look cotton sweatshirt ($21) with soft cotton pants ($50); ensemble by Ralph Lauren for Polo. Her bandanna top and tango skirt by Grecophilia.

As evidenced by this blend of colonial architecture, lush vegetation, and red clay cliffs there is much to delight tranquility and beauty here have inspired more masterpieces than any other state of Brazil. And, as you can tropical trees. At left is the all-white "French mariner" look in a pullover top ($20) and white polished-cotton jeans top ($40) with T-shirt ($9.50) and duck-cloth pants ($42) is by Bagatelle, Ltd. All men's headwear by Kangol,



the senses in Bahia. In fact, Bahia has delighted the senses of writers, scientists, and artists for years. The see, the University of Biological Sciences has much more to offer the first-time tourist in Bahia than treatises on ($27.50) as interpreted by Pierre Cardin Boutique. The coolie statement, a side-buttoned prewashed mandarin Inc. (For information on where to buy merchandise featured on these pages, see page 148.)

(Top) Ondina beach, site of the Bahia Othon Palace. His cotton-knit sweater ($17) by Hathaway; polyester trousers ($32) by Pen West; visor cap by American Headwear Co. Her outfit: Calvin Klein; belt with silver buckle by Chris Ross. (Bottom) Corcovado, overlooking Rio. The silver nylon jacket ($45) with cotton jeans ($27.50) by Pierre Cardin; Glasses by A.R. Trapp. Her outfit by John Anthony.

The Technician

If you're caught between the cops and the Christians in 1997, you'd better have your act together and your bags packed.

By Michael Rogers

I am sitting in my house in San Francisco, watching my wife slice papaya and arrange flowers for tonight's party, and I am wondering what has happened to the young man I stabbed with my Swiss army knife, just up the block, just about forty minutes ago.

"Should I set the fruit out before people arrive?" Leslie wonders. "Or should we just have the cheese, and then bring out the fruit later?"

"What kind of cheese?"

"Brie," she says.

"Just the cheese," I say. "We can have the fruit later."

I'm fairly certain he wasn't injured seriously. I've seen men dying before—once in a motorcycle accident, once in an unlucky drug experiment, once in the holding tank of a small county jail—and this kid didn't much fit the pattern. He ran like hell, for one thing.

"When did you tell people to come?" Leslie asks.

"After dinner," I tell her. "About ten."

"You ordered a lot to drink," she observes.

"I think lots of people might come."

Assault with a Swiss army knife sounds like some kind of joke. But then I was lucky, because the blade was very sharp. The blade was sharp because I do not use it much. I often use the screwdriver attachments when I perform simple electronic repairs for my friends; far less often the blade. Modern technology is like that; it needs either to be tightened

CHRISTIAN PIPER

slightly or else replaced altogether—almost never altered. It was purest coincidence that when the boy approached me, in the dark space between streetlights, I had just snapped out the blade to trim a thumbnail.

It was also purest coincidence that I was carrying $5,000 worth of merchandise in my wallet. Crime is rampant in this city, and thus it was not coincidence that even before the young man had the chançe to pull his hand from his pocket, my knife moved as if I'd been in training all my life.

Not that I know much about knives. I am a dealer in proscribed technology, specializing in pharmaceuticals and noncivilian tools. I do not touch weapons. I have a close friend named Charles who specializes in weaponry, and that keeps him very busy. Charles is younger than I, however, and is unattached, as well, so the constant movement required by proscribed-weapons trade does not bother him so much.

I do not touch proscribed biologicals, either. There is money to be made, of course, in certain strains of mutated bacteria and in a small number of restricted-access enzymes, but I think one would have to be a little bit crazy to allow such materials to float around one's home. I have another friend, Ricardo, who handles biologicals. But we do not see much of him at all.

"Did your friend do a nice job of putting the stuff up?" Leslie asks. She is arranging the flowers now—sweet williams, I think, of some genetically recombined variety that displays a mild blue luminescence in the petals. Attractive, in a ghostly fashion, although I will not ask what they cost. Marianas Trench Lilies, I believe they're called.

"He did a fine job," I tell her. "Fifty gels, two doses each."

"I guess there wouldn't be much point to giving out single hits."

"I guess not," I say. "I want that stuff out of here as fast as possible."

"How much do you have?"

"Five grams."

"Hmmm." Leslie concentrates on her flowers. "Maybe my sister would take a gram."

"It'd be perfect for LA."

"I'll talk to her."

"I can't take less than a thousand a gram."

"I'll ask for twelve-fifty," Leslie says, straightening briefly and smiling. "What are sisters for?"

She returns to her flowers with characteristic intensity. Leslie was a laboratory technician, just nineteen, just turned out of the Institutes, when I met her five years ago. I was then living in New Jersey and siphoning off fully half of Universal Electric's final production run of a jamming device for ultrasonic security systems: a marvelously engineered piece of equipment that had been placed on the proscribed list the year before, at the behest of a law-enforcement lobby group.

Actually, Leslie caught me. I was using an old trick—a radio-linked module substituted for a logic unit in a behemoth computer located several stories below Camden. Daily, unfailingly, the computer ordered the factory to box fifty jammers and ship them to a small, apparently government-certified warehouse, the location of which just happened to shift daily.

Leslie, fresh out of computer training, not only traced the pirate module but actually arrived, early one autumn morning, at my "warehouse" (that day, as I recall clearly, a newly vacated carpeting store, complete with convenient loading dock), aboard a truckload of crated jammers.

She was, that morning, still wearing her laboratory whites, which I have always found exceedingly attractive. She expressed, first, her displeasure at seeing me take her brand-new parent corporation for such a ride, and, second, an incisive curiosity as to certain specific details of the technique.

I suggested over coffee that a mind like hers might well be wasted in the service of corporations. We spent the afternoon on remnants in the carpet showroom, and have remained together since. It was, Leslie likes to say, love at first detection.

> Weekly we pick the taps off the telephone, like lice from a scalp....

The doorbell chimes. It is hours before anyone is due to arrive. Charles might arrive early, out of breath and eager to display some pocket-sized bit of nightmare weaponry, but everyone else will arrive late. There is, as with any contraband, an etiquette associated with proscribed technology.

Leslie is making omelettes in the kitchen. "The door," she says loudly.

"I heard," I say softly.

It is, obviously, the police. I am not disappointed when I unlock the front door.

"Police," says one of the khaki-clad pair, smiling, rather diffident. Together he and his partner could total no more than fifty years. One is tall and slender and blond, the other dark, perhaps Italian. "Can we ask you a few questions?" the blond one asks pleasantly.

"Is there some trouble?" I wonder.

"Well," says the young blond, without any particular emphasis, "there was a stabbing, just up the street, a few hours ago."

"Jesus," I say, not moving. "That's not like this neighborhood."

"It's not," agrees the darker of the two.

"We think it may have been some sort of grudge situation," says the blond. "The victim was a Christian."

I nod. The mystic Christian cults left in the city are perpetually sawing each other up over one point of doctrine or another. "Come in," I say. "We can sit in the study."

We sit. Leslie, hearing voices, comes to the front of the house and takes two requests for ice water. The dark one relates the incident—multiple slash wounds across the chest of a fourteen-year-old boy—and asks if I've seen or heard anything out of the ordinary in the past six hours.

Nothing, I say, although I've been in the back of the house, helping my wife prepare for a party.

Have I, the dark one wonders then, seen any unusual activities over the past weeks that might suggest some cult rivalry in the neighborhood?

I really couldn't say, I tell them. I'm in the import-export business, myself, and really have very little to do with Christians.

Both are briefly silent. "Well we won't keep you," says the lighter one, setting his card on an end table. "If anything unusual happens, though, do call us."

I frown.

"Nothing to worry about," he continues quickly. "This sort of thing is rare in this neighborhood."

The darker one has been glancing idly around the study. Finally he looks at me. "Were you here during the power outage last winter?"

I frown again, concentrate. "Power outage?"

The officer glances down at his notebook. "When the utility transformer on the corner melted."

"Ah," I say, "when the lights went out."

"That's right," says the darker one. Both policemen are now watching me carefully.

"Why do you ask?"

The darker one shrugs, closing his notebook. "Unsolved," he says. "Just curious."

I nod. "No clues?"

"It was contraband, operating somewhere on this block."

"Harder than hell to find, I've read."

This time it is the lighter one who shrugs. "But they're not as smart as they think they are."

I agree. "No one ever is."

They finish their ice water. I see them to the door and shake hands with both. They depart, and I go back into the study and switch on the porch monitor. Clearly visible on the light amplifier is the darker one, hunched over, using a spectrographic hemoglobin detector on the front steps, the sidewalk, our door, and doorknob. I'm told that these new detecters are remarkable—one part in 10^{30} or something like that—although they are presently proscribed for all but the forensic sciences. Curious. Remarkable as they may be, I'm

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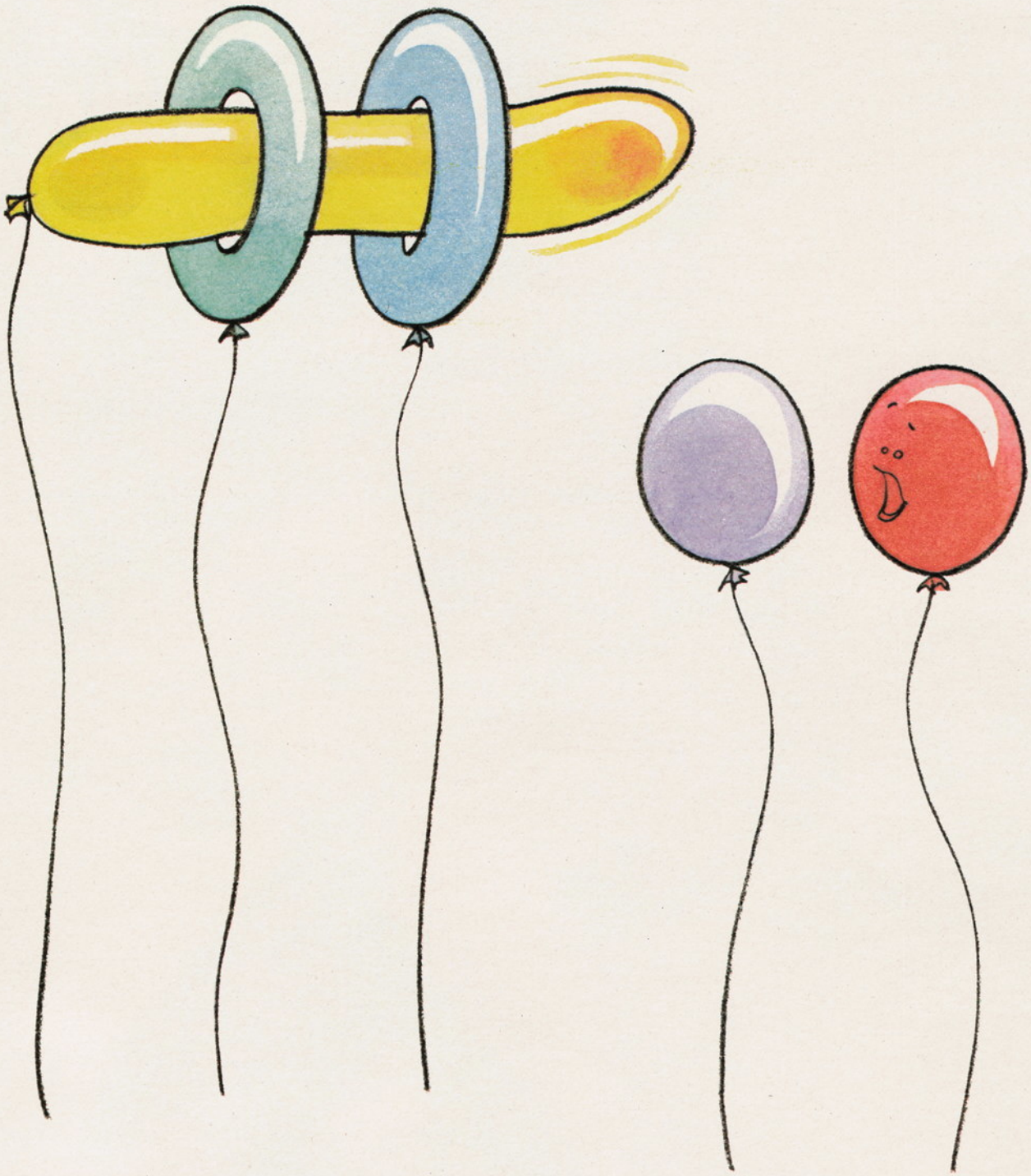
Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Don't knock it if you haven't tried it."

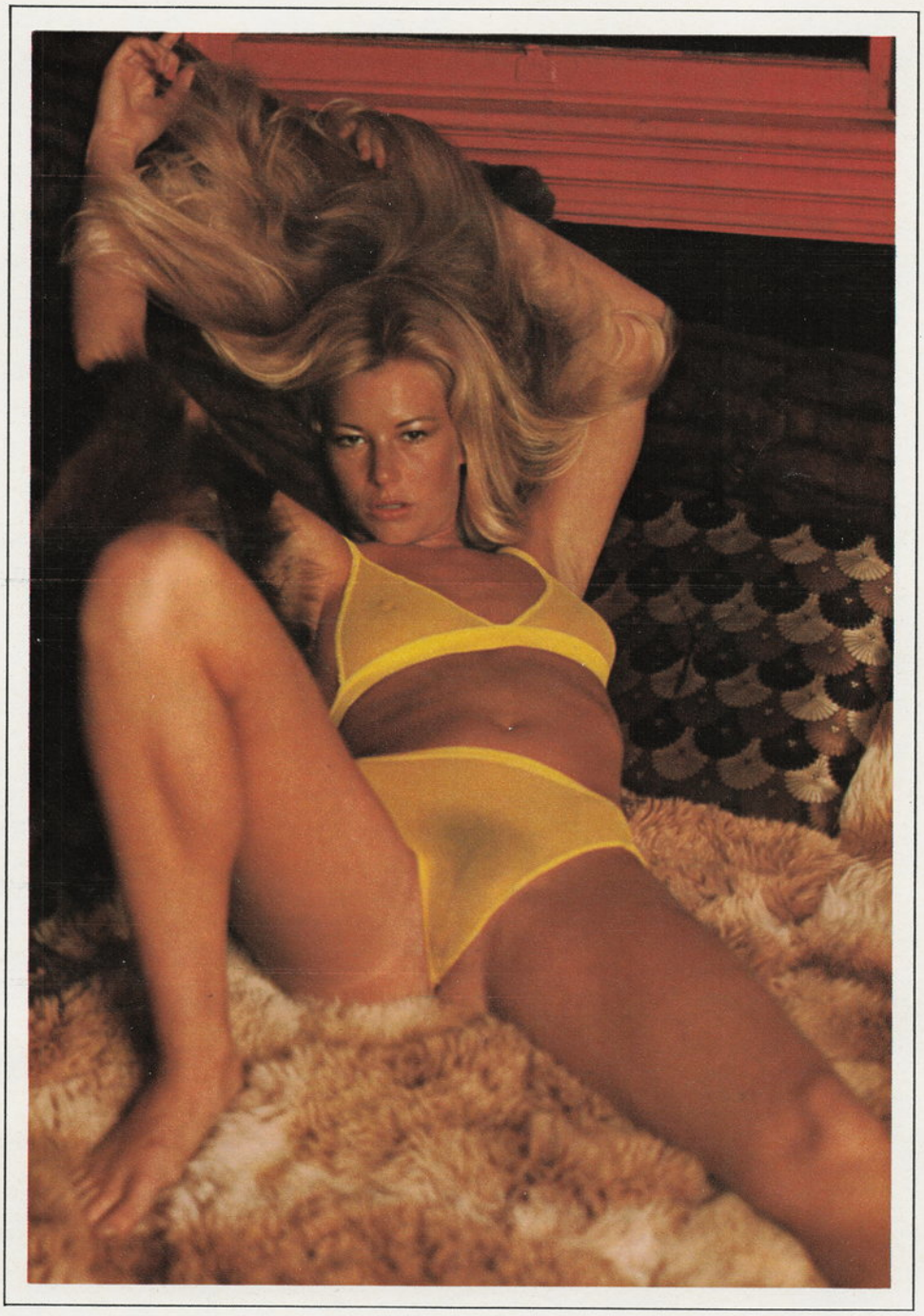
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK T. BARNES

A Chelsea Afternoon

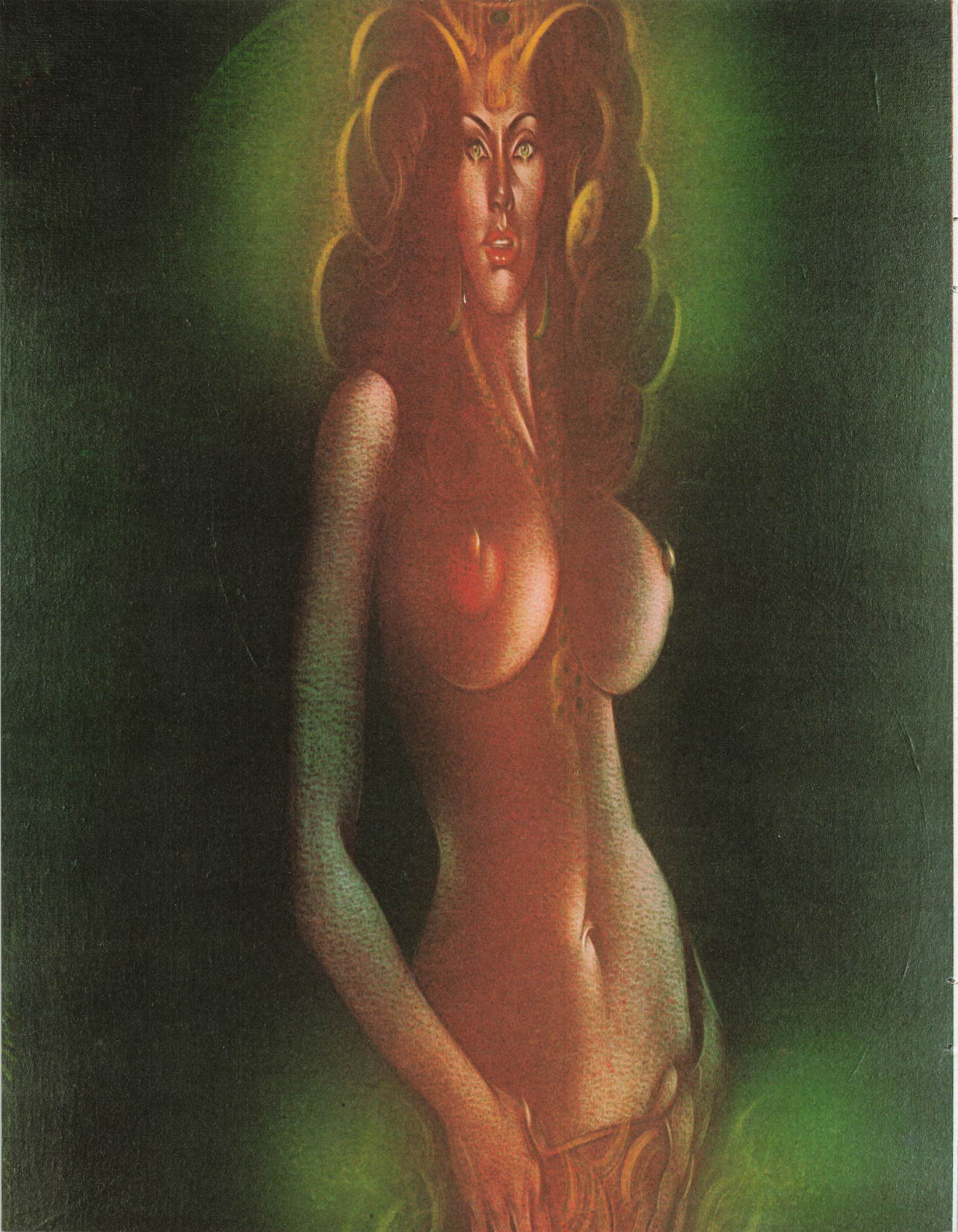
Any afternoon with Chelsea Eriksen would be a time to remember. Her supple 36-23-36 body, long blonde hair, and ice-blue eyes, enhanced by a laid-back, free-and-easy California spirit, make this young lady eminently companionable. Together, in the privacy of her home, you might discuss matters of art or the heart to the soft strains of Ravel or Debussy (her favorite composers), before moving on to more edifying activities. But, though she might dally for an afternoon, don't be surprised if you can't have her all to yourself. Chelsea is in no hurry to settle down and, for now, prefers to play the field: "I want to date several men at the same time, to feel all the parts of all men at once. Making love in my apartment is wonderful, but when it's in the tall beach grass near the ocean at dusk, it's magnificent."

Though young in years, Chelsea, having disclaimed any sheltered upbringing, is no stranger to sexual adventure: "The most outrageous place I ever made love was behind a waterfall in Yosemite while a family was having a picnic on the other side."

Nor is Chelsea a stranger to the ecstasies of sexual experimentation: "I adore every variation and position possible in sex. My very favorite though is oral sex and masturbation. Preferably both at the same time with the lights on."



"Sometimes being in love means everything to me, and sometimes it means nothing. I'm just a moody person," says Chelsea. "Then again, what I like about life is its surprises and adventures. I'm always ready for them. Still, I like to take a lot of things, like making love, slowly. So far I've been flighty, and flying things don't have any links with their shadows. I like getting it *all* together. I want my shadow to know who I am." And who do you suppose wants to be waiting right there when Chelsea lands? The Shadow knows, heh, heh!



I WAS A VICTIM OF ZIPLESS SEX

BY CRAIG KARPEL

I've got a psychiatrist friend who has built a group-therapy empire. His hustle is that he gets other shrinks to refer their private patients to his "special groups." He runs about twenty "special group" sessions a week, each of whose members shares a particular sexual hang-up. He's got one group of gay men who want to become bi, one of overweight women who are obsessed with being gang-raped, one of manic-depressives who have committed incest with siblings, one composed exclusively of former priests and nuns who are haunted by dreams of blasphemous sexual relations with Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and so on *ad phantasticus*. The groups wax and wane, depending on what hang-up is really hot. The theory is that if you can get a room full of people whose gears are loose in the same way, it'll help each of them understand the nature of his hang-up, or at least let him have the comfort of knowing that there are other people who are out of the same tree. My friend has a selfless desire to help those in need, which is encouraged by the fact that each sucker shells out fifty clams for a fifty-minute hour. And with an average of at least six in each group and four daily group-meetings held five days a week, my friend helps over $6,000 worth of suckers every seven days. The bad news is that he has to split his fee fifty-fifty with the doctors who steer their marks to him. So he only nets about 150 grand a year. He spends the month of August with the two women he lives with on a sixty-foot yacht in the Aegean. Every time I think of this guy I eat my heart out. All he has to do to earn a living is nod and smile and look from one John to another—and, most important, not fall asleep.

Painting by Gilbert Stone

One day I ran into the Emperor of Group on the street—he was coming out of Cartier, where he'd just bought two identical diamond brooches for his pair of pussies. He told me that I should really sit in on one of his "special groups." I'd goof on it at the very least, but he bet I could get some material for an article out of it. That evening, he explained, he'd be having the first session of what he was calling the "zipless sex" group.

"These are people who've balled with a perfect stranger," he explained. "Someone they barely speak to, whose name they don't know,whom they've never seen before and will never see again. We've been getting a lot of these since Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* came out. At the beginning of the book she tells how she has this fantasy of the zipless fuck."

"'The zipless fuck was more than a fuck,' Ms. Jong maintained. 'It was a Platonic ideal. Zipless because when you came together zippers fell away like rose petals, underwear blew off in one breath like dandelion fluff.' She said this was only possible with an anonymous partner, and gave an example of a young Italian soldier screwing a young Italian woman on an old Italian train. Pretty tawdry, if you ask me. But Erica said the zipless fuck was the ultimate. 'Because the incident has all the

A group-therapy view for those who have experienced the passion and pain of love with the improper stranger.

swift compression of a dream and is seemingly free of all remorse and guilt,' said she. 'Because there is no rationalizing, because there is no talk at *all*.'

"*Seemingly* free of remorse and guilt, she said. But, in fact, when scripts like that play, there can be great gooey gobs of guilt galore. Now that *Fear* has made it respectable to talk about such things, zipless fuckers have been lining up at our offices to tell us about it. 'Tell me about it,' we say, crossing our legs to keep our hard-ons within discreet bounds. Oh well, another obsession, another dollar. The girls seem to make a better show of it than the boys.

"It's really rather a common fantasy among women. Read Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden* and just look how many women fantasize about having their level checked by an anonymous dipstick. But the men we see, what a bunch of nudniks! They all think of themselves as either quasi rapists or quasi rapees! I guess all the well-balanced zipless males have got better things to do than lie on couches with the meter running.

"But why don't you come and see for yourself? If you do, you've got to promise not to embarrass me by letting on that you're a writer. These people are my bread and caviar! You've got to come on like a patient—you know, tell a suitably kinky tale when it's your turn. Okay?"

That evening I reported to my pal's "ego-massage parlor" in one of those huge old West Side New York apartment buildings that you can drive your car into. It was all oak-paneled and oriental-carpeted and chandeliered. Counting me, there were five suckers, plus the MD, or should I say, the MC. We sat in a group around the fire, sipped ruby port and nibbled camembert cheese while listening to each other's tales of zipless lovemaking with prurient interest.

LORI

Lori was a twenty-eight-year-old product manager in the fragrance division of a major cosmetic house. She had amber hair and pale translucent skin and the kind of chest and ass that's enough to make a grown man cry.

She told how she'd gone to Chicago to meet with the merchandise manager for cosmetics at Marshall Field and had taken a suite at the Ambassador East. She wanted to try a new perfume on this guy, one of the most influential buyers in the industry. The meeting was the following morning, and that night she met a classmate from Boston University for a late drink.

"In the middle of our conversation I had to go to the girls' room," she said. "I came back and we had a few more drinks and then around midnight we got up to leave and my bag was gone! I'd put it underneath the table and it was just nowhere to be found."

The vial with the fragrance sample had been inside so she could try it on her classmate. And, of course, some booster now had her plane ticket, all her credit cards, her driver's license, her registration, about $400 in cash, plus her passport, which she always carried with her in case she had to run to Paris or Rome or wherever without passing go. It meant she'd have to try to get the office to send another sample by plane first thing in the morning.

So she kissed Katie goodnight and went upstairs and—whamo! "Of course I'd also had my *room key* in my bag so the schmuck had run upstairs and cleaned out the room. My new Gucci suitcase, all my clothes and jewelry, even my fucking toothbrush."

Lori called the police on the theory that maybe whoever it was would abandon the bag nearby with the sample still in it. That way she could at least salvage the morning. And, of course, she had to report everything else that was missing so her insurance would pay off.

"Two cops responded to my call. One was about fifty with acne pits and a nose that looked like it had been marinated in Old Grandad. If he'd been a chick I'd have said he was six-months pregnant. The other was about twenty-three, big and muscular, with twinkly eyes and curly black hair and a mustache like a model in a tequila ad. He was really adorable. I couldn't take my eyes off him. He kept thumbing his nose behind the back of the other guy, who kept asking me if I could 'describe the perpetrator' and telling me 'you wouldn't believe how unbelievably common this type of rip-off is.' When I told him about the fragrance sample, Officer Pits said they'd go downstairs and check wastebaskets for a block around the hotel just in case.

"About five minutes later, there was a knock on the door. It was Officer Tequila. 'I guess you didn't find anything that belongs to me,' I said.

"He stepped toward me and started to unbutton his jacket. 'I think it's time we stopped coddling criminals and did something for the victim,' he said in this real low voice. I felt a wave of hot needles go through me. 'What about your partner,' I said.

"'We split up to look for your bag and then he's going for coffee. He won't be back for at least fifteen minutes. There's no use me looking. I've got something on my mind that wouldn't let me concentrate on anything else.'

"He reached out one tattooed hand, unbuttoned my blouse, pulled my tit out, and all of a sudden lowered his face to it and sucked hard on my nipple. If it had been an old movie I would have slapped him, but it's 1976 and one to a bed in a hotel room in Chicago isn't the most electrifyng way I can imagine spending an evening.

"The next thing I knew we were on the bed and he stripped me like he must have done this a hundred times before. Then all his clothes came off and I've never seen a body like that in my life. Every muscle group stood out and was covered with firm tan flesh and his chest was a perfect vee and you've never seen such a cute white tush.

He had a huge purple cock and he humped me between the tits with the tip going into my mouth, and when it was good and wet he moved down and jammed it into me and I had to grab the sides of the bed to keep from falling off the world. He told me to suck his nipples or he'd pop me and take me downtown. I sucked and nibbled and then I bit, good and hard, and all of a sudden he came and pulled it out fast, smearing come all down my thighs. He stuck his head down there and lapped it up like a hungry cat. Then he put on his uniform so fast I couldn't believe it. I'm still trying to turn my panty hose right side out and he's combing his mustache and fixing his hair.

"No sooner did I get my clothes on and smooth down the bed than there was a knock on the door. It was Officer Pits and what do you know, he had my bag! It had been thrown in a basket a block away, and the money and credit cards were gone, but my passport—and my precious sample—were still inside.

"'Glad I could help,' Pits said.

"'All our poking around paid off, I guess,' said Tequila with an eensy wink that if I hadn't known, I'd have thought was a twitch.

"I could still feel the juice running out of me as the two of them walked and Tequila stuck his hand behind him and wiggled his fingers good-bye.

"My zipless affair with Officer Tequila was actually one of the most satisfying sexual experiences I've ever had. I masturbate over it just about every day. And I go out of my way to try to put myself in situations where something like it might happen again. So far, no action. I'm beginning to get a little squirrely, to tell you the truth. I'm afraid I may be getting fixated on zipless sex. When I ball with men I know now it seems so—*normal*, so ordinary. I don't know what I should do. Start checking into hotels and leaving my pocketbook where it can be stolen?"

MARTY

Marty was a graduate student in public administration who vacationed on Martha's Vineyard last summer. He described how one night he had been helping an artist friend stretch canvases. He was through at midnight and started to walk home. He had walked about a mile when a station wagon pulled up beside him. A woman was at the wheel.

"Would you like a lift?" she said. It was too dark to see her face. She sounded like she was in her mid-thirties.

Marty hesitated for a moment—it was hard enough hitchhiking on the island. To be picked up when he was just walking down the road—at midnight—was pretty unusual. But he couldn't believe a woman would be looking to rip him off so he got in.

The dome light didn't work: pitch black inside the car.

"Where do you want to go?" she said.

He gave her his address again—he'd thought she'd caught it the first time.

"No," she said sourly. "I mean, where do you want to *go*."

Suddenly he got the picture. She meant where did he want to go to *fuck*. Which presupposed that he *wanted* to fuck—and that he wanted to fuck *her*. But how could he pass this up? If he did, wouldn't he always wonder what it would have been like? He told her to turn down the dirt road to a secluded beach he knew. They parked on the deserted beach and walked to the water's edge.

She undressed.

He undressed.

Suddenly she threw herself at him—wrestled him to the sand. She started biting and scratching him—hard.

"Hey!" Marty said. "Hey! Come on!"

The woman was breathing hard, so that her throat vibrated when she exhaled. She moved down on his body and took his cock in her mouth. He could feel one row of sharp, small teeth above, one below. He had a moment of near-panic—what if she should just bite down as hard as she could? But she was too busy trying to swallow it to chew it. He could feel the inside of her mouth and throat rippling in waves as she tried to get it deeper inside her. Her hair and back glistened faintly in the moonlight.

Then she turned over and pulled him onto her. She grabbed his cock and tugged it toward her. He felt it touch the sand and was about to reach down to brush it off when it was inside her. Some of the sand had adhered and he could feel it abrading his penis. *What must that be doing to the inside of her pussy*? he wondered. He was fucking her raw—and the sand wasn't doing his dingus any good either. She dug her fingernails into his buttocks and started panting like a woman in childbirth doing the La Maz method.

"You okay?" Marty asked.

"Just fuck me, goddamn it," she groaned.

So he just fucked her, until he thought his pecker was about to give out. Then she came, twitching and convulsing all over like someone in shock. Marty hadn't come. He pulled out his thing and smeared off the sand. He started to put it in again, but she clamped her legs shut. So he humped her pubis and came on her belly.

"What the fuck did you do that for?" she fumed.

"I don't want to get blue balls," he said.

"What'd you have to make such a mess for? Asshole."

"I'm sorry," Marty mouthed.

"Apology not accepted, you slob," she said, and got up and stalked to the car. She reached inside and tore out a wad of Kleenex and wiped her stomach and threw the tissues away as if they were disgusting. She picked up her clothes and threw them into the car. She reached in the backseat and pulled out a robe. She put on the robe and got in the car. Marty had one leg in his pants when she started the car, backed it around, and tore away, leaving a rooster-tail of sand.

"Hey, goddamn it!" he yelled, but, of course, it was no use. The half-mile back to the highway was desolate. When he got home and could wash himself off, he saw that his cock was red and chafed and swollen. He couldn't do a thing with his cock for five days.

"That woman *used* me," Marty told the group. "I felt dirty for weeks. It wasn't like I'd fucked a woman at all. It was like I'd had sexual relations with a phantom—someone who didn't even exist! And it was like I'd given up part of my being to that nonbeing. It was really awful. Until tonight I thought I felt that way because I had allowed myself to be intimate with someone I didn't know at all. But listening to Lori I can see that everything depends on the circumstances—it depends on whether that person you don't know is a positive personality or a negative one. But I know one thing for certain—no way am I going to put part of myself inside a woman again if I haven't even had the opportunity to look into her eyes!"

MICKI

"This was the most incredible experience I ever had in my life," said Micki, a twenty-eight-year-old documentary producer for public television. "I'm a mountain-climbing nut and last summer I was soloing on Mt. Elbert, near Aspen, Colorado, which is the highest peak in the state. It's very quiet up there and for about an hour I could hear someone above me knocking in pitons—the little hooks we hammer into the rock to fasten our ropes to. *Ping, ping, ping*, echoing louder and louder. Finally I came to a wide ledge and sat down and made myself a cup of bouillon over my Sierra pocket stove. I'm sitting there sipping and I look up and there's a climber rappelling down to where I am.

"He was deeply sunburned and windburned and had a tangle of blond hair that was bleached white in places from the sun. He was wearing mirrored shades and a deep blue sweater over a white turtleneck. He sat on his haunches for a few moments to rest and to try to catch his breath, not looking at me, just squinting out over the land below.

"I asked him if he'd like some soup and he nodded. I was about to warn him that it was hot when he just drank it down, said thank you, and handed me back the cup. Then he turned to me and wet his chapped lips. I couldn't believe what I heard next:

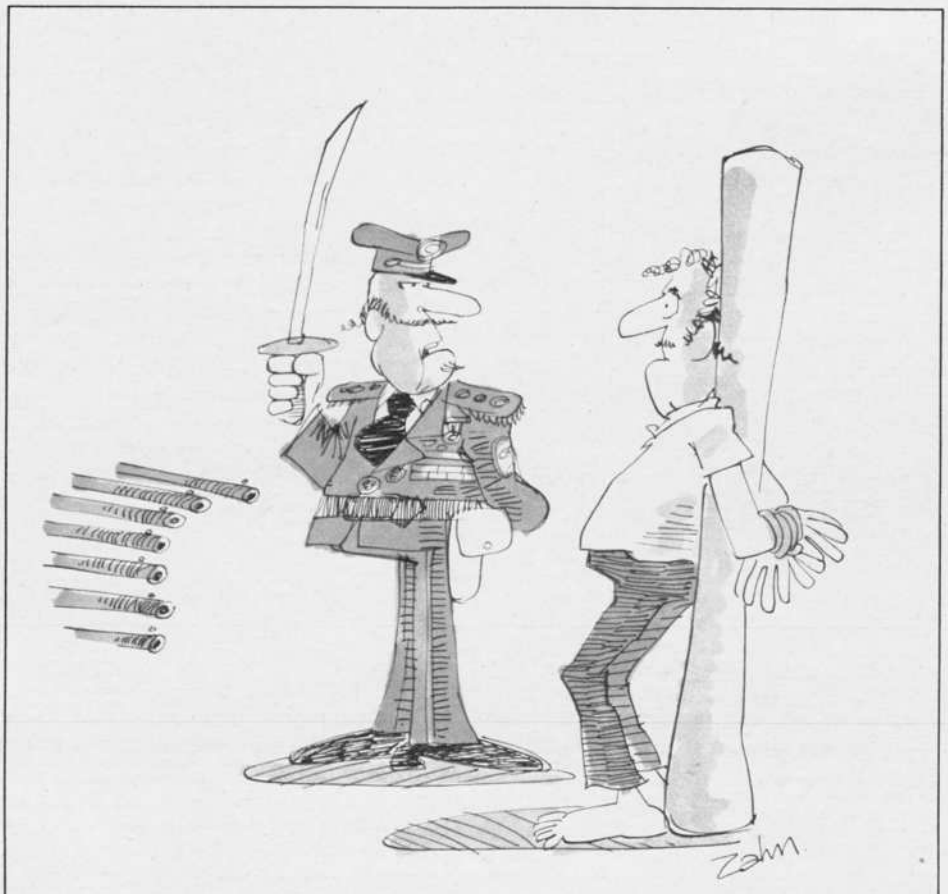
" 'Wanna fuck?'

" 'What?'

" 'Fuck. You know—make love.'

" *'Here? Now?'*

" 'Why not?'



"Since you were caught with the General's wife, the first volley will be low!"

"And you know, I couldn't think of a single reason?

"It was really warm on the ledge, what with the sun shining on it and all. We both took off our clothes and stuffed them in our packs.

"I had an air mattress and he inflated it; I nearly came all over myself watching his rib cage expand and contract. He had what looked like a bullet wound on his belly. The two of us must have looked like something out of those old nudist magagines—naked with sunglasses. He pulled out a Marlboro box and I was about to say I didn't smoke when he took out a funny cigarette instead. We smoked it down and I began to have the weirdest feeling, like we were two wild animals, wolves or something, who lived on this mountain.

"He then masturbated until he had a gorgeous erection and motioned me to put my legs around his waist and sit on his hard cock. Then we sort of swayed around in a circle with our cheeks together, soothing each other's sore bodies, looking out over the mountains. We were so high up, and the wind was blowing through our hair—I never felt so free in my life. We were the only two people on the face of the earth—not even people, really, just creatures. Beings.

"It was like everything below—civilization, culture, whatever—was completely artifical and remote and didn't matter any more, never really mattered. There were just us two wild strange beings, interpenetrating on a mountainside, with all the energy in the world shooting along our nerves.

"We both came at the same time, and just sat there for a while. But then he started up again, and I was chafed inside—he never even lost his hard-on! We fucked and fucked and then it was like my whole body and mind were filled with the warmth and light of the sun. We fell apart and dressed, and I made another cup of bouillon, which we shared. Then, silently, he knocked in a piton, hooked on, and lowered himself carefully over the ledge.

"I started up again and made another fifteen hundred feet before I decided it was time to come back to earth. Contrary to popular opinion, mountain climbers don't always try to reach the summit. Sometimes their experiences far below are more important to them."

SAL

Sal was a successful life insurance agent in his early thirties. He worked mostly in the evenings, visiting families at home. Despite the fact that he earned excellent commissions, he sold encyclopedias from door to door during the day. He explained that though he made hardly any money this way, he did it because it generated an absolutely unlimited opportunity for zipless sex.

"I usually start knocking on doors around noon," he said. "If the door opens and it's an ugly or an oldie, I ask if it's the Korzybski residence. She says no, I say I must have the wrong address, apologize, and split. But once in about ten houses I get an attractive girl. I give them a line about recruiting educational consultants to earn money at home in their spare time. Actually the deal is, if they sign up for this encyclopedia that costs $695 on the installment plan, and they give me the name of a prospect who also signs up, they get five dollars' credit on their account. Big deal.

"But it's a door-opener. I get invited in, let them give me a cup of Sanka, and start the spiel. All of a sudden I shut the book and look her right in the eye and say, 'Do you know something? I'm having trouble giving this presentation—because you're just so lovely that it's distracting the hell out of me.' The girl blushes and laughs nervously and tells me to go on. But almost invariably, after that point, I can feel her looking me up and down. So I put the book on my lap again and say, 'I don't think I can go on. To be frank with you, you remind me of my late wife. She passed away a year ago. A brain tumor. She was in so much pain. I'm still not over it I guess. Please excuse me.' And I get up and start to leave.

"I've never been married in my life, mind you. But ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the girl puts her hand on my arm and gives me a great big, 'I understand' look. Then I draw her to me and kiss her like I just can't help myself. There's always a moment of surprise when the girl is saying to herself. 'Oh my God, I'm being kissed by an *encyclopedia* salesman!' But then she loosens up and realizes that this is what she's been waiting for, ironing in front of the television set for the last five years while hubby's at the plant. 'Love of Life!' 'The Secret Storm!' Right there in her own living room!

"But only for a moment, because very swiftly I start falling in the direction of the bedroom. I get her on the bed—none of these babes make their beds until right before old Ralph comes home, did you know that?—and very tenderly begin to remove her garments. They're always moaning, 'No! No!' but I'm always moaning, 'Yes! Yes!' and if they start pushing me away I sob, 'Jenny! Jenny!' Jenny—that's my fictitious late wife. This always cools them out and right after that I can begin to disrobe.

"Once we're actually *au naturel* you wouldn't believe what these women are like. Lots of them haven't betrayed their spouses with even a *vibrator*, and a lot of suburban hubbies plainly haven't been doing their matrimonial duties. Talk about horny! All of a sudden this girl, who five minutes ago was listening to me with folded hands as I went on about the knowledge explosion and what it means to each and every one of us, is writhing, squirming, shaking, snorting, throwing her head back and forth, and grinding her teeth. I love the ones that start pinching their nipples at you. They're my favorites, after the ones who when they come start bawling and telling you it's the first time they've felt like that in their whole life.

"Anyway, once they've had their cry or finished saying, 'God, God, God, God, God,' five hundred times, I get up, get dressed, pack my bags, bid my adieus, and move on to find my next 'customer.' By the time I've gotten past the next statistically inevitable allotment of uglies and oldies, I'm Ready Teddy again and the soap opera starts all over. 'Good afternoon. If I might have a moment of your time. . . .'

"I do this five days a week, and on a good day I might ball three suburbanites and sell one encyclopedia. I knock off at five so I don't end up running into daddies, and I don't start at my *real* job until after insurance prospects are through with dinner—about 7:30.

"After about six months of this, however, I began to feel like it was just getting too heavy. I mean, all the *acting* I had to do! Jenny! Poor, poor Jenny! I began to realize it was taking its toll. For one thing, I was no longer interested in meaningful relationships with women. How could a meaningful relationship compete with fifteen new faces a week? So I decided to quit.

"Fat chance. The moment I stopped and started going out with women seriously I became impotent! I couldn't get it up at all. So I went back to my educational consultants and I've been at it ever since—two years now. The whole thing has become mechanical—unsatisfying, repetitive, boring, tacky—but it's a *habit*. Just like booze or dope or pills—I've got to have three fixes of zipless sex a day or I go positively cold turkey!

"You people are all lucky. You've all had one anonymous fuck, and either it was a positive experience or a negative experience. But at least it was an *experience*! To me, it's become no more exciting than blowing my nose or wiping my ass—it's just something I *do*."

CRAIG

Finally it was my turn. The men present were sort of down in the dumps about zipless sex, so I decided to tell an upbeat story. I explained that I was in Mexico's Yucatán peninsula earlier in the year, visiting ancient Aztec sites, and that while I was there I had the most remarkable experience. I was at the ruined Aztec temple city of Chichen Itaza, and began to feel drawn toward a grove of scrub at the edge of the site. When I got that I heard a faint, high-pitched whine, and I followed it down an incline until, there in front of me, was something that looked like a gigantic golden frisbee. It was about sixty feet in diameter and ten feet high and looked like it was made of beaten gold. There was an oval door on its edge, and it opened as I approached.

I walked inside. It was cool and dimly lit. Out of a shadow stepped the most striking woman I had ever seen. She was about six

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Because smoking a cigarette can be one of those rare and pleasurable private moments.

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Technician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

not certain that any other market exists.

"That didn't look so good," Leslie says, when I walk into the kitchen.

"Oh," I say, "someone was stabbed, up the block."

"Hmmm," she says, shaking her head. She is wearing a bright caftan, purchased last year in Tangier. Tangier is something of a center for proscribed European hardware; close to the manufacturing centers, yet a place where one can still hire technicians who have absolutely no idea what they're working on.

"Hmmm," she says again. "That's the first time that's happened."

I nod.

"Is there something," Leslie asks lightly, chopping mushrooms, not looking up at me, "that I should know about?"

"Not now."

"All right," she says.

Leslie knows that she will hear soon enough. She has, through the diligent use of biofeedback instruments—electromyographs, GSR meters, and the like—learned complete control over polygraph devices. By now, her conscious mind is the unrivaled captain of the more accessible components of her automatic nervous system, and the few times we have been detained for polygraph interrogation (never in this country), her performance has led me to think of her as something of a psychic safe-deposit box.

"Should we have people over tonight?" Leslie wonders.

"Doesn't really make much difference."

Two hours later, people begin to arrive. Leslie and I do quite a bit of entertaining for the introduction of new products, but this reaction surprises me. Word must have traveled very quickly.

"So," says one of the earlier arrivals, a young record producer, pudgy, pink-cheeked, newly rich. "Where is it?"

"Depends," I say, "on what you'd like. A drink? Or some fruit? Leslie just bought a crate of those Minnesota papayas."

"What do you call it?" the plump producer wonders. "You should name it."

The centerpiece flowers off to one side of the room glow softly. "The Marianas Trench Lily," I say, without much thought.

"MTL," he says. "Marvelous."

I smile briefly, press his hand, and leave behind one of the tiny, purple-tinted gels.

"You've got a hell of a job," he tells me, smiling. "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Do," I say. He is an expansive host, and a dependable account. "And try some of the papaya, too."

It was only earlier this afternoon that I met the technician, in an Irish bar right down by Market Street. He was a small man, pale, crew cut, nervous, and clearly terminally addicted to ethanol. Technicians are, without question, the weakest link in the technological mesh. Pushed out of the public schools, pushed into the trade institutes before they are even aware that options exist, they are, five years later, ripe for bribery—as ripe as August plums. Most of the brighter of them will sell secrets for a price no dearer than a sympathetic ear.

"Five grams," he'd said then, after we had silently occupied adjacent leatherette stools for nearly half an hour. He took one deep breath. "One thousand."

I remained silent, sipped my flat Guinness, stared forward. "Okay," I said finally. "If it's pure."

"Are you kidding?" he asked, eyes widening abruptly, indignant in the half dark.

Ten minutes later we completed business in the restroom. What I received was fine white powder in a twisted bit of soluble cellophane. Technicians almost always cover themselves carefully.

> The powder, my chemist avows, is pure as the driven snow.

And they are almost always honest, as well. The powder, my chemist avows, is as pure as the driven snow. A successful transaction, in all. If only I had not been so careless as to carry the material on the street this evening.

Many people choose to spend the late fall in northern California. By half past ten, about forty-five people have stopped by. The crowd is lively and talkative, we keep the dining-room table filled with little snacks, and Leslie and I circulate through the crowd with gelatins.

We are careful, however, with whom we share what is the most humorous aspect of this evening's chemical: its origin. MTL was accidentally developed by a marine corps pharmaceuticals team while they were somewhere in the American Rockies on the hoary, golden-fleece search for the perfect antipersonnel psychedelic agent. The team, long since disbanded and likely discharged, managed instead to create a short-term psychedelic aphrodisiac—an absolutely astounding substance, and the product of only the most minor miscalculation in the lengthy molecular labyrinths of organic chemistry. Instantly proscribed, of course, but also instantly legendary and in remarkable demand. I am, myself, very happy to possess five grams. Although I would still like to get it out of the house as quickly as possible.

It was not by accident that the police visited tonight. I am, almost certainly, the only identified lawbreaker in the neighborhood, although thus far I have only been detained for questioning. But weekly we pick taps off the telephone, like lice from the scalp, and by now I'm involved in something of a duel with a law-enforcement technician whom I will almost certainly never meet in person. His style relies heavily on small, wireless IC implants that operate from telephone poles several blocks removed—supposedly the most undetectable hardware presently available. I take more than a bit of pleasure in using one of Charles's proscribed military devices, suitably patched in, to fry the circuitry of each new tap like a fresh egg.

Toward the middle of the evening, when most of the gels have been distributed, and there has already been a distinct attrition in the numbers filling the living room, Leslie approaches me quietly.

"There's someone," she says softly, "in the backyard."

Odd. The backyard has buildings on two sides and a high fence on the third. It was only our perennial paranoia that led us to wire it with a perimeter alarm.

I push my way through the living room and unlock one of the high glass doors that opens onto the redwood deck, closing it quickly behind me so that no one will think to follow.

I stand quietly for a moment. The night is cold; by now the ocean-born fog has obliterated the stars over the city and lent the air a soggy chill. The yard, ten feet below the level of the deck, is entirely dark. There is no sound at all.

Then, suddenly, there is a brief rustling and I reach back and snap on the yard lights. In the sudden wash of electrical brightness, I see the waist and legs of a small figure, blue-jean clad, scrambling over the high grape-stake fence and, in a flash of tennis shoes, drop silently onto the other side.

"Hey!" I shout. "Hold it there!" But the figure is gone. I move to the edge of the deck, where I can just see into the neighboring yard. There is nothing, however, past their usual assortment of Christian paraphernalia: various crosses of Lucite and Plexiglas, and a small, blue, rubber baptismal pool, its sanctified water glinting faintly in the glow of our security lights.

I run down the redwood steps onto the stone patio. The grape-stake fence, fully eight feet high, is unmarked; the damp plantings at its foot are violently disarranged. There is no sound from the other side.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 159

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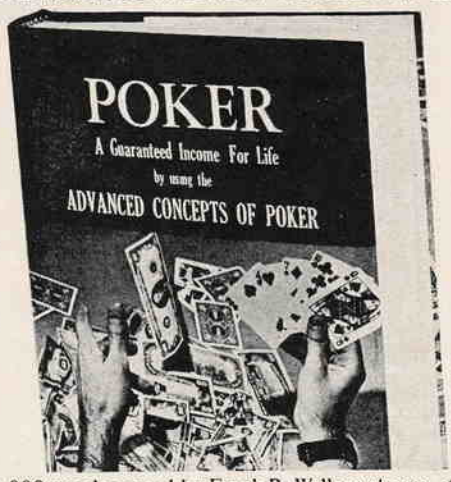

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THE VOTE BUSINESS

Forget about democracy, the issues—even the candidates. Money and hype are what count on Election Day.

BY DAVID CHAGALL

He's been called everything from "political genius" to "conniving schemer" and "money-loving bastard." The sign on his glass-doored two-room suite in a Los Angeles office complex reads PUBLIC RELATIONS CENTER, but that doesn't begin to describe the man who dwells within. His name is Hal Evry and his business is managing elections.

A sixty-year-old veteran of advertising and a former professor of political science, Evry has been waging political warfare since 1959. He has worked successfully on campaigns for Governors George Wallace of Alabama, Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas, William Scranton and Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania, Goodwin Knight of California, and David Hall of Oklahoma, Senator Ted Stevens of Alaska and many others. Evry is deceptively soft-spoken; he has just a lingering trace of a Kentucky accent. The spiel of words that is generated by his perpetual motion mind has his listener dizzy in a matter of moments—but his ideas are far from dizzy.

"Voters don't understand anything at all about voting. If the media didn't get on their backs the week before an election to tell them *'Be sure and vote!,'* hardly anybody would show up."

"Only 23 percent of all people know anything about their Congressmen. Most of them can't even tell you his Congressman's name. Gallup points out that 66 percent of people do not vote because they either aren't registered or have no interest in the election. While I was teaching I suddenly realized that you could measure people's attitudes through a survey. Then I took it one step beyond that—not only could you measure them, but you could change them too. And that's what got me into campaigns.

"I don't want to educate the world. I don't even want to upgrade it. I just want to understand it. People don't want to vote—so you've got to make things simple for them. It has to be purely emotional. The higher the emotion, the less the reason—there's nothing but emotion that works. Self-preservation, sex, and money in that order, those are the things that impel people most. The textbooks call it security, but I say *money* because it's blunt."

The first thing Evry looks for in a client-candidate is not brains, good looks, or even dedication. The greatest asset anybody can have is money, the more the better. Money makes it all happen.

"Last week a Southern politician wrote me a letter. He is about to run for attorney general of his state and he asked me to send somebody out there. But we never go out. I wrote back and asked him to come here to talk. We do this for two reasons—to see how interested they really are, and to find out whether they have enough money to fly around without worrying about it. Because 95 percent of the people who run for office don't have the money to run. We made a rule that anybody walking into our office had to have half a million dollars in assets before we would even talk to him. If a poor man stops by here, I tell him to give his money to the United Fund or the Cancer Society where a small amount might do some good.

"One very good reason for a man to run for office is there's a lot of money in it. If he doesn't have that reason, I'd advise him to forget about it. I was never really interested in politics when I was younger, and I'm still not interested in politics now. Only the attitudes of people interest me."

Any candidate that gets Hal Evry as his manager signs an agreement to follow Evry's orders and strategy for the duration of the campaign. Evry designs the advertising, printed material, publicity, TV commercials, and special events. He runs regular polls to see where the candidate stands, how well he is meeting the aims set for him, and how well the public understands and supports those aims. His work often starts a couple of years before the election, but no less than a year before. He gets $6,000 a month retainer for gubernatorial and senatorial races, $3,500 a month for congressional elections, and $2,000 a month for lesser offices, except in the big cities where a greater concentration of voters takes more time and effort.

"People who approach us are usually very rich and introverted. We prefer that type. The only way to reach a million people in even a small state is through TV, radio, and direct mail. You can't go visit each voter personally—you need the funds to reach them in other ways. So we tell our candidates who the best person to go to for money is—yourself. Then you go to your relatives. The third source is, obviously, rich people, whether they like you or not. Poor people who like you can't do anything for you. But rich people who hate you can help you. It's conceivable you can change the mind of a rich person, make him see things your way."

The "people" are always being praised by candidates and political commentators for their basic wisdom, fairness, and uncanny genius for "choosing right when the chips are down." This idea has always been cited as a firm pillar of American democratic tradition—but in the eyes of political professionals, it is just so much hogwash. Managers such as Evry see the "people" as simply another mob of consumers, with desires and emotions that are easily stirred and made to work to the advantage of their clients.

"It's just another marketing job," Evry explains. "We pinpoint the people with whom we're concerned—and those are the voters who will choose between the candidates. I'm not interested in anyone else."

The first use of his client's money is to buy research, the very best available. Evry concentrates on studying people who have voted in the last primary or in special elections because those are the people with strong motivations.

"I save money going after those people because they have something very strong and personal at stake—something we don't know about yet. That is what our research finds out. We poll these people. We use indirect questions, codes, tests using animals instead of word descriptions—does this man remind you of a horse, a snake, or a lion? The answers tell us something and people like to get into games like that. It's fun for them. We do good random sampling and that's how we find out what's bothering people, what irritates them."

One of those hidden things that Evry uncovers often turns out to be racial or ethnic bigotry. But Evry makes no apologies for taking advantage of it.

"Human reactions to black faces or foreign names are absolutely usable in a campaign! So we go out and ask the people about it. We don't come right out and ask nakedly whether they would vote for a black. We go around and ask people what kind of a neighborhood they live in. If they would like to see minority groups moving in. Step by step we lead them along until

they somehow indicate their feelings.

"You know that 90 percent of the black voters voted for Thomas Bradley as Mayor of Los Angeles. If you think they voted for him because of what he stood for, think again! They voted for him for the same reasons whites vote for white people. Maybe you want to dress it up and call it affinity groups. A man named Palmero is likely to vote for another man called Rivero, everything else being equal. All this talk about the American Melting Pot and democracy is just a lot of words, as far as actual voting is concerned. In New York City they always run an Italian, a Jew, and a Protestant—or an Irishman. They do it to span the different ethnic groups. Nowadays they use blacks and Puerto Ricans in their spans. Critically, I understand that. Our discussion is not a moral one but a critical one.

"Are you aware that when a man runs for Congress he gets a questionnaire from something called Pro-Life? This is a group against abortion and they can give a candidate hell. It's a Catholic organization, but they don't say they're Catholic. The same man is pressured by Jewish groups about Israel. I tell my clients to keep quiet and not to say anything about their viewpoints, one way or the other. This kind of stuff is going on all over America—we know because we fill in the questionnaires for our clients. But you never read about it in the papers.

"We use computers to isolate all of the things that irritate people, whatever bothers them. And then we give it back to them out of our candidate's mouth. We did a campaign in Canada for a Member of Parliament—and I never even met the man. But he won. How? Because our research found out what was bothering people up there in Quebec—it was a shortage of doctors! Don't ask me why, but there it was. So throughout Quebec we just talked about the need to get doctors to the people—immediately! Everything we wrote was translated into French—our folders, tabloids, and TV commercials. Language differences don't mean anything, people react the same everywhere.

"I'm just an advocate on behalf of my client looking for the emotional buttons to push. All the time. You have to know what is bothering the people or what they're thinking about if you want to represent them. If you find out in a survey that the people are upset about big electric bills or high gasoline prices, then that's what you talk about. Our real function, stripped of everything else, is . . . *to win*! That's why our clients come to us in the first place.

"Too often people who don't know what they do for a living cloak themselves with the name of *public relations*. Public relations people are only people who are concerned with public attitudes. I'm concerned with the end result—the attitude. We design our advertising so the people who read it will feel kindly toward our client.

"There's not a movie star in Hollywood who goes before a camera without using makeup, getting a new hairdo, and so forth. And ordinary people do this too. A girl going out on a date for the first time with a man she likes will take a lot of time to comb her hair, put on her lipstick right, sprinkle perfume in the right places. And a man will do similar things. All they're doing is presenting themselves in the most favorable light. And that's what we do with our candidates. We just heighten it all with background music, camera art, and whatever else will project glory and romanticism."

Hal Evry has no kind words for the press in this country. He insists that they all treat the public with utter contempt and couldn't care less about the truth and fair play.

"The week before election they print big headlines telling the people to get out there and vote. Do they ever say, 'Find out what it's all about, study it carefully, and if you understand what's happening, then go vote'? Never! They're totally manipulative. Nearly all the media will tell people whom to vote for and never explain why. That's why I make sure I use the media and the media never use me. We know the press is going to cover our candidate because we buy advertising from them. Then we're sure, we don't have to hold our breath.

"Every special event we do is contrived. Every single event everybody does in a campaign is contrived. Sometimes they're pious about it and claim it's not contrived—but it is. A candidate will go up to Modesto, California, to give a talk and I'll say to him, 'That was pretty dumb, to travel all the way up there!' And he'll tell me, 'Yeah, but I got a plug in the paper.' He really contrived that talk, didn't he? That's why he went up there in the first place. So I just figure it's easier not to go up there and still get the plug.

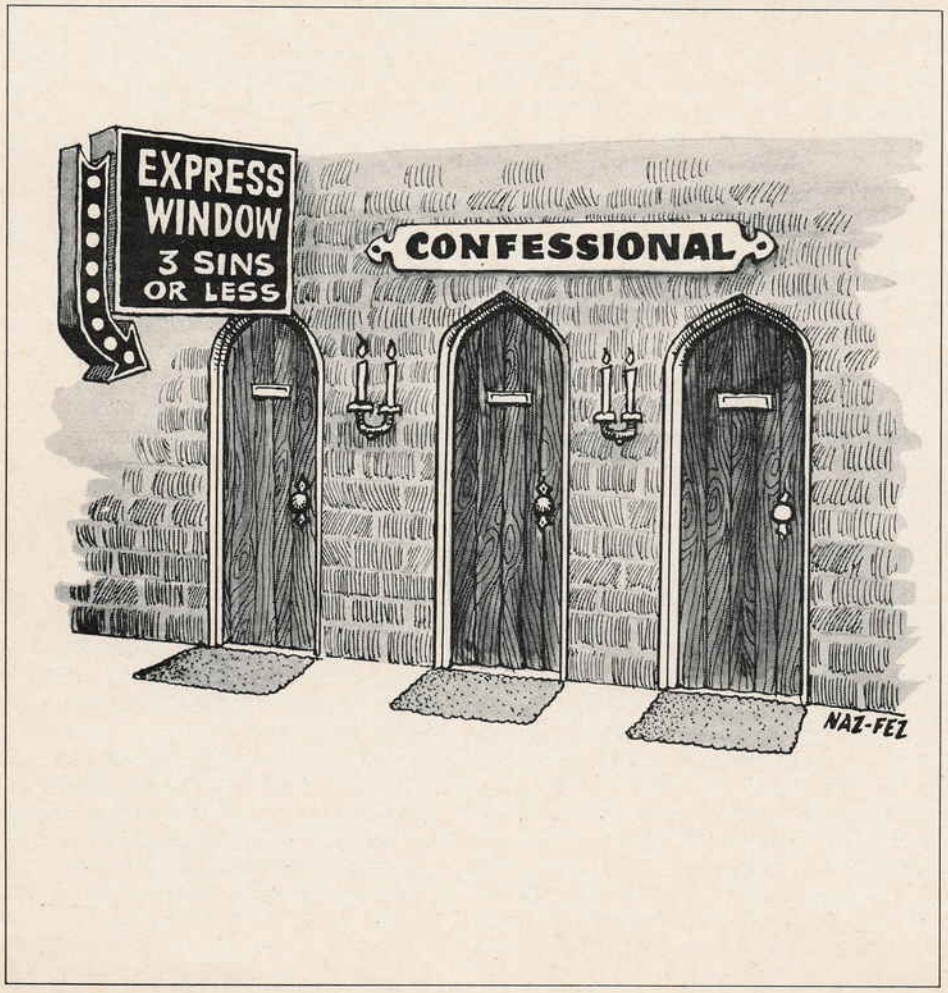
"When Ivy Baker Priest ran for Treasurer of California, I managed her campaign. The day before Washington's Birthday I said: 'Ivy, tomorrow's Washington's Birthday. Why don't you throw a silver dollar across the Sacramento River?'

" 'But that's undignified!' " she said.

" 'Don't be silly,' " I told her. 'Everyone knows Washington threw a dollar across the Potomac and he wasn't undignified.'

"I had my assistant drive her to the narrowest part of the river at Miller's Landing. After she threw a dollar four feet across I had her say: 'See? A dollar doesn't go as far today as it used to!' That bit of contrived news got into every paper in America. Of course, we had alerted the press with a memo saying Ivy was going to do it. Naturally, they all covered it.

"Most of the media dislike me. They grumble about how 'that guy is always trying to put one over on us!' But the media generally are pretty dumb. And the political media are very dumb! We send out stories on our letterhead or the candidate's letterhead. We send them to newspapers and magazines telling them our candidate is going to do something—like he's going to buy a baseball team or climb a mountain



or ride a bicycle. The editor looks at that and says, 'Gee, that's interesting. That's in the news. Go down to the press conference and find out about it.' And the reporters do it, just like that.

"I've got no background in news—that's one of the good things we have going for us. I just realize that old news is new news, so I pick up today's paper and read the headlines. Whatever the headline says, that's today's news—to whomever wrote it. So everything I do will be related in some way to that news item. It's very simple.

"Young newspaper people never understand this. They're just out of journalism school and they feel like they're half priest and half FBI agent. They want to be guardians of the public morals and not let anybody put anything over on them. But when they get more mature, they wise up. And they don't make the decisions, anyway. They just get sent out to cover the stories. They may slant it a little bit one way or the other if they like or dislike me, but I don't really care. Just so long as they report it.

"The heartbeat of any political campaign is popular recognition. The candidate has to be well-known enough to win the popularity contest. *Issues* is an archaic word to the modern campaign manager.

"We never use the word *issues*," Evry explains with a hint of impatience creeping into his voice. "All we care about is—what's bothering them? What's irritating or scaring them? We find that out and develop a slogan. A slogan is the battle cry of the campaign. It's a vital part of the advertising message and we base it on a topic of public interest. For example, in one state high electric rates bothered the people. So our candidates used that as their theme and both of them beat the party machine and unseated incumbents. Their slogans ran something like: CUT THE LIGHT BILL IN HALF, VOTE FOR ME! That slogan was instrumental in the victory.

"Another one of our famous slogans was THREE CHEERS FOR PAT MILLIGAN. Milligan was unknown before the election, but we used those five words on billboards, across full-page newspaper ads, and in direct mail. By the time the election came around the voters knew his name better than their own—and he won big.

"We went back over that Milligan campaign and polled people at great length. They reported things like, 'We thought he already won because the ads said THREE CHEERS FOR PAT MILLIGAN so we went ahead and voted for him!' Other people said, 'It sounded so American!,' and the rest said, 'We figured he was the best man, that was why you were giving him three cheers!' We just find out what they're thinking and give them back a slogan they can remember. Voters don't understand anything complicated—so we make sure it's simple."

In the politics of the late twentieth century, advertising is king. The soul of any modern campaign can be discovered in its TV commercials. Evry gets the same glow in his eyes when he talks about commercials that a poet gets when he reads his own verses before a live crowd.

"The real decider in modern elections is TV. Once you've seen somebody on television, you don't have to ask who you're for. Most of the time you'll say, 'Gee, I didn't know that guy had a mustache! I don't like people with mustaches.' Television has done a great deal to revolutionize elections. Almost three-quarters of all money spent in a campaign goes for advertising—and 90 percent of that goes into TV!

"One reporter fell apart when he had to write a story showing that Bradley spent maybe 80 percent of all his money on TV advertising. But he's just a dumb journalist. What the hell does he know about political campaigns? So I asked him why he was so upset. The reporter said that he was distressed by the great amount of money Bradley spent on TV. He claimed Bradley's advertising tactics were manipulative! But I told him, 'He just wanted to get elected.' And that's exactly what Bradley did—he got elected."

Evry has absolutely no use at all for women as candidates. Even though he has managed a few, and successfully, he feels they are a liability in any election and that their world view is unrealistic.

"Women do terribly in politics! Only 1 percent of all officeholders are women. We hear a lot about women's advances—but not in politics. One of the reasons is that women are very stingy. Instead of shopping for TV time or radio or some other expensive media, they think in terms of shopping in a supermarket. They like to attend meetings and speak at coffee hours —and that's a real hassle.

"The other problem women have is the obvious one. Incumbents usually win, regardless of the office or the party. Since more men are in office than women, more men win. Incumbency means strength regardless of sex. Women who run from office will succeed themselves.

"The reason incumbents win is because they have recognition, money, and a history of public service—at least in the public's mind. What a challenger has to do is to imitate an incumbent the best he can. He can do this by forming a public service organization well in advance of the election. He uses this organization as a platform to win recognition as a public servant. A challenger also needs a lot of money to overcome the usually superior funds of the incumbent. With these assets, a challenger has a better than even chance to beat the incumbent—providing his campaign is directed by a professional.

"Volunteers are worse than a waste of time because they all want your attention. You want to remember that you have to be pretty zealous to want to work in a political campaign. You can't be normal, you have to be abnormal. These volunteers are constantly on the candidate's back saying 'Let's go here! Let's do this or that! What do you think of this?' These amateurs shouldn't even be in the picture. Just because the candidate uses them for free labor, he's beholden to them, he owes them something. Whereas you don't owe a professional anything."

The notion of *party organization*—and party backing—is a myth that grows bigger with age. Evry believes it is kept alive by the press in order to make things more mystifying. He insists that party support is not worth a single vote at the polls.

"You've got to understand that the party chieftains keep this myth alive. They want this mystique so the candidates will come to them and ask, 'May I run for president, please?' Plenty of candidates feel they have to ask permission. Ridiculous! If a man came to us and told us he had party support, we wouldn't represent him.

"What does a party do? There's no evidence to prove a party gets out even one vote. That party support crap is a real myth. You got proof right here in California where there are a million more Democrats than Republicans and Republicans win all over the place. Organization is just a lot of crap. What has the real effect is television, not party support! Any extra money I have goes into TV ads. Our candidates are very visible; they can be on TV every day. We know the press will cover us. We buy a lot of advertising and then we're sure.

"Candidates have to make the public *like* them. If people like a candidate, they will vote for him. If they don't, no chance. If you're a fairly decent sort of person, half the people will like you and half won't. If you're a person like me, eight out of ten will dislike you. But if you appear to be all things to all people—not saying anything but making everything sound good—you can get three out of four to like what *they* read into you. Let me illustrate this.

"We went to this rally the other day and there were twenty-five candidates talking to about twelve people in the audience. That's not untypical. So I make sure I get my coverage other ways. Anybody who goes out to talk to people is just plain dumb. All he can do is antagonize someone. You never get bothered if you don't say a word. The worst they can say about you is that you made no comment. And that really can't hurt you."

Hal Evry's acts match his words.

"I've never voted, not once in my life," he says for the record. "And I never intend to vote. It doesn't make any difference to the system who gets elected. Society runs its own way, with or without politicians."

Always juggling a dozen candidates, slogans, and polls in his head at any one time, Evry can't remember many details from past campaigns because they're crowded out by present ones (details of which he keeps tightly guarded). He does it all not out of love for politics, the joy of campaigning, the thrill of competition, or the hope of a better world—but simply because he's a professional. This is the way he makes his living. Winning elections for people is his business. And business, for Hal Evry, is very good. O+

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ALAN'S STORY

When I was a kid, I used to think how great it would be to predict the future. I thought that'd be the ultimate in knowledge. Strange, now I'd say it's only ignorance of the future that keeps you going.

Janey and I were married right out of high school, and we'd been dating since junior high. I really loved Janey when we married, and certainly I do now. But looking back on the past eight years, you begin to realize how much you've changed, how much *she's* changed, and it's like you're married to someone else. Janey at age twenty-six is somebody I wouldn't have even considered dating when I was in high school. She looks about the same, but over the years Janey's grown incredibly independent, not the shy, clinging girl I married. I guess I had a lot of old-fashioned ideas about the husband being "the man" around the house. "You cook, me work" kind of stuff. Sure, it was a lot of baloney—all that masculine-mystique shit—but I believed in it. And so did Janey, at least in the beginning. College changed her thinking, though, and those four years together were tough. School was just something I endured, whereas Janey just blossomed within that intellectual environment. When we finally graduated, she landed this good position as a high-school English teacher; I started work as a garage mechanic. Some good a college education did for me.

I thought our college years had been difficult, but that following year out of school was nothing but fighting. Janey loved her work, met lots of interesting people on the faculty, she lived for those students. When she came home at night, she'd heat up a TV dinner, correct some papers, and then hit the sack. It got so our sex life was nil. Well, just about. Somehow Janey did manage to get pregnant . . . She was beside herself. "My God, I haven't even been working a year," she said, "and something like this has to happen to me." It was as though *I'd* done something to her. For a while there I thought she might try having an abortion, but I suppose our religious upbringing prevented that. Janey loathed her pregnancy, but I got off on it completely.

When we'd lie in bed together, I enjoyed rubbing her soft, swollen stomach with perfumed oils. Janey's always had rather small breasts, but when she was expecting they grew like ripe melons, and I can remember how much I enjoyed sucking and fondling her puffed, brown nipples. That didn't used to turn her on, but now that she was pregnant her nipples became this overpowering erogenous zone, and the more her pregnancy advanced the more easily I could bring her off. It got to the point where all I had to do was fondle a nipple for a few seconds and she was writhing her hips around, enjoying the most incredible climax. I'd always envied those men who could bring their women off over and over again within an evening's session. Janey would come once, and that was about it for the night. In fact, occasionally I'd be able to bring her off in foreplay through either oral sex or masturbation. When it came right down to screwing, she'd be too exhausted for me to even mount her. Sometimes, I'd have to relieve myself manually. When she was pregnant, though, multiple orgasms were the rule. I could count on bringing her off at least once by just rubbing her nipples between my fingertips. When I'd finally mount her, she'd always be ready for more. Even in the very early stages of pregnancy I was afraid of hurting her, and I just stuck the head of my cock into her cunt. Sometimes I'd hardly penetrate at all and just kind of rub my cock against her swollen clitoris. I'd never felt so completely masculine, bringing her off with just the slightest thrust of my erect cock.

Penthouse presents another in its series of interviews uncovering the most intimate facts of both the male and female side of a sexual relationship—analyzed by Dr. Robert Chartham, the eminent sexologist. Couples who wish to be interviewed should write in confidence to: The Editor, "Couples," Penthouse Magazine, 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

Our relationship became so romantic within those few months. Perhaps you'd call it a little schmaltzy, but it was nice. After we'd finish making love, I'd often recall some of our first sexual encounters. Janey and I had met in junior high school shortly after my family had moved to Southern California from the Midwest. We were about fourteen at the time and had a little of kiddish ideals—like screwing was okay as long as we loved one another. Naturally, we were both virgins, but it only took us about two weeks to decide that we were honestly "in love." I think it was in the school cafeteria that we decided to consummate that love. No, we didn't do it right there! We went to a little cove in the ocean that evening and performed the deed.

I've read a lot about first times since then, including that book, *The First Time*, where all those celebrities detail what their first fuck was like. They all say how horrible or how nothing the experience was, but it just wasn't that way at all with Janey and me.

It was a rather quiet section of the beach, and being it was Monday evening, no one was around. We hid in some bushes away from the water and slowly removed each other's clothing. I remember removing her shoes and then caressing her feet. I took off her blouse and rubbed her arms. It was all pretty mechanical and stiff, but when I removed her bra, I was a little stunned to see how tiny her breasts were. We were only fourteen, but somehow I expected her naked body to look like one of those centerfolds in a men's magazine. What had been a fantasy—losing my virginity and all—suddenly became very real. In my own immature way I think I actually fell in love with Janey right then and there. As I took off her skirt and panties, I remembered how painful the first time can be for a girl. I think I'd read every sexual manual available in preparation for this moment. I was concerned about the pain it might cause her, and so I very gently placed a finger between her legs. Her body was incredibly tense and so fragile that I was afraid she might break. I must have kept that one finger between her legs forever before finally letting myself slide it into her. She let out just one tiny gasp of air, and as I gently moved my finger inside her virgin cunt, she very slowly relaxed. Gradually, I gave her two fingers and then three. After a few minutes of masturbating, Janey whispered in my ear that she was ready. Well, maybe *she* was but I wasn't. I was so afraid that I'd either lose my erection or shoot off immediately into open air. My fingers finally slipped from between her legs, and we made love at last. I guess we were like two boards sandwiched together, but there was a real tenderness there that I'll never forget.

During Janey's pregnancy, we'd occasionally relive that episode on the beach. Perhaps that sounds a little corny. I don't know. It doesn't make much difference one way or the other. I suppose Janey's pregnancy was a little like losing her virginity; she was so vulnerable on both occasions. As perverse as it may sound, I felt just awful about how much pain she'd endured on that beach, and yet it did make me feel extremely masculine. I can remember her limping even a little in school that next day. I just hadn't felt that way before—so manly. You know, sometimes you check out other guys' crotches in the locker room, and it can make you feel insecure. I know flaccid cocks aren't a good indicator of how well endowed you are, but it can make a guy insecure when a bunch of your classmates have bigger dicks. After losing my virginity, that just wasn't a problem anymore.

When we were in college, Janey took a few humanity courses relating to women's studies. I thought it was just so much bullshit—reading books like *The Feminine Mystique* and *The Second Sex*—and it pissed me off that Janey really believed that crap. One day she even came home and said how she'd rather have kept her own last name than take mine. I said, "So what are you going to call our kids? Will they take my name or yours?" I guess I was just being facetious, but Janey took me serious and said, "Well, maybe we just won't have any kids at all. You know, it's not mandatory!" What the fuck was this? Of course I wanted kids. I thought everybody did. I disagreed with Janey like hell on that account. I had my ideals, and I just didn't want them threatened. Slowly, somehow, I began taking a somewhat more amenable stance. Or maybe I just lost my ideals and standards somewhere along the way. Out of school, Janey got a much better job than me. I adore Amy, our child, but I'd been raised to believe that women mother the child while the man provides. Well, right after Amy was born, I lost my job. I didn't much care for the auto garage anyway, but it was a job and it brought in okay money. So here I was without a job, changing diapers and making formulas for the baby while Janey taught at school. It was like the roles were completely reversed, and I'd become a real house-husband. I was delighted when I got this job for the insurance company. It'd become so important to me that I work again, that I do my manly bit. Still, I thought, what's wrong with the man staying home and taking care of the kids? Why d'you have to live your life by society's rules? Janey was certainly understanding enough about the whole thing. She was the last person to criticize. You can try living your life as you want, rejecting society's standards, and yet you have to live *within* society. My family and some of my friends started kidding me a lot about living off my wife. Like I say, there's nothing wrong with a guy taking care of his kids during the day, but I was awful glad to get that insurance job.

Watching Dennis's cock thrust in and out of her, I couldn't believe my eyes. This was my wife!

Maybe having my ego deflated wasn't all that bad. It made me resentful as hell—being supported by Janey and all—but I also began to reevaluate my standards and lifestyle. I thought, "If I can get over this macho complex I have, maybe I can also kick some of the old-fashioned morality stuff I've been carrying around." Janey and I were both virgins when we first fucked and had never slept around at all. I mean, our sex lives were inseparable. After Amy was born, our regained romance began to fade. I got a job again, Janey continued teaching, we lived together compatibly, and that's about all. In other words, we'd become roommates. There wasn't much

sex, and although things were peaceful, they certainly were not passionate.

In all honesty I'd never really sought out other girls for sex. Sure, I'd thought about what it'd be like to bang this chick or that one, but I'd never actually craved it. Well, our marriage was changing, like I said. Our friends here in Los Angeles are all married couples. I'd known a few of them slept around now and then. They switch partners and the like, but Janey and I just weren't a part of that. About a year and a half ago, my attitude on extramarital sex changed, and I started getting curious. About that time some of our friends got together for a party one summer evening. This older couple had just built a swimming pool, and they had a bunch of us over to celebrate. The guy, Dennis, was a pretty successful attorney, and they had a lot of cash to blow. Their kids attended the best private schools, and their home was not to be believed. Within our close circle of friends, I'd probably say I wasn't all that close to this couple. Still, I considered them good friends, and they were certainly sociable enough and didn't put on the dog.

Anyway, this pool party was well catered with lots of booze. Everyone was high as a kite, and I thought I'd never make it home. Eventually, everyone did get off their asses and left. Janey and I were about to go when Dennis asked us to stay for a nightcap. Janey wanted to leave, but I liked the couple and wanted to know them better. Being that I was pretty high by now, I just told Janey I was staying. Not wanting to cause a scene, Janey didn't argue. I remember the guy pouring me another martini when Marlene, his wife, said, "Well, I think I'll go in for a midnight dip." I was wondering how anyone could swim with so much booze in her, when she suddenly took off her suit and jumped into the pool nude. I guess my mouth fell open because Dennis said, "Why don't you shut your mouth and join her?" I just nodded my head a little and whispered a weak no. "Have it your way," he said and stripped his trunks off. In he dove. Not wanting to be antisocial, I put my drink down and did likewise. After all, this wasn't exactly an orgy; I mean, no one was having sex. Also, I was pretty high, and knowing how drunk I was, I stayed in shallow water. I remember floating for a while in an inner tube, watching Marlene dive off the board. After a while I lost track of Dennis and Janey. Marlene's breasts were pretty large, and I kept thinking that it must have hurt her to dive without a suit on, and after about a half-dozen dives she swam over to my inner tube. Swimming under the water, Marlene began to fondle my cock. I was already a little embarrassed, and what with this woman handling my dick . . . well, I was hard in no time. Even so, I took her hand away from my crotch. Then she shot up in the water and said, "Hey, what's the matter? Dennis and your wife have been going at it for the last ten minutes. Let's not ruin a good thing."

I hadn't made love with my husband for a good six months, and now I wanted him to see me screw with Dennis.

What the fuck was this? I looked around, and there was Janey, sitting on the poolside with Dennis between her legs screwing. I wanted to shout out to her. To tell her to stop what she was doing. At first I thought maybe he'd forced her into this somehow, but then I saw how much she was really getting off on it. I guess I felt humiliated, that someone else had taken my wife. Then I reasoned, "Well, what the hell. If he's gonna plank my wife, I'll take his." And so we screwed. Right there, standing up in their new swimming pool.

I didn't take my eyes off Janey and Dennis fucking there at poolside. Watching his cock thrust in and out of her pussy, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I mean, this was my wife! There was Dennis, sinking this big, hard cock deep into her, pulling it almost all the way out and then slamming his cock back into her again and again. I wanted to cry out, almost to protect Janey, because this guy was really hitting her hard between the legs and his hands were practically tearing at her boobs. And so why didn't I? Because I knew she was enjoying this hard fuck with someone she hardly knew. It was obvious in the way her mouth hung open, the glazed, staring eyes, the way her body fit so nicely in his arms. And so I banged away on Marlene, almost to the beat of Dennis's thrusts into my wife. Marlene was obviously experienced at this kind of thing; she didn't care what the fuck her husband was doing. We screwed standing up in the pool, the water splashing to my thrusts into her. I can't remember that much of what happened between the two of us: I was too busy watching Dennis ravage my wife. Marlene climaxed, and I knew she wanted me to come with her, and so she stuck a finger up my asshole to help bring me off. I wasn't that much into it really, but her tricky index finger worked, and I shot off into her. It was nothing special.

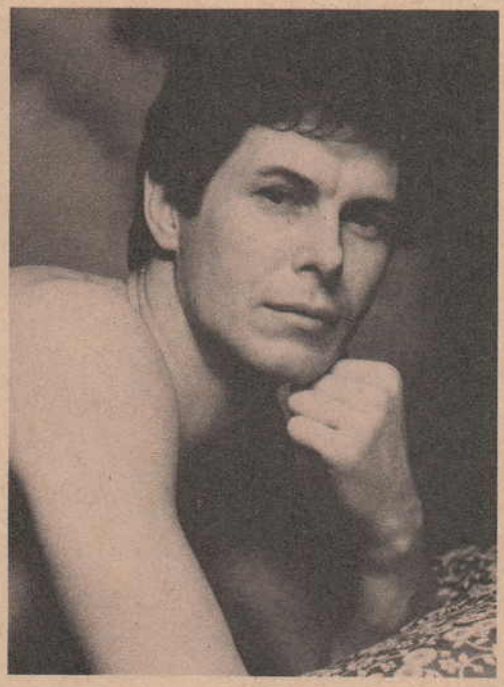
When we got home that night, it was like Janey and I were strangers. I don't think we'd had sex for months, and we both felt betrayed. Nothing was said, but when we got in bed, Janey immediately crawled on top of me and took my cock between her legs. She'd never initiated sex before, and I just couldn't believe this. Within about a minute we both came. I felt exhausted from the sex with Marlene and all the booze I'd drunk. I'm surprised I could even get it up, and yet I wanted to hurt Janey for fucking with Dennis. I suppose she wanted to hurt me, too. And so our sex that night was emotionally hot; you know, a love-hate kind of thing.

About a week later, Dennis and Marlene invited us back over to their home. I didn't want to go at first—neither did Janey—but we didn't know how to say no. Also, let's face it, we'd enjoyed ourselves. And so our little *ménage-à-quatre* began. It's not exactly ideal. What I mean to say is that the involvement is not equal on all fronts. Marlene and I have a very close kind of friendship. There's a great deal of respect there, and we confide a great deal in one another. We're confidants of a sort. It's just that we fuck occasionally, which is perhaps odd for confidants. Marlene's head is really into all kinds of sex, and she's become something of a mentor to me. For Dennis and Janey, I'm afraid it's just about everything. Janey told me a few weeks ago how much she enjoyed sex with Dennis, but that she didn't know him. There is something veiled about his personality; his thinking is difficult to

decipher. I asked her how she could get off on a guy like that. She answered, "I suppose that's why. He's just a body to me."

I used to think, "Maybe I should go out and find some sex object for me to fuck." Then I realized that I really was sexually satisfied with Janey. Marlene was just a little something extra that I could either take or leave. It wasn't necessary, that kind of evening the score, so to speak. To do so would be childish.

A lot of what I'm saying here is just so much rhetoric. Yes, I do believe it, and yet my basic instincts tell me differently. It's easy to change your thinking, but your emotions for some reason stay behind. I'm reevaluating my standards all the time; at least I try to. I keep telling myself that this foursome is fine, it's good, it's okay. Then again, I'm delighted to say that Janey and I don't see this couple as much as we did six months ago. And that's not only good; it's *great*! I keep thinking that a year from now they'll be a thing of the past. Who can tell? You hope for the best. That's all you can do.



JANEY'S STORY

Living your life in extremes can really mess up a good relationship. At age seventeen I absolutely worshiped Alan. Believe me, this was genuine honest-to-God puppy love. A year—after we'd married—I was reading Simone de Beauvoir and had become a rabid women's libber. I was like the virgin nun who leaves the convent to join a commune in Venice, Calif. In a way, I guess, that's the kind of change I went through. One year I followed Alan around like a little dog; the next year I wanted to reinstate my maiden name. Poor Alan. I'm surprised he put up with me at all. I'm glad he did, though, because things have finally reached a happy medium. Well, almost.

A year ago I wasn't sleeping with Alan. We weren't at each other's throats—nothing drastic like that—I just wasn't sleeping with him. The baby had just been born, and I wasn't into sex, at least not with Alan. I still had a good healthy sex drive, but I'd been upset by my pregnancy. Not physically, mind you. It's just that after my women's-lib stage, teaching school had become everything to me. I'd been such an absolute nothing all through high school. I felt I had to prove myself with this career. And I landed a great job: the students loved me, I got along well with the faculty, I loved teaching, the pay was fine . . . and then bang! I was pregnant. I'd wanted children but not then—and so I held Alan responsible, almost as though he'd raped me. I suppose after Amy was born I wanted to hurt him by refusing to screw. At first I even thought I might be frigid. After seeing a shrink, I realized that just wasn't so. I wanted to make love, and when the occasion arose to have an affair, I literally jumped at the guy. I'd never slept with another man, but when Dennis came along I knew he was it. I hadn't had sex in about six months; so I was—shall we say—primed for the occasion.

Alan and I had been coexisting after the baby was born. We knew this older couple, Dennis and Marlene, fairly well when they invited us to their home for drinks. They had a new pool, and we all went swimming. From what Dennis had told me since then, both he and his wife were into swinging and this little soirée with Alan and me was prearranged. Of course, we didn't know anything about their intentions, but it didn't take either of us long to shed our clothes that night.

Like I said, Dennis and Marlene are into a heavy swinging scene and believe in lots of extramarital sex. They were the first to go skinny-dipping, and Alan followed suit—which shocked the hell out of me. Somehow I'd always seen him as such a conservative guy. Perhaps that's why I'd begun to find him a little unexciting. A little unexciting! I'm afraid he'd become a complete bore. It was so shallow of me, but at the time I'd begun to dream about a lover. Oh no, not just another guy to make love with me, but a really masculine stud who could satisfy my every sexual wish. And there was Dennis—tall, well-built, experienced, successful, and swimming nude in his own pool. Somehow I liked the idea that he was older than me . . . about ten years older. I just knew he'd had lots of women from what I'd heard.

Like I said, I'd been living my life in extremes. There I was spouting women's-lib slogans while secretly I fantasized the "ideal man." I just projected all the fantasies right onto Dennis's body. Well, Mr. America was swimming nude right in front of me. I hadn't yet taken off my bikini. I suppose it was part of my fantasy that he undress me. Dennis kept staring at me while he swam, and I wondered what he'd look like naked out of water. I must have been dreaming when he stripped and jumped into the pool, but I definitely wanted a closer look now that he'd caught my attention. Dennis was teasing me; he knew I wanted a closer look, but he safely kept his crotch under water. Finally, he flipped on his back, and there was this incredible erection sticking right straight up in the midnight air.

If something like that happened to me now, I'd probably dive into the water immediately. At that time, however, I'd never made it with anybody but Alan. I wanted it badly, but I just couldn't push myself. I'd held my emotions in check for too long. I couldn't initiate the action; I had to be led. Floating on his back, Dennis started laughing a little under his breath, and so I dropped my feet into the water. You know, a little signal to let him know I was ready. I wanted to jump right in, but I couldn't. Not at that stage of the game. So I splashed my feet around, and it didn't take Dennis long to swim over and pull himself out of the water.

With Alan, sex had always been so gentle. We'd always involved ourselves emotionally with a lot of foreplaying leading up to intercourse. When you have sex with just one man, you tend to forget that it can be any different. I just didn't know how different it could be until I met Dennis. On this occasion, at least, he didn't believe in fooling around. He knelt there before me, not saying a word. His eyes were glaring at me, when all of a sudden he grabbed for my bikini panties and gave them one good yank. He scooped his arms under mine and fell on top of me, his cock thrusting into my cunt within a

Photographs by Sherman Weisburd

few seconds. If it sounds like fast action—it was! I didn't know what'd hit me. Everything was so intense, so new to me, that I'd practically forgotten about Alan.

I took a look around, and there he was making it with Marlene in the pool. His eyes, though, weren't on Marlene. He was checking me out, and it looked as though he'd been staring for a long time. At first I tried pushing Dennis off me. I wanted sex but not under these rushed conditions, not with Alan watching us. I felt guilty, and I didn't want to feel guilty—not now. I tried pushing, but Dennis wouldn't budge. Instead he positioned my legs up on his shoulders; so I couldn't do anything but lie there and take his cock. I had absolutely no control whatsoever. His thrusting was violent and not all that pleasurable. Maybe I wanted to be hurt, but then I realized that I also wanted to hurt Alan. I wanted Alan to see me get screwed by Dennis. I hadn't let my husband make love to me for a good six months, and now I was making it with another guy. I'd wanted to hurt Alan by refusing him sex. Now I'd hurt him even more by having sex for the first time in months with another man while he watched.

Dennis stayed on top of me for an awfully long time, but I didn't achieve an orgasm. Perhaps the situation was too odd; I can't say. I expected Alan to scream and yell at me when we got home later, but then he'd just screwed Marlene. We were even, so to speak.

At that time I'd been sleeping in the nursery with the baby. After Alan had gone to bed, I began to fantasize about what'd happened with Dennis. As I said, I hadn't climaxed with him; and now that I was alone and more relaxed, I had to relieve the sexual tension that'd built up in me. I began playing with my clitoris, then realized I needed something more than just masturbation. I'd have given anything to be with Dennis at that moment, to resume our sex by the pool. I'd been so tense and nervous with him, and I was afraid it wasn't very good sex. And so I went to Alan to relieve myself. I was positive he'd reject me, and maybe after all these months of refusing him that's the kind of treatment I wanted. When I slid next to him in bed, I could immediately feel his body tense up. I placed my hand on his crotch and began fondling his cock. It wasn't long before he was erect. Sitting on his cock, I rocked my hips until we climaxed together. Alan hardly moved a muscle. At no time did he even caress my body with his hands. It was just sex, and I returned to the nursery when it was finished.

I'd never had such mixed emotions while having sex with Alan. I'd heard of so-called love-hate relationships. They were something I couldn't understand. A friend in school once told me how lucky I was to love a man whom I also liked. At the time I thought it was a silly remark. You have to like somebody before you can love them, or at least that's what I thought. This girl friend complained about her lover all the time, how she loved him so much but just couldn't stand his guts. They were constantly insulting each other in public. He'd stand her up or show up incredibly late for a date. And yet they'd been seeing each other for years, and as far as I knew, they'd always been faithful. When the guy went away for a week to visit his family, this girl just lost control. I'd never seen her so miserable. Well, is that love or is it just sick? Before meeting Dennis, I'd have said it was sick. Now I'm not so sure. Maybe you really can love and hate a person at the same time.

Sadomasochistic relationships have always fascinated me, and I suppose S & M to a varying degree is a part of any sexual relationship. Let's face it, if a woman is going to be a sexual animal there's got to be some pain involved somewhere along the line. Losing your virginity isn't exactly the most pleasurable experience. Right? And good sex oftentimes involves at least a minimal amount of pain. Ecstasy lies somewhere between pain and pleasure, not only for women but men, too.

After our little episode at the pool, Alan was about ready to start divorce proceedings. I'm sure he would have if it hadn't been for our child. Alan adores Amy, and I certainly wasn't going to let her go. It just seemed logical that we stay together. We also began seeing Marlene and Dennis again. I hadn't thought of anything else. My fantasies made our first meeting so hot that I just had to resume some kind of a liaison. When we first saw them again, Dennis suggested we go in for a nice foursome. I don't think either Alan or myself could've handled that—not then, at least.

Alan suggested that he and Marlene go into one bedroom and Dennis and I take another. I felt small for humiliating Alan, and I certainly didn't want to repeat that mistake. I also wanted the privacy of separate bedrooms. That way I could let all my inhibitions out. After all, we weren't experienced swingers like Dennis and Marlene.

When Dennis and I were alone, I expected him to pounce on me like before. Instead, he was extremely gentle and within no time I found myself yielding to his every wish. We performed oral sex on each other—something, oddly enough, Alan and I never had done to one another at the *same* time. His cock was a lot thicker than my husband's, and it was difficult for me to take it all. I gagged a little and finally just started licking and sucking on the head. Dennis kept pushing his tongue in and out of me frantically and fingering my clit with his fingertips. In no time I was about ready to come. I tried holding back because my orgasms are usually so intense that one climax exhausts me. I couldn't hold back any longer, when Dennis flipped me over onto my knees. I thought he was going to screw me doggy-style when he took some lubrication from a drawer and applied it to his cock and my anus. I'd never been sodomized before, and I couldn't say I'd been longing for it. Occasionally, when I've showered, I'll run my finger up my anus to clean it out a little with soap. The sensation was never all that pleasant, and besides, I was afraid he'd hurt me.

Alan had tried a couple of times, but I refused. With Dennis, though, I just didn't want to seem inexperienced. After my last episode with him I wanted everything to be relaxed this time

CONTINUED ON PAGE 143

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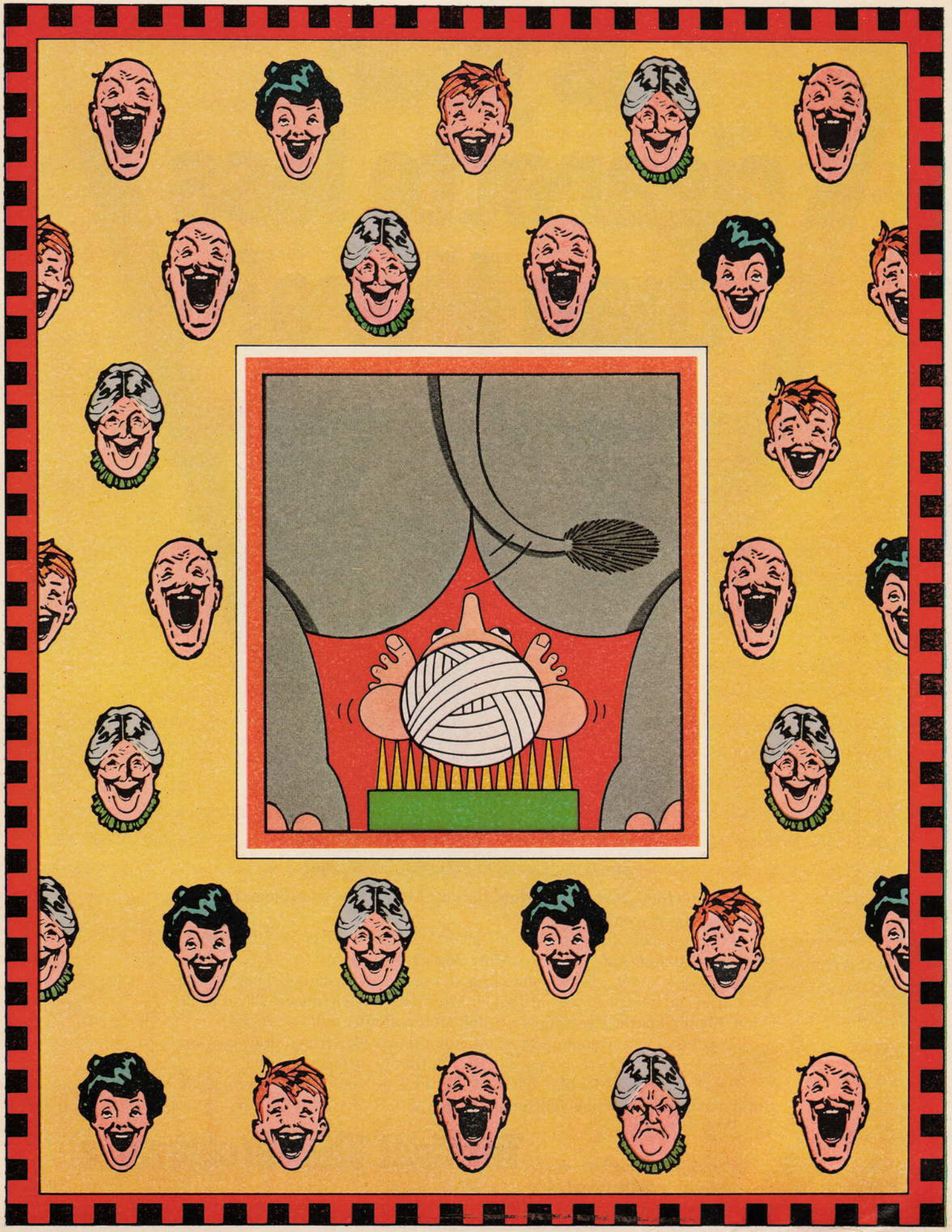

Scratch a comic strip
character and you'll find a
Krafft-Ebing candidate.

THE FUNNIES FARM

Have you noticed that the morning paper has become a psychic minefield? There's at least one item a day that makes my mind stagger. I don't mean the *big* news: wars, corruption, famine, genocide, and pictures of Henry Kissinger getting off of airplanes. No, it's the little items—the fillers—that are really deadly. This morning I was midway through my first cup of coffee when I read that some half-baked Italian psychologist in Ravenna had just finished a five-year analysis of "Peanuts"! And what had this strung-out shrink discovered? Well, among many other things, he's found that our old friend Lucy is a closet man-hater with a terminal case of penis envy.

Try that on your Wheaties with a little cream and sugar.

Actually, psychologists always make me a little nervous. Anyone who spends his days fiddling around inside other people's heads is playing a dangerous game—seeing, after all, that the doctor is using the same equipment as the patient. Of course, some of these clowns don't really *have* patients—like this guy in Ravenna, they just sit around reading the funny papers and producing loony opinions.

Still, this particular psycho may be onto something. It's worth a look.

Consider Li'l Abner's mom. Mammy Yokum is a little old shrivelled-up lady, as ugly as a wart. She smokes a corncob pipe, has the disposition of a pit adder, and can punch hard enough to KO a charging rhino. But what she punches is, by and large, Pappy Yokum—and judging by Pappy's overall physique, it isn't likely there's much of a penis there to envy. In

BY HENRY MORGAN

ILLUSTRATION BY DOUG TAYLOR

fact, that could be *why* she's been knocking him around all these years. Of course, they must have gotten it on at least once to produce Li'l Abner, but . . . did they? How could those two shrunken people have made an Abner? He couldn't have eaten very well—nobody in Dogpatch does. Was Mammy raped by a tourist? Or maybe an escaped convict who hadn't seen anything female in thirty years?

Who's to say? Well *somebody* will, because somebody is bound to pick this subject for a master's thesis sooner or later.

As for the rest of the population of Dogpatch—obviously, they are all retarded. Any psychologist would recognize the signs immediately. Dogpatchers have a vocabulary of not more than forty words and each of them sports some frightful deformity, excepting some females whose ample deformities are usually thought more acceptable—in fact, desirable—by the general population. This may all be the result of years of inbreeding, or it may just be the way the world looks to their creator, Al Capp—who once wrote that Nixon was one of the great thinkers of history.

After musing about the abnormalities of Dogpatch, maybe we should move on to take a look at life with Blondie in the cartoon suburbs of America. Here we are faced with a blond nitwit who compensates for her near-zero love life by buying hundreds of hats and dresses. Any five-cent psychologist can tell you that although she and her husband *sleep* in the same bed, that's it. Period. As Blondie can't leave the house without spending a hundred dollars, her husband, Dagwood, *must* make twelve or fifteen hundred dollars a week. He has to, just to pay for her clothes. A masochist of the most flagrant kind, Dagwood works for a man who constantly punches and kicks him, calls him stupid, and throws him out of doorways.

My contention that Dagwood and Blondie have no love life is borne out by the fact that while she makes up for it by buying clothes, he eats. Night and day. If he wakes up at three in the morning, burning with desire, he rushes downstairs to the icebox and stuffs three feet of sandwich down his throat.

One other oddity the medics might notice about Dagwood. He is forever taking baths and leaving the bathroom door unlocked. Most of the time he is seen naked by dogs and children. Why? Hey, doc?

Or take Little Orphan Annie, the Ghost Who Walks. Here we have a plucky little girl of fourteen—or maybe sixty-eight—who, though bright as a button, lives in poverty. By choice. The only time she knows where her next meal is coming from is when her "Daddy" Warbucks is in town. Though Daddy's politics are extremely right wing, as are Annie's, and though they both are virtuous to a tee, or a vee, Warbucks got his name by being a profiteer in World War One. Obviously, both are schizos of water one. Daddy always has in his employ a servant he found in some exotic place like Central Casting.

Now Annie is never interested in a boy and "Daddy" never has a woman around. The servant is always a single man. If Annie is interested in any male at all, it seems to be a large dog named Sandy. We can't really tell you anything about these relationships because although Annie and Daddy have perfect circles for eyes, so has the dog.

Then, a lot of people think Prince Valiant is perfectly okay, completely normal. He has a wife and kids, yes. But when is he home? About once a year—that's it. The rest of the time he's on the road, mostly killing people. That's his business. Here's a guy who lives up somewhere around Lappland, and he'll go any distance to find somebody worth killing. His test to find out whether other men are worthwhile is to see what they can do with a knife and a spear. He himself is a macho from Macholand.

Well, at least that's what people are supposed to believe. But how come you never see him spending time with another woman? I mean, he's away ten . . . eleven months of the year. He runs into beautiful women all over the place . . . in Syringia, in Walpurgia, in Malthusia. And how does he spend his time? Entirely with strong young knights, that's how. Fellas with muscular arms and legs who also dress in flowing skirts and have bobbed hair.

So what's he doing with the wife and kids? It's for show, which a lot of these types can do. For show, so that when his old man dies he can be king and have a whole harem full of knights!

Take "Bringing Up Father". . . . Oh, the hell with "Bringing Up Father. . . ."

Take Dick Tracy instead. Here we have a man who's worked as a detective for the police department for over forty years without a promotion and who doesn't care. His only interest is in pursuing people who are remarkable for ugliness. Ugly turns him on. He even manages to find pretty girls who are revolting. We don't worry about his manhood because he married Tess Trueheart years back (though we never see her around any more), but what's this quirk that makes him spend his life with walking horrors? If the psychologists have a word for it, they can keep it.

Take "Believe It or Not!" Here is a veritable hotbed of diseased minds. For instance, E. Poontang of Owl Drech, Oklahoma, has built the Empire State Building out of ten million, four hundred thousand, eight hundred and two matchsticks! This isn't a loony? It took him twelve years working at night on the kitchen table. He lost his job. His wife left. His children died. And he never noticed. . . .

Herrmann Humpff of Hussigettfrichdorff, Germany, drank three barrels of beer every day and lived to be ninety-nine! What for? To get his name in the funnies? A nut.

Swami Nanananananadananda of Calcutta stands on his head for the whole month of Rajput! Obviously, a religious creep. Maharaji Ji Ji Goulistan, his buddy, lay down on a bed of hot spikes and had an elephant sit on him! Why? Because in holy places when you make an ass of yourself they don't throw a net over you. They can't afford the net. So half the people in India are sitting around in pillowcases with their legs crossed trying to figure out how things will be in New Delhi in the Sky.

Omar Prakit has had twenty-six wives, eighty-two children, four hundred and sixteen grandchildren, and one thousand four hundred and eleven great-grandchildren! He belongs just where you find him—in the comic pages.

D. Potts of Big Field, Iowa, has grown a turnip in the shape of a '48 Buick.

Elmer Futt was born at midnight, July fourth. His father, Phelperton Futt, was born at midnight, July fourth. His grandfather, Phineas Futt, was born at midnight, July fourth! Now the truth is that all this isn't Elmer's fault and it doesn't make him eligible for the nut list. But for one thing—he sent it in to the paper.

Take Mary Worth . . . *please* take Mary Worth. This is one sick little lady. She has no life of her own, so she tries to live everybody else's life for them. She knows more ways to interfere in a marriage than a priest—which, by the way, she could damn near qualify for. This woman is scared to death of any kind of permanent arrangement for herself. The one time she met a suitable gent, a fella of the right age and weight and holding a large bag of bread, she managed to stall around until she could find something to fault him with. She decided that he wasn't "ethical" in business, for God's sake! Sick, man.

Mary Worth is the only person in the world who isn't ashamed to give advice to Ann Landers.

"Hello, Ann? Mary. How are you getting along with your hubby, dear?"

The only way you can tell 'em apart is —Ann sends out pamphlets.

Ms. Worth suffers from a major case of insufficient personality. She has no idea of who she is so she lives the lives of everybody else. Sick, man.

There is just one normal person in the comics world. One. Snuffy Smith. Here is a 200 percent, red-blooded American. No problems. He is the despair of psychologists because he's perfect. Snuffy spends as much time as possible in bed, sleeping. The rest of the time he is having a ball—drinking, playing checkers, stealing chickens. Somehow he has found a patient woman to feed him and do the laundry, what there is of it. He is mad at something or somebody about 50 percent of the time, which puts him ahead of most of us—who are mad 51 percent of the time.

So, friends, don't laugh at the Italian psychologist. He has caught on to an important fact. The funnies are only a mirror of the real world, which is stuffed to the brim with perverts, screwballs, meddlers, schmucks, and cads.

When you skim through the funnies, don't laugh—it's your own life. ○

COUPLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 137

around. I wanted to please him so much. I was sure he'd had hundreds of women; he was so in control with me. He'd been rough before, and I just couldn't imagine what he'd do this time with his cock up my ass. Applying the lubrication, he very gently massaged my anus. At first I thought he'd never even get two fingers in me, but finally four of his fingertips were working around the rim of my anus. He kept asking me over and over again if it felt good. I was so nervous thinking about his thick cock that I kept repeating yes. Slowly, he slid his cock up into me. I was so tense that when he finally gave me one thrust, I practically jumped across the room. "You really have to be relaxed for this," he said. "If this is your first time, maybe you'd better sit on it. That way you can control the action." I straddled myself over his cock while Dennis lay on his back. Slowly, I lowered my ass on top of his erection. When I'd relaxed enough to take all of it, I began to gently rock my hips. He just kept asking me over and over again, "How're you doin'?" With his hands Dennis manipulated my clitoris to a series of intense orgasms. I'd never come more than once within a session, and so this was a remarkable change.

When Alan and I got home, we had sex, but I was fantasizing about Dennis. Without thinking, perhaps, I pulled away from Alan and stuck my buttocks up in the air. He laughed a little and said, "So we learned something new tonight."

"And what about you?" I asked.

"Yeah, Marlene and I got into a little anal sex, too."

I asked him what else he'd done with her, but Alan just laughed and said he'd "show" me some other time. It was odd. All of a sudden Marlene and Dennis had become these sex teachers.

Dennis and I were extremely compatible—sexually. In a way, I had this schoolgirl crush on him. Much like the way I used to feel about Alan in high school. I thought I'd outgrown that kind of infatuation. You couldn't call it love; it was too kiddish to be that. But I liked having someone I could look up to, and Dennis was experienced, older, and extremely handsome.

Dennis often suggested we have a four-way, but I just couldn't. About a month ago Dennis and I began seeing less and less of each other. I haven't even talked to him for a week now. Of course, he saw lots of other women all during our little affair. To him it really wasn't even an affair; it was just sex. For a while I was very infatuated with all his experience, but when you can't actually relate to the person behind all the muscles and all the sex technique, you soon get over the fantasy.

I don't regret anything I've done with Dennis. I believe in living out your fantasies, but the real thing is just so much better. Unfortunately, Alan still believes I

CONTINUED ON PAGE 146

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Toyota's Celica GT Liftback

SMOOTH AT ANY SPEED

BY JOE OLDHAM

When Toyota, the General Motors of Japan, first introduced the Celica GT Liftback, it was obvious that the Celica's styling had been taken, to a great degree, from the Datsun 280Z. The similarities are there for anyone not suffering from acute myopia to discern. Still, there are basic and quite important differences between the two cars. For one thing, the GT Liftback is far better proportioned than the 280Z 2+2 since Toyota's stylists have managed to keep the Liftback's lines crisp, unlike the exaggerated dimensions of the 280Z 2+2. The reason is that the 98.3-inch wheelbase on the GT Liftback was not increased over other Celica models. Nevertheless, the Celica has been furnished with a fully functional backseat.

Glimpsing it from the rear three-quarter view, one cannot deny the resemblance of the Toyota GT Liftback to the '66 and '67 Ford Mustangs. But before some of the imported-car purists begin turning up their noses, they should be aware that the early Mustangs were some of the cleanest designs in recent automotive history.

No one can contest the validity of the 2+2 hatchback concept: two full-size, comfortable seats in front, two occasional seats in the back, and a big loading hatch at the rear. With the rear seat folded down, there are 27 cubic feet in which to transport almost anything short of a brace of baby hippos. When the backseat is in its upright position, it can accommodate two children in comfort and a generous amount of luggage in the area behind the seats. In a pinch, two adults can even occupy the rear seats provided that they do so for relatively short periods of time.

Up front a luxurious cockpit makes long and short jaunts a smooth series of pleasures. Two formfitting bucket seats will allow you to make the five-hour run to the ski lodge without fatigue, hit the slopes, and still be ready for some *après*-ski activity.

Toyota has also made it easy for the GT Liftback driver to keep tabs on the car's performance. A complete set of instrumentation includes an 8,000-rpm tachometer and an Electro Sensor Panel for diagnosing potential mechanical problems before they become major. The ESP's console-mounted digital-readout system monitors eight important operation areas, including brake lights, taillights, and engine-oil levels. When one of the areas needs attention, a red, dash-mounted warning light appears. The trouble area is then illuminated on the ESP console until the necessary repairs are made.

Other amenities, such as slathers of thick carpeting, AM-FM stereo radio, leather-wrapped steering wheel, and rear-window defogger, are all standard

equipment, as one would expect in a true GT automobile. Air conditioning is optional, as is an automatic transmission.

And if the comfort and the convenience of the GT Liftback is pleasing, its performance is even more so. An overhead cam four, displacing 2.2 liters, punches out 96 horsepower at 4,800 rpm, giving the car a very favorable power-to-weight ratio. Acceleration is brisk with the standard five-speed transmission, and 60 mph comes up in just over ten seconds. If you use the engine and transmission hard, that will get your quarter-mile time slips in just over seventeen seconds, an achievement of speed which is right up there with the competition.

Aside from time and mileage, the GT Liftback's best quality is its responsiveness. When you punch the throttle, you move out instantly. If you slam-shift into second gear, the rear tires chirp and the acceleration presses your spine into the seat. All in all, it's an aggressive car that asks to be driven aggressively. Yet, for all its responsiveness, it's also a docile car that will lug down in fifth gear to 10 mph and then move out without stumbling or bucking. The car is as congenial in snarled inner-city traffic as on the open road, to which the EPA mileage figures attest: 20 miles per gallon in the city test and 36 miles per gallon on the highway. With the large 15.2-gallon fuel tank, that's a theoretical cruising range of about 550 miles between fill-ups. Few sporty GTs in the world can make a valid rejoinder to that claim.

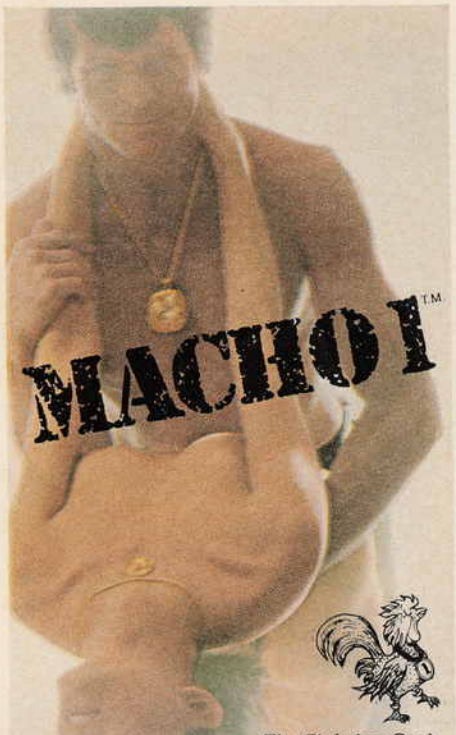
With its sporty styling, swift pickup, and vast cargo area, the Celica GT looks, feels, and drives like a winner.

Ideally, GT should be happiest when working in concert with its driver over a twisty back road. There the Toyota GT Liftback comes into its own. Slam the car hard through a series of curves and find out what we mean. Do the same some night on a country lane when a torrential downpour almost obscures the road. The car will get you through without slackening your pace—one of the ingredients that make it rare vintage. It gives you a confident, press-on-regardless feeling even when the going gets rough.

The chassis setup deserves the credit in this respect. Front MacPherson struts, a well-located rear axle with coil springs, antiroll stabilizer bars front and rear, fat 185/70-14 steel-belted radials on styled steel wheels, disc front/drum rear brakes, and quick, recirculating ball steering, all combine to give the GT Liftback a stable, sure ride and precise, tenacious handling despite any obstacles encountered.

One of the nicest things about the Toyota GT Liftback is its price. At a base list of $4,699, the GT Liftback is about $2,000 under the base of a 280Z and hundreds less than a Pontiac Firebird, comparably equipped. It seems even nicer when you realize that the Firebird doesn't have a hatchback.

Photography by Cosimo



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fantasize about Dennis. I was at school until late at night a couple of days ago. When I got home, I could just tell Alan thought I'd been screwing with Dennis. Someday he'll believe it's all over.

Dr. Robert Chartham comments:

Many young people who've passed through my consulting room were married in their teens. Quite often by the time these people were twenty or so they had already tired of one another. The fact is that such young partners are usually emotionally immature and sexually inexperienced. As with Alan and Janey, they have never had other sexual partners, their sex was basic, and they have shared a romantically idealized image of marriage. When the hard experience of life revealed the art of compromise to them, they just didn't have the emotional balance to make the marriage work. Alan and Janey stay together in a state of marital zombiism, hating one another because of their limited experience.

Of the two, Alan shows himself to be the more conventional. He takes the traditional male stance; he is not only the sexual leader but also the economic provider. These traditional male attitudes took a tremendous knock when, within a short period of time, Janey landed a better job, both socially and financially. To Alan, with his ideas of machismo, this was a kind of castration. And when the care of their child fell to him, he felt completely emasculated. I'm not surprised that they became sexually unstuck. I'm also not surprised Alan did not assert himself.

Neither of them will ever convince me that their "swinging" with Dennis and Marlene has "saved their relationship." Both have quite forgotten, if they ever knew, that physical sex is the cement that makes the emotional bonds of a relationship secure.

The descriptions they both give of the "first time" in the pool are quite revealing. They both make it quite clear that they were having extramarital sex, not because they were parched for sex, but because they wanted to hurt one another as much as possible. The second and subsequent encounters reveal certain guilt feelings in both Alan and Janey. Neither wants to be present when the other is fucking in case the performance of the other partner far excels his or her own performance.

This "love-hate" relationship, interspersed as it is with expressions of guilt, is a complex situation—far more complex than straightforward "love-hate" relationships. It is this complexity that is apparent in their present *curriculum vitae*.

Unfortunately, the sexual needs of both appear to be below average. I say "unfortunately," not "fortunately," because if one or both had demanding sexual needs, then they would be compelled to arrive at a fundamental decision, one way or the other. As it is, they are ready to drift emotionally and sexually. It is such a waste of human potential.

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CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

who lodged a suit against Israel for punitive damages of $50 million, accusing the Israelis of murdering and maiming innocent persons. The suit was lodged with the World Court at The Hague. A representative of the State Department visited the Reillys and asked them to withdraw the claim, but they refused. They were told that the U.S. government was representing both them and the relations of other victims. Nevertheless, they still insisted on their own lawsuit. The court at The Hague ignored their request. It was subsequently suggested that it had done so at the coercion of the U.S. State Department. Because all things political are possible, it is significant enough that the Reillys were snubbed. They were not the only ones.

Congressman Craig Hosmer also attempted to pursue the *Liberty* mystery and its aftermath. On October 18, 1967, he told the House that he had written a letter to Dean Rusk twelve days earlier, asking for details of compensation payments. On the same day, October 6, he had also written to the secretary of defense, Robert S. McNamara. Rusk, he said, had ignored him completely, and McNamara had returned a cursory note that read, "This matter is receiving attention, and you will be advised further as soon as possible." He never was. When I spoke to Hosmer about the matter last November, he shied away from the questions, claimed he dimly remembered the incident, but did admit that his inquiries never got off the ground "for one reason or another." He would not specify what these reasons were.

Meanwhile the State Department and the Israeli government were thrashing out the settlement of the *Liberty*. The Israelis claimed that they were investigating the incident and that court-martial proceedings would follow. Initially, they refused to pay any compensation, claiming that the *Liberty*'s presence in the war area was an aggressive act against Israel on the part of the U.S. government.

On November 16 a foreign-aid bill that was being passed in Congress included nearly $5 million for various Israeli educational programs. Congressman Harold Royce Gross of Iowa demanded to know why the U.S. government was handing out multi-million-dollar grants to the Israelis when there had still been no reparation for the *Liberty* incident. He proposed an amendment to the bill providing that no funds would be paid to Israel in the Foreign Aid Program until the Israelis had made satisfactory compensation to both the U.S. government and the families of the *Liberty* dead and wounded. The amendment was defeated.

Meanwhile State Department insurance assessors were evaluating the claims of *Liberty* families. Three of these were the dependents of Lieutenant Commander Armstrong, Lt. James Pierce, and Lt. Stephen Toth. Armstrong had left a widow and five small children, as had Pierce. Toth, who was unmarried, had lived at home with his parents. His father, a retired navy captain, was not satisfied when the State Department insurance men told him that the *Liberty* compensation was being assessed against a train wreck in Ohio in 1959.

The insurance men told Capt. Joe Toth that, while no figures had yet been settled, they thought compensation would be "adequate" and mentioned a sum of $9,000. They asked that a release form for that amount be signed. Although the captain considered that he and his wife could never be adequately compensated for the loss of their only son, he thought that the widows and children of Armstrong and Pierce should be very well provided for. The State Department told Captain Toth not to make trouble. The issue was a sensitive one. The captain told them to go to hell, and despite a serious heart condition, he set off on a series of trips between Virginia Beach and Washington to bring a suit against the State Department. He found legal counsel at a firm of Washington

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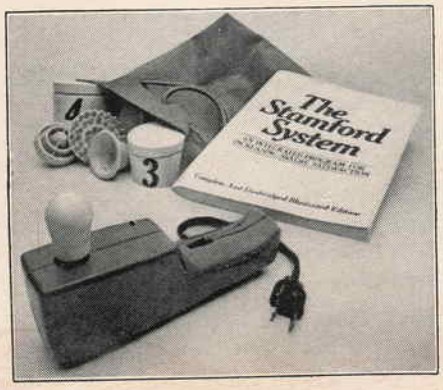

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lawyers, King and King, where his old friend John McWater was a partner. The State Department told Captain Toth that he was a troublemaker, but he had some strong support in the Pentagon from another old friend, Admiral McCain, and also from Admiral Kidd, who had conducted the *Liberty* inquiry.

Captain Toth wanted to know what the Israelis were doing to censure those responsible for the attack, if, as they said, it was an error. No one could tell him. The Israeli Ministry of Defense investigation had never gone beyond the bare statement that court-martial of the culprits was being set up, and inquiries in Tel Aviv about it were practically fruitless. Only one small tidbit of information, for which supporting proof could never be found, was passed onto the State Department for consideration.

According to one of the few small leaks that oozed out of the secret congressional hearings on the *Liberty*, this information was that two of the pilots involved in the attack had been Americans—ex-navy fliers. The story was not unlikely, because the Israelis had employed, and still do employ, trained American military personnel who "immigrate" to Israel. A friend of mine now in the Dubai air police, who patrol the Gulf, told me that just before he had taken the job in October 1973, the Israelis offered him a contract to fly as a helicopter pilot. He had been a trained Cobra gunship jockey in Vietnam. Although he never said precisely how much he had been offered, he was being paid in excess of $60,000 a year tax-free in the Gulf. He admitted that this was only slightly better than the Israeli pay. Also, while I was in Damascus during the Yom Kippur War, the Syrians produced some captured pilots, two of whom were Americans. Israel does have a multinational migrant population, and these men did hold Israeli documents. These instances are no real proof that the Israelis employ mercenaries, although it is only logical that they do, because they are on permanent combat alert and need these professionals to maintain the high state of proficiency that makes the Israeli armed forces the very best in the world.

The possibility that Americans had flown the *Liberty* mission certainly makes the whole affair even more sinister. But we don't have to search for possibilities; there are now more than enough facts to confirm the early suspicions that the wall of silence masked a complex scandal and that the U.S. government had connived with the Israelis to hush things up.

One of the most outrageous aspects of this cover-up was the manner in which the American commendations for the ship and McGonagle's Medal of Honor were submitted to the Israelis. According to a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee's staff at the time, the citations were censored by Israel before they were awarded. All reference to the nationality of

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the attackers was deleted, and McGonagle's citation read simply "jet aircraft and motor torpedo boats." The citation awarded to the ship referred only to "foreign jet fighter aircraft and motor torpedo boats."

On June 11, 1968, Comdr., now Capt., William McGonagle received his Congressional Medal of Honor at the Washington Navy Yard at a full-dress ceremony presided over by Secretary of the Navy Paul Robert Ignatius. That was the final formal public reference to the U.S.S. *Liberty* by the military.

The Pentagon and the State Department would have been happy to let the matter rest there, but they could not. They were being subjected to demands for compensation, particularly from Captain Toth, whose lawyers were threatening to issue open-court writs if someone did not pay up quickly.

A hard fight ensued. John McWater, reminiscing about it last year, said that the State Department was "very difficult" and subjected both the lawyers and Captain Toth to "harassment." He declined to be specific and claimed that the files on the case no longer existed.

Mrs. Toth was more specific. "They killed my husband," she said. "First my son, then my husband. The harassment took the form of threats and claims that Joe was damaging national security, and there was surveillance and pressure from people like the IRS. It was too much for his bad heart. It took a year to kill him, but it did. We got $40,000 finally, but it cost us half of that just chasing around. Joe was also claiming on behalf of the families of the other two officers, and he got them $50,000 for each child; so each family got $250,000 tax-free when the U.S. government finally made the Israelis pay up. I still don't believe it was enough. The compensation for the *Panay* was much more." (On December 12, 1937, Japanese shore batteries and aircraft shelled the American naval ship *Panay* in the Yangtze River. Three men were killed, and forty-three sailors and five civilian passengers were wounded. Within four months "a large indemnity" was paid. It was said to be more than $10 million.)

In May 1968 the Israeli government paid $3.3 million to the families of the thirty-four *Liberty* dead. One year later they paid $3.5 million to the 164 who had been injured. The U.S. government had also supposedly claimed $7 million for the damage to the ship, but that claim slid away into the obscure mists of silence, along with the Israeli inquiry, the court-martial, and the records of the confidential congressional hearings. To those few press inquiries that were still being made, the official explanation for the *Liberty*'s mission was that she had been conducting research for "electromagnetic-propagation studies" and monitoring the evacuation of U.S. citizens from the war zones. The fuss over compensation had quieted down when the Toth claim was settled. None of the other families were prepared to discuss it. They seemed frightened and admitted that State Department officials had ordered them to say nothing. They signed release forms for the money they received, which was apportioned "according to rank" and represented little more than regular veterans' benefits.

On Tuesday, September 12, 1972, John R. Rarick, a Democratic congressman from Louisiana with extreme right-wing opinions, brought up in the House the question of the still-unexplained attack on the *Liberty*; he demanded to know why it continued to be hushed up and why the families of the dead and injured had been treated so unfairly in regard to compensation. He got nowhere. When I spoke to him last November, he alleged that the Israelis had never actually paid a penny—that the money had been pushed through Foreign Aid as an extra. He also claimed that even as late as 1972 he was being harassed by the State Department and the security agencies for trying to stir up the whole business again. He said that nothing had been paid, other than regular benefits, and that claims for all punitive damages had been ignored except in special cases, such as Captain Toth's, in which there was a danger of dragging the U.S. government into the public courts.

"Its a double standard all the way round," he said. "The boys who survived will never discuss the money. It was as though they had been paid hush money or something."

In October and November last year, I spoke to a number of ex-personnel of the *Liberty* and relatives of the victims. Mrs. Toth said she had nothing to lose anyway, because her husband and son were both dead. The responses of the others were strange, hesitant, and fearful. Politicians had similar reactions. *Liberty* seemed to be a dirty word.

I had arrived in Washington in October, armed with a personal introduction from a friend in London to the secretary of the navy, Bill Middendorf. My friend also wrote Middendorf independently, explaining that I was working on a navy story and wished to see him. His secretary telephoned me and set a luncheon appointment. The conversation was amicable and enthusiastic. The secretary told me to telephone certain naval public-affairs personnel who would help me with my inquiries. I did, explaining my mission fairly fully. Two days later Middendorf's secretary telephoned back, saying that an appointment with the secretary of the navy would be impossible. She would not explain why.

Then I called an old acquaintance, Robert McCluskey at the State Department, reminding him of our last meeting during the 1973 war in Cairo, when Kissinger was jetting around the Mideast and clinching deals. McCluskey had been in charge of compensation monies in 1968 and 1969. To whom were they paid, and what sort of figures were settled upon vari-

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ous individuals? Bob didn't remember. I pursued him for a week, and he turned up a man called Fabian Kwiatek, an assistant legal adviser in the International Claims Department of the Secretary of State's office. Mr. Kwiatek's statement was as follows:

"One hundred percent of them [*Liberty* families and survivors] agreed to accept the payment offered, and the Israeli government paid all the claims. All the hospital expenses were paid by the U.S. government. Altogether, sums of between $100 and $300,000, no—$200,000, no—perhaps it was nearer $350,000, no—more like two hundred-odd thousand dollars were paid."

"That's very good, Mr. Kwiatek. Do you have an exact record of what was paid to each claimant?"

"No. We don't keep those sort of records."

"You mean to say the United States government pays out almost $4 million compensation and does not record where it goes to?"

A long pause. "Ah! Yes! I can't give you that information. It contravenes the intrusion-of-privacy bill."

Soon afterward I received a telephone call from an officer in the navy's public-affairs bureau.

"We must meet for a drink," he said (we had only talked by telephone). "I've become really interested in this *Liberty* business. What really happened? I suppose you must know it all, and I would be really interested to hear what you have."

"You'll be able to read it soon enough," I said. That failed to amuse him, and he didn't telephone again.

Finally, I had a last, uneventful talk with Captain McGonagle in California. Loyal to his military pledges, he was saying nothing. He sounded weary. He sounded like a man who had taken enough.

I returned to the Mideast, where I was finally able to establish that the Israeli investigation and court-martial announced in Tel Aviv on June 21, 1967, had never taken place. The U.S. State Department had agreed wholeheartedly with the Israelis that the entire affair be swept under the carpet. No one was eager to have the pilots involved give sworn testimony about who ordered their mission. For that matter, if there was truth to the stories that some of the pilots were American, any testimony might have been a severe embarrassment to both governments.

But what is most significant is that the United States was unable to expose Israel's connivances without exposing its own. And the Israelis, constantly fighting for the survival and dignity of their country, could only regard the destruction of the *Liberty* and the following cover-up as vital to the destiny of a whole people and of a country that is as much a holy vision as a home. Perhaps that is how those who were responsible for the attack can sleep and dream—but never remember. ○—■

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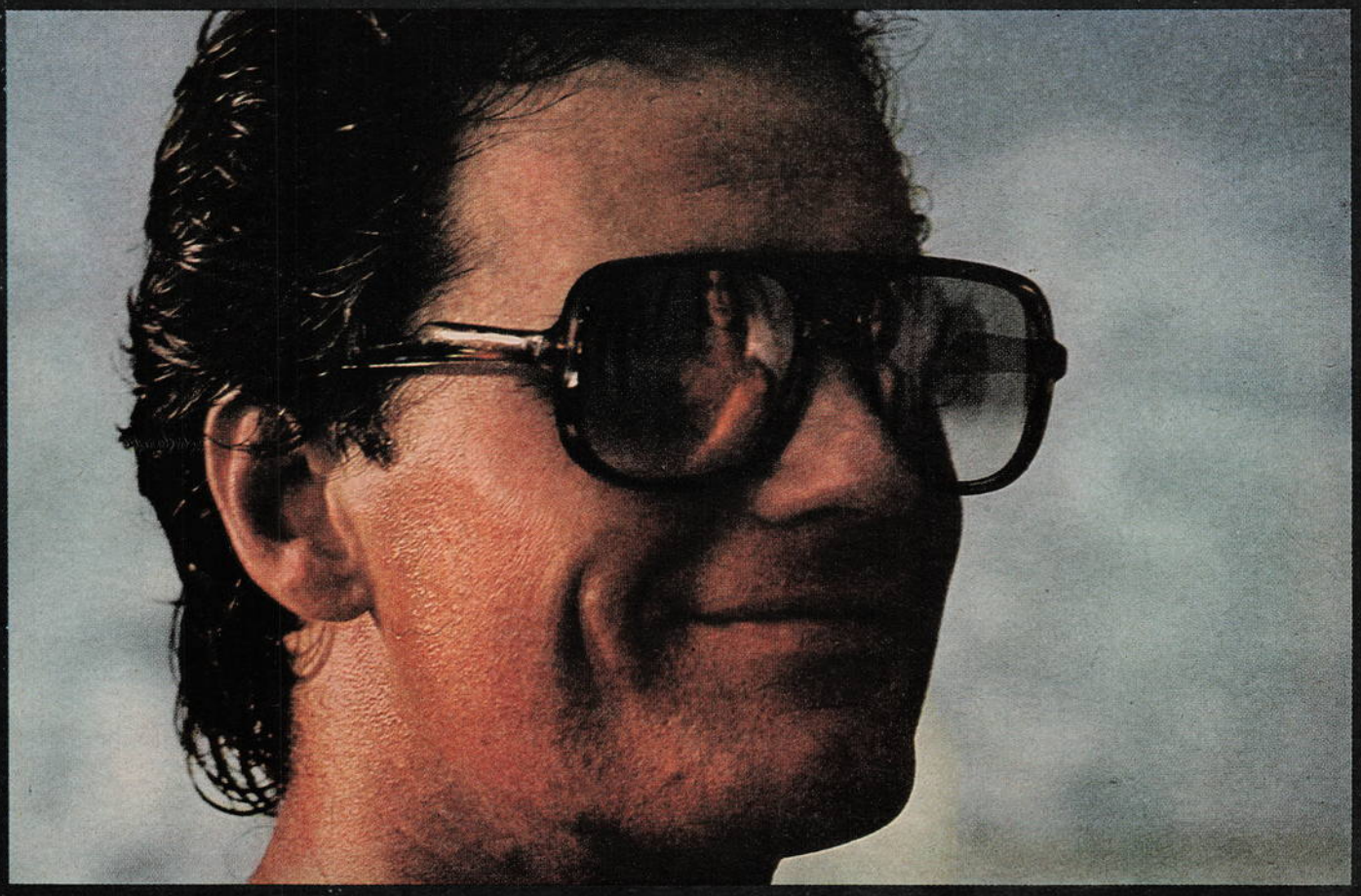
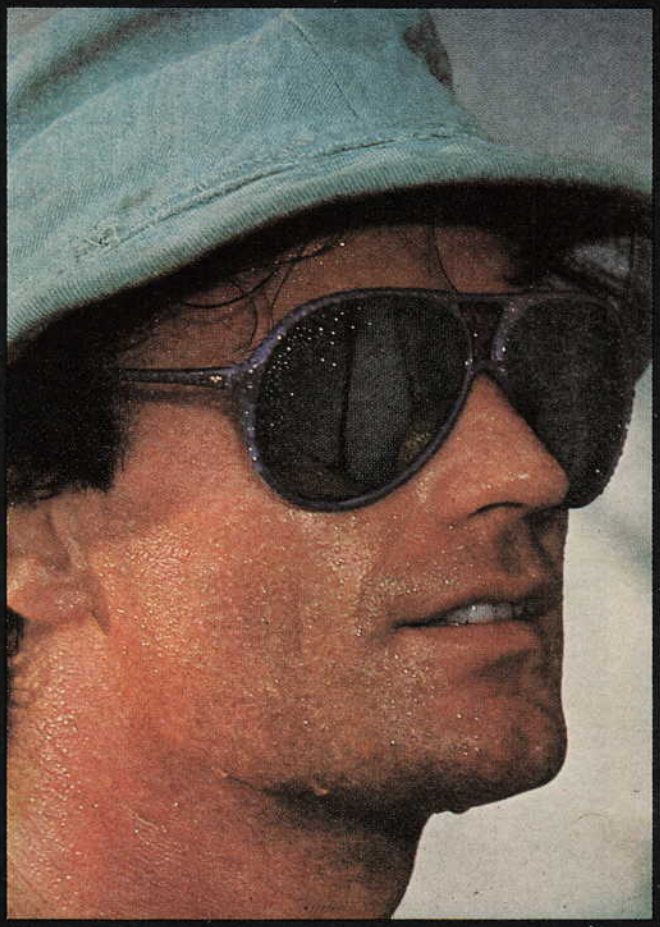
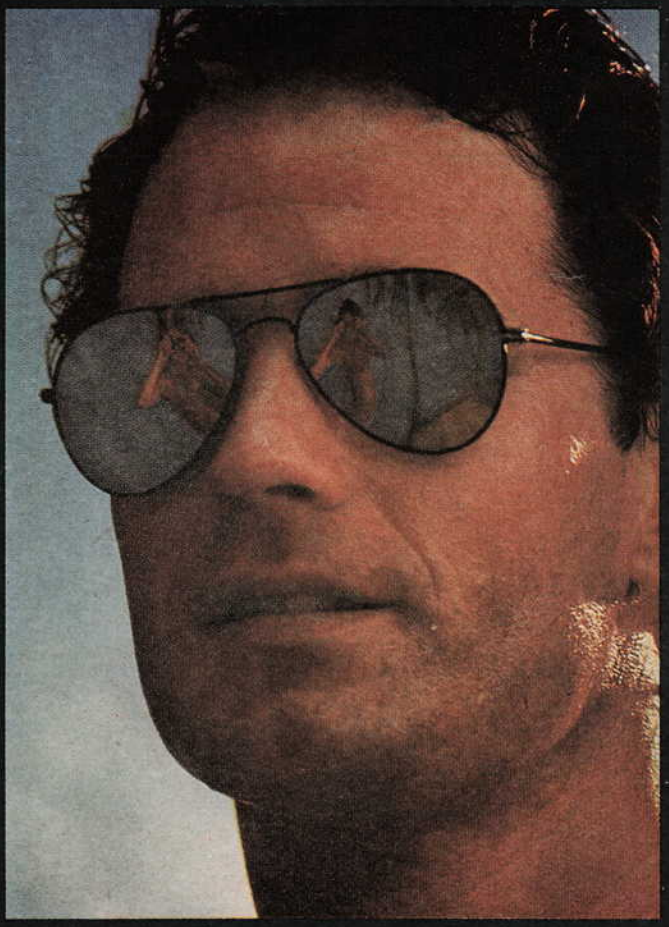
BY ED EMMERLING







Since the inception of the talkies in the twenties, moviedom has propagated floods of fashions, scads of fads, and loads of legends. But no Hollywood myth has ever been quite so widespread and enduring as the belief that any man who wears sunglasses is a star. And this myth is perfectly understandable. Sunglasses give a man an exotic, sensual look—the look of someone who is important, intriguing, and "in."

Sunglasses are not only fashionable accessories, however; they have a great deal of utilitarian worth as well. These tinted glasses were nicknamed "shades" for a very good reason...they literally shade your eyes from the sun's glare. Damaging ultraviolet and infrared rays are filtered out by the colored lenses.

A fairly recent technological breakthrough, however, affords you not only freedom from eye-damaging rays, but also a maximum degree of comfort. Polarized mirror lenses keep out the glare *and* the heat. These new mirrored "cheaters" do much more than make you look cool, they make you *feel* cool, too, since they block out nearly 50 percent of the sun's heat-producing rays.

The photos for this pictorial were all taken on beautiful Marcas beach, just outside the city of Port-au-Spain, in tropical Trinidad. And so far we have talked only about the sporting of sunglasses in sun-drenched settings. But our classy specs travel to wintry worlds as well. The Eskimos discovered hundreds of years ago that the glare of the sun on blizzardy bluffs could cause snow blindness. Our Eskimo friends used carved pieces of caribou antlers—notched to provide tiny eyeholes—to protect themselves from the Arctic sun. You, however, can protect yourself much more effectively and stay in your usual style of elegant ease with mirrored sunglasses.

Whether you're slaloming down snowy slopes, or basking on a balmy beach, these glasses are perfection. Our striking specs are available in a wide variety of frames, colors, and materials—from aviator styles of metal and plastic to blue-and-orange tortoiseshell and tan plastic designs. Why not select several pairs? Mirrored sunglasses are the perfect complement to any outfit, whether the occasion calls for jeans and tennis shoes or more formal attire.

One final point: the right pair of sunglasses for you should not detract from your facial features, but enhance them. So, choose carefully. Girl's *will* make passes at men who wear glasses.

The sunglasses shown on page 152 are tortoiseshell-look frames with silver-mirrored lenses by Foster-Grant. On page 153, from top to bottom, are: Riviera's silver-lensed glasses with royal blue frames; black frames with silver lenses by Pan-Oceanic; and A. R. Trapp's gold aviator-style frames with silver lenses.

Photographs by Pierre Houles

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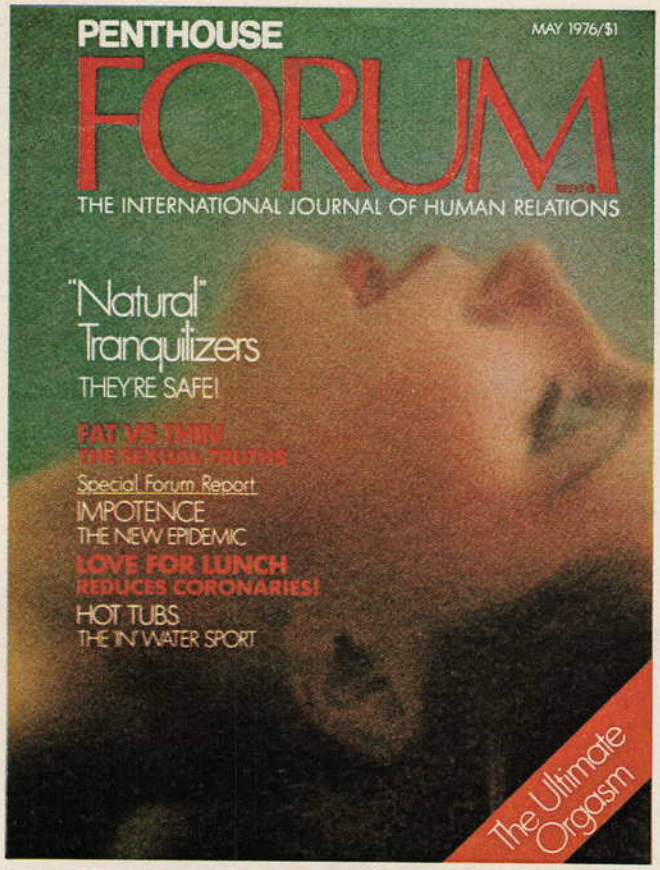

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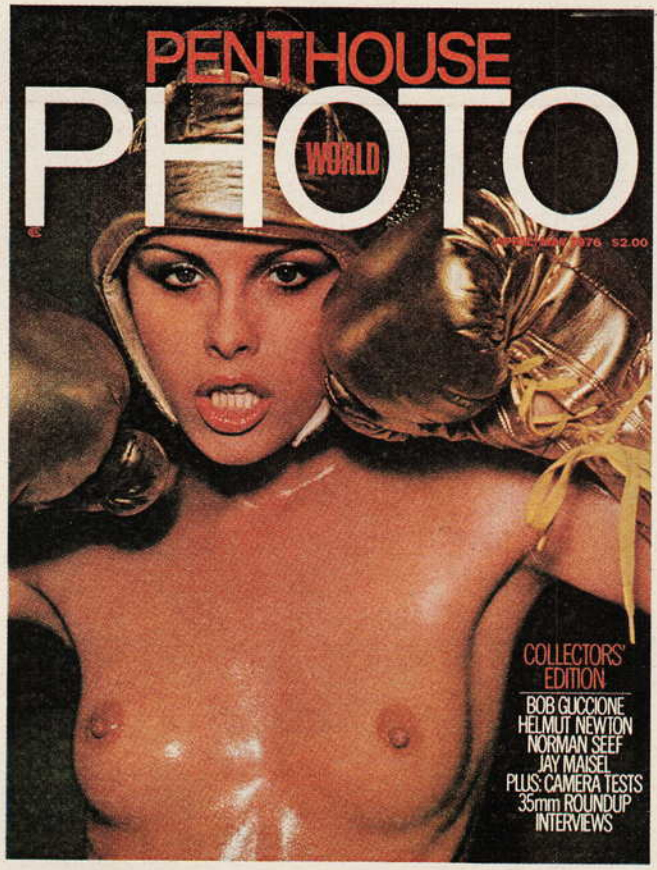

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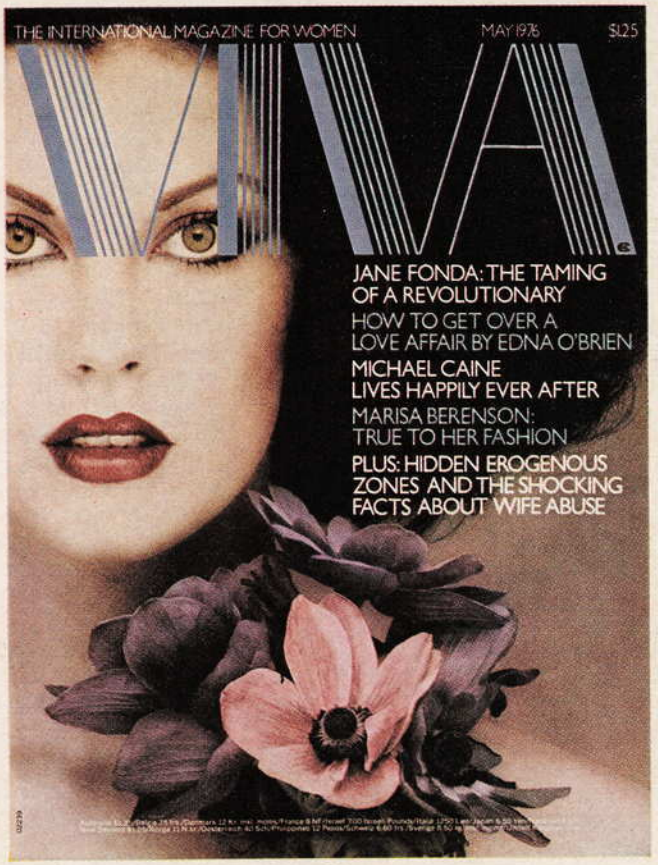
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ZIPLESS SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

feet tall, with full hips, narrow waist, and heavy breasts. She was naked from the waist up and wore a short skirt of iridescent feathers. Her headdress was nearly two feet high and was made of gold and silver encrusted with jewels and tufted with the dazzling tailfeathers of the quetzal. She wore necklaces of gold and jade and huge hoop earrings that looked like golden serpents with their tails in their mouths. Her skin was chestnut-colored and anointed with perfumed oil. She seemed to be looking through me. Suddenly I felt that we were in telepathic contact. She explained without needing to speak that she was a traveler from the planet I call Venus, and that she had come to Chichen Itza to take a look at the ruins. I asked her—without needing to speak—why she looked like an Aztec woman. She said it was the other way around—Venusians had been visiting Central America for 2,000 years, and it was the Aztecs who tried to look like her, not vice versa.

I asked her what the real name of the planet we call Venus is. She said it was Venus. I said I thought Venus was named after the Roman goddess of love. She said the reverse was the case—the Roman goddess of love was named after Venus. She said the ancients knew that Venus was populated with creatures very similar to humans, only much more highly evolved, to the point where Venusians were able to love everyone and everything absolutely and without reservation—even suffering and death. I asked her if she loved me absolutely and without reservation.

"Of course," she said. "I'll show you."

The scene immediately dissolved to where we were both naked, standing only inches from each other. That's zipless!

I looked into her eyes, and they were like star sapphires—hard and cool and deep and brilliant. Her skin wasn't like ordinary skin—it was like her whole body was covered with the kind of flesh a nipple or glans is made of. Her nipples were made of mucous membrane like a clit. Then that picture of ourselves dissolved to the two of us completely blended together—not like fucking, but like where fucking takes you. Only that was where we began. From the first moment both of us were coming, but the sensation didn't climax—it just went on and on and on.

As we made love we seemed to go on a psychedelic trip. Our bloodstreams merged, and we were inside our common circulatory system. Each of us had to singlehandedly sail ancient sailing ships side by side through a terrible storm on a sea of blood. It was very heavy. We weren't fucking with just our bodies—our minds were penetrating each other. We became a huge field of corn under a sky filled entirely by the sun, being pollinated by bees

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made of precious jewels. Each of us became both male and female. I became her and she became me, oscillating faster and faster like when you press a bouncing Ping-Pong ball between the paddle and the table. Finally the Ping-Pong ball stops and so did we. We climaxed mentally so that our whole being was full of the prickly feeling that fills only a small part of your body—your genitals—when two humans ball. We exploded into a fireball of pure white light.

That was all there was until in the midst of the light I could see an image of what looked like an aerial view of Chichen Itza. It hurled toward me larger and larger and larger until I could see myself standing on the slope where I first saw the golden frisbee. Then my consciousness collided with and penetrated the image of me standing there and I realized that my embrace with the Venusian was over and the golden frisbee was gone. I walked back to the pyramids, fighting my way through knots of extremely aggressive young boys who insisted that the cheap pottery they were selling was "pre-Columbian." I caught a cab back to Mérida and had to rest at my hotel for three days without getting out of bed to get my overamped nervous system back to normal.

I told the group that this episode was one of the peak sexual experiences of my life and that just because someone had an unpleasant experience with zipless sex, he shouldn't rule it out completely. I said they should leave themselves open to these kinds of experiences because under the right circumstances, zipless sex offers the possibility of attaining higher sexual consciousness.

That night I left with the others so I wouldn't blow my cover. About ten days later I ran into Dr. Feelbad on Fifth Avenue. He was coming out of Gucci carrying two identical ladies makeup cases. I thanked him for the peep show and invited him along on one of my freak scenes. Like, if he wanted a few laughs he could tag along with me while I interviewed an MIT urban economist on New York City's fiscal crisis. I asked him if my story had been okay.

"Okay? It was a disaster! You stupid son of a bitch—not one of them came back for another session! They all called me up and thanked me profusely—said they felt so much better that they were quitting the group. Said that guy who thinks he had a zipless fuck with the Queen of the Venusians was *really* a loon—made them realize how comparatively sane they were. Thanks much, amigo. That's the last time I let you into any of my special groups. Unless—hmm—maybe you'd like to join one on a paying basis. I've got one for oversexed young men who claim to have been on flying saucers."

Later for that, Doc. I've got a heavy date with a six-foot lady with antennas coming out of her head, looks like a cross between Labelle's Nona and a Zenith Chromacolor, and not a zipper in sight. ○—

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Technician

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

I turn to walk back to the deck chairs, and then see, spotlighted in the colorless glow of the arc lights, a bright green, shiny, high-school letterman's jacket, decorated with a large yellow cee and thoroughly stained with deep red-black blood all down the front, expanding out from the region of the chest. The jacket is nailed to one of the six-by-six deck supports, one large nail driven through the collar, just below the elastic binding.

It is the jacket that the young man was wearing six hours before. I rip it off the nail, making certain to leave no traces of the slick fabric behind, wad it into a ball, and carry it back upstairs, dousing the yard lights before I step back into the house.

Leslie has been lurking in the vicinity of the deck doors and is at my side even before I have had a chance to reactivate the alarm.

"Anything?" she asks.

I nod, and hand her the wadded jacket. "We should get rid of this."

She says nothing more, takes the crumpled ball of fabric and heads for the kitchen. Even before the louvred doors stop swinging, the jacket will go into the oven, where a device wired in by friends will quite quickly reduce the material to a substance spectrographically somewhat less useful than sterilized wood ash. A useful appliance.

There is a voice behind me. I turn to see a distant friend from Los Angeles, an attractive woman who promotes a variety of media ventures. She asks a question.

"Well," I say, "cash, this time, would be better. You understand," I say, "this time, this sort of material. . . ." I raise my hands.

She understands.

"But whatever," I say, "is best for you." I shrug. She nods again. I reach for a glass of wine. Leslie comes out of the kitchen. And then, very softly, almost imperceptibly, coming from the front of the house, I hear the doorbell chime again.

I'd like to get out of the business. I'm past thirty, Leslie and I would like to have a child, and this sort of life is not the ideal situation for parenthood.

At eighteen, when I left the Institutes, the life seemed nothing if not ideal. Born into a family that makes machines, but not privileged enough to join the class that creates and legislates them, I was left with one option: repairing them. One could do far worse, I knew, but then I also knew that one could do far better.

It was clear to me, then as now, that society had made a massive error with respect to technology—although at this point I'm no longer certain that the mistake was altogether unintentional. Regardless, however, the proscription of technology had created an enormous and lively black market in proscribed hard- and software, and admittance to that market required only nerve and business sense, along with contacts in the technological community and some notions of style and demand. These, I had.

The final impetus came from an essay, accidentally encountered during an assigned microfiche search at the Institutes. The tract, written by an Englishman nearly a century before, noted and bemoaned the accelerating separation of Western society into two distinct portions—scientific and nonscientific—and rather mournfully foresaw the rise of a society in which the mass of men were technological barbarians, a half-educated populace living in a world of miracles they could never hope to comprehend.

The Englishman was, of course, precisely correct. All that he failed to predict was that this separation of cultures was in fact altogether advantageous for any ruling body, and that in years to come his plea for intellectual rapprochement would not only be ignored, but it would also be actively discouraged.

In such a society one point of advantage exists: exactly in the middle. At the age of nineteen I sold my first proscribed technology—a crate of portable laser bolt-cutters—and three weeks later I dropped out

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of Institute classes, without cause.

By now I've accumulated sufficient capital, in various forms, to become, should I so choose, a fairly diversified and respectable investor. But then what, I wonder, would I *do*?

The police again, as I'd expected. When I open the front door, the noise from the stragglers in the living room reverberates hollowly down the long hallway.

"Hello," I say.

"Hello," says the lighter one, solicitously. Do I, he wonders without preface, know what has been spray-painted on my garage door?

Beg pardon?

"You should," says the darker one, "come out and see this for yourself, sir."

I walk down the front steps with the officers. We turn at the sidewalk and there see emblazoned across the olive-green garage door in wide, fuzzy, black spray paint, these words: BURN, BURN, BURN.

By now, the street is very quiet. There is a brief silence.

"What," the darker detective asks finally, "about this?"

I shake my head.

"Sir," asks the blond, "could we come inside to discuss this?"

"Of course."

"We're afraid," says the blond one seriously, as soon as we have settled into the study, "that your neighbors intend to do you harm."

"You mean the people next door?" I ask incredulously.

The officers nod solemnly, in unison. "They seem," says the darker of the twosome, "to think that you stabbed their youngest son."

"Oh my God!"

Of course. I should have seen it instantly. The kid under the streetlights, suddenly out of the shadows, one hand in his pocket, had probably been trying to give me a piece of *literature*.

Our neighbors are devout members of one of the larger Christian sects, and we've had trouble with them ever since we moved in. After last winter's power outage, when city officials rather conspicuously visited us several days in a row, word spread through the neighborhood that the attractive young couple on the corner was suspected of contrabanding.

It was, in fact, only a slightly defective military laser dragged in by Charles that was guilty of melting the local utility transformer. And that was only because, in a slightly giddy moment, we aimed at it. Nonetheless, our immediate neighbors thereupon ceased speaking to Leslie and me at all.

Once, shortly thereafter, I approached the eldest son on the street when their large automobile was blocking our driveway and asked if the vehicle might be moved slightly.

"Why don't you just send it up in smoke?" he'd said then. "Lucifer."

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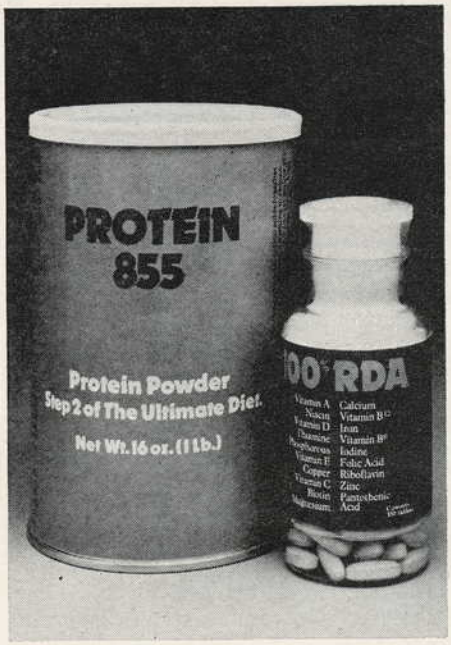

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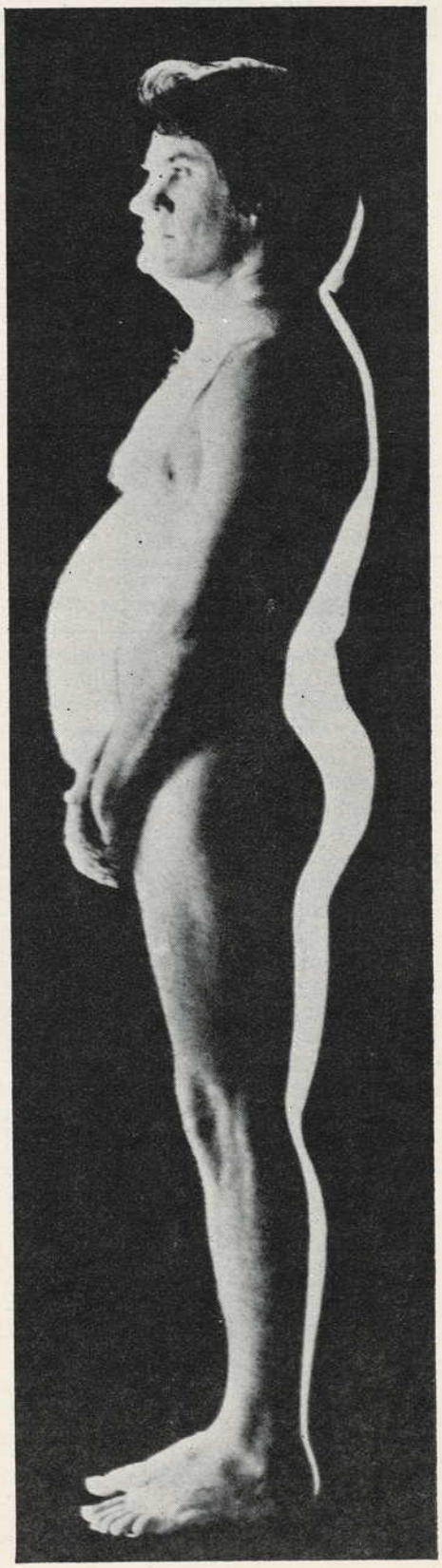

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I'd only looked puzzled. Most remnant Christians are hostile toward those fluent in technology, and it's something that one learns to live with, although carefully. In recent years, people suspected of traffic in technology have been threatened, beaten, evicted, vandalized, and, in an apparent throwback to traditional cult terrorism, large petrol-soaked electronic symbols have been ignited on front lawns.

Thus, in my position, I've never taken our neighbors' more primitive antics—the weekly backyard baptisms, the sunrise rituals, the Sunday morning devotional caterwauling—with much humor. I consider these people threats, as I'm certain they consider me. Fair, I figure, is fair.

"Officer," I tell the blond, "these people are, after all, Christians."

The blond nods. "We're aware of that."

"These kind of people can be very dangerous," I say. "Irrational."

"Absolutely," the darker one agrees. "That's why we're visiting you."

"I appreciate that."

"We'd like," says the blond, "to keep some men in your house overnight."

"Thank you," I say.

"We can have them here in half an hour," says the darker.

"Thank you," I say again. "But I'm afraid that's impossible."

There is an expectant silence.

"My wife's mother," I say, "is staying with us. She has a weak heart. Armed men in the house . . ." I shrug. "She wouldn't understand."

In the brief quiet, the sound of the party drifts back up the hall. The officers glance at each other. The darker one purses his lips. "These people," he says, "can be very unreasonable."

I nod. "I'm certain."

There is more silence. A standoff. I'm not going to let their men into my house. Now they have to decide whether to let the Christians burn us out. Christians, in general, are easier to prosecute. It's likely, in all, to be a toss-up.

"Well," says the light one finally. "Suit yourself. We'll keep a close eye on your place anyway."

"I'll count on it," I say.

"Do that," they both respond, nearly in unison.

Twenty minutes later the living room is empty. Leslie has finally ushered out the last guest, and is now in the bedroom, organizing the luggage.

I am on the telephone. "TWA?"

"Two reservations, please, on your ten o'clock to Tangier."

I tell them my name.

"Cash," I say.

"At the airport," I say.

"Thanks."

Leslie appears in the hallway, one small and one large bag in hand.

"Enough?" I ask.

"Enough." She shrugs.

I pick up the larger piece of luggage, set the alarm, and then we're out the door. I lock up carefully.

It's dawn. I see a cab far up the street and gesture. I wish, briefly, that there had been a way to take some of the rugs, just in case we don't get back. I shift the big cloth satchel from one hand to the other and then our cab pulls up.

"One moment," I say to the driver, as soon as Leslie and the luggage are settled in the chill backseat. I've only now remembered that I still have a little more than four grams of proscribed pharmaceuticals in my wallet.

I dash back up the steps, into the house, and down the hallway. I disarm the alarm and go onto the back porch. In the predawn light, the neighbors' yard is just barely visible.

I remove the tiny twisted bit of cellophane from my wallet, weigh the scrap of compressed white powder briefly in one hand, and then I sail it high over the grape-stake fence, where it hangs momentarily in the air and then drops silently into the shimmering water of the blue-plastic baptismal pool.

Back through the house, back out in front, I slide into the cab.

It's a nice time to go to Morocco," Leslie says, as I slide into the seat. "Maybe this time we could go to the Rif."

"Sure," I say, as the cab pulls away from the curb. "Anywhere." In the east, the sky is just beginning to lighten over downtown. "You know that," I say, and smile. "Anywhere at all."

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BUGLIOSI

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101

Bugliosi: Well, it seems to be incompatible with the progressive, sophisticated society in which we live, but murder is also a part of the society in which we live. And our society, for some curious reason, usually focuses on the killer who's about to be executed—and totally forgets about the person who was murdered. I was on the Merv Griffin show with Melvin Belli and F. Lee Bailey, and they both were arguing for the abolition of the death penalty. To illustrate his point about how horrendous capital punishment is, Belli asked me if I'd ever witnessed an execution. I said, "No, Mel, I haven't. But have you ever witnessed a murder?"

He hadn't. So I asked him to think about Voyteck Frykowski, who was killed at the Tate home. As you may know, Frykowski was stabbed fifty-one times, while he was begging and screaming out into the night for his life. He was hit over the head thirteen times with the butt of a gun, and he was also shot twice. Murder is horrible, too. Perhaps a reasonable alternative to capital punishment would be life imprisonment without the possibility of parole, but we don't have that in California. Until we do, I believe the death penalty has its place in the overall administration of justice.

Penthouse: Manson will be eligible for parole in 1978, and there's already a great deal of speculation about whether or not he'll be set free. Do you think he will?

Bugliosi: There's no way in the world that Manson will get out of prison in 1978. Manson will be eligible to *apply* for parole in 1978, but there's a big difference between applying for a parole and getting one. In California, people convicted of a single first-degree murder can apply for parole after seven years in prison, and they're usually let out after serving ten and a half or eleven years. But Manson's been convicted of nine murders. He's not going anywhere.

Penthouse: Is Manson still in control of the family?

Bugliosi: Absolutely! There's no question about it. But not many of his followers are walking around free. In its heyday, the family had about eighteen really hard-core members, and of those, almost all are now behind bars. A couple of others are out on parole and have renounced Manson, but that's a condition of their parole, so I don't know what their true state of mind is. To his followers, Manson is still the superguru, the Second Coming of Christ. Actually, the anti-Christ, for he used to say he was Christ and the devil all wrapped up into one. Let me just add that with the incarceration of Sandra Goode and Squeaky Fromme, I think the last two hard-core members of the Manson family are now behind bars.

Penthouse: Do you think Manson had any-

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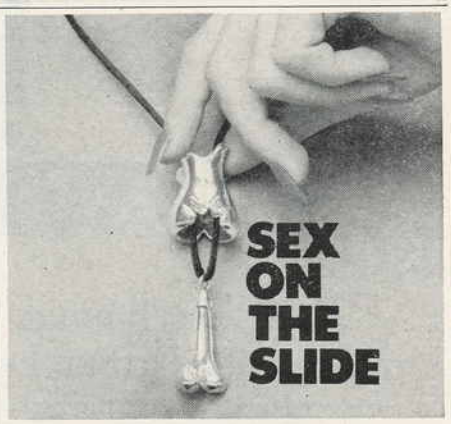

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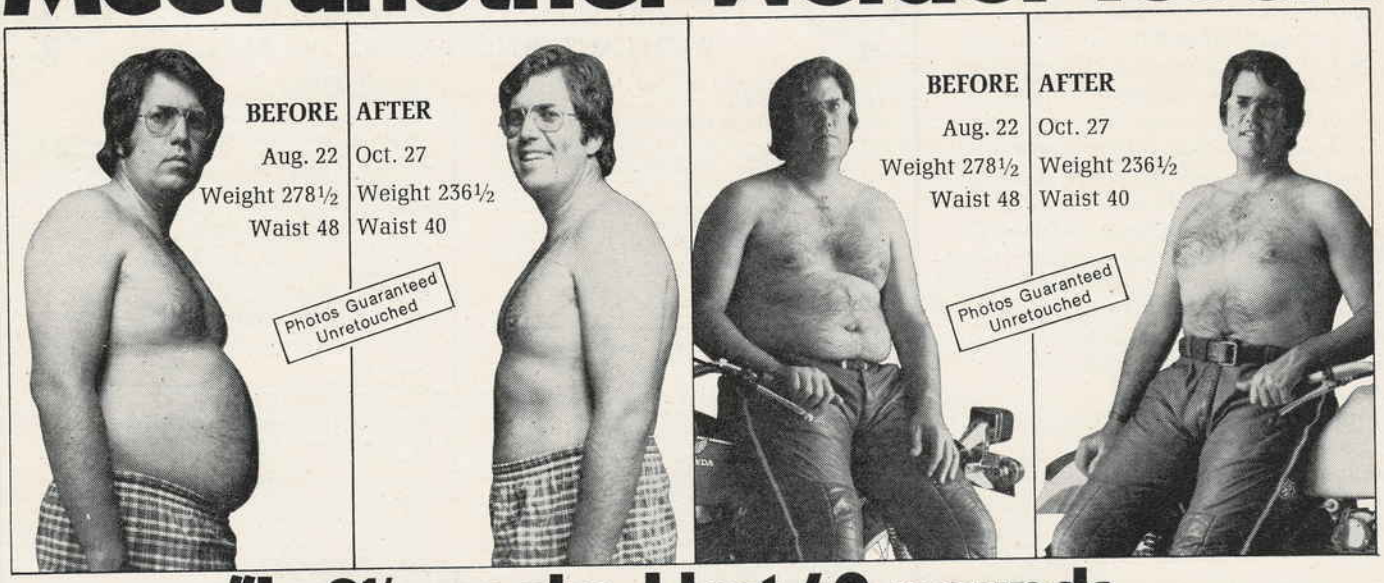

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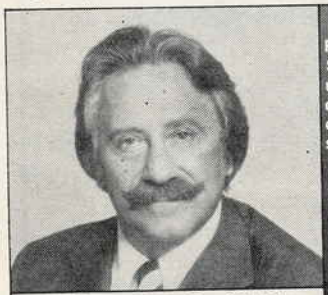

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thing to do with Lynette Fromme's attempted assassination of President Ford?

Bugliosi: No, at least not directly. Manson is appealing his conviction, and I don't think he'd want to jeopardize his appeal by ordering a presidential assassination. Still, it's obviously not *beyond* Manson to have ordered the assassination. I'll say this. If Squeaky had been successful, Manson would have been very pleased. And I think one of the reasons Squeaky made the attempt *was* to please Manson. Manson, after all, was always talking about killing our leaders, and he looked upon Ford as being merely the new face of Nixon, whom he despised. I also think Squeaky was trying to focus new attention on the Manson family.

Penthouse: Were you surpised by her attempt to kill the president?

Bugliosi: Not really. What *did* surpise me was the utter incompetence of Sacramento law enforcement and the Secret Service. Here's a girl who came into the Sacramento *Bee* about a month and a half prior to the president's visit, with a letter from Manson saying that if Gerald Ford continues to violate the law there's going to be more blood shed than the Tate and My Lai massacres put together. Squeaky wanted them to print it. The Sacramento *Bee* turned it over to law enforcement instead.

Consider this: Sacramento has about 270,000 people, the president's coming to town, and you've got a girl around who's the chief cheerleader of the Manson family in Charlie's absence. She's carrying the flame for a group that may have committed as many as thirty-five murders, and her everyday rhetoric stresses the overthrow of the American government. If you don't watch her, who *do* you watch? Do you only watch those people who've committed assassinations in the past? *Someone* from Sacramento law enforcement should've driven by the Fromme residence to make sure none of Manson's followers was planning to come near the president. But instead, Squeaky walked into the area where Ford would be, wearing a flaming red robe, and looking like a total freak—and she *still* got within two feet of the president. The fact that Ford wasn't killed is no tribute to the Secret Service, absolutely none whatsoever. What that Secret Service agent did in reaching for Fromme's gun is what you and I would have done.

The Sara Jane Moore incident spotlighted the Secret Service's utter incompetence even more than the Fromme case. A week after Squeaky's attempted assassination, the president goes to San Francisco, where Sara Jane Moore had already called Inspector Jack O'Keefe of the San Francisco Police Department to say that she was inclined to test the presidential security system when Ford appeared at Stanford University on Sunday. The police placed her under arrest, seized her gun—a .44-caliber automatic, I believe—and then told the Secret Service about her. The Secret Service checked on Sara Jane Moore and

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concluded she wasn't going to do anything because she'd been an informant for the FBI. Well, the San Francisco police offered to keep her in custody until Ford left the city that Monday, but the Secret Service said "No, she's okay." So Sara Jane Moore was set free—and the next day she took a potshot at the president. I'm pro–law enforcement, but we don't achieve anything when law enforcement goofs and we blink and look the other way. We have to do a *lot* better job of protecting our presidents and our presidential candidates. We just can't afford to have any more political assassinations in this country.

Penthouse: You've been investigating the death of Robert F. Kennedy since November. Have you any evidence that indicates there was a conspiracy to murder him?

Bugliosi: Right now I can only tell you that the more I get into the case, the more I see things I don't like. In fact, I haven't seen anything yet that I *do* like about the case. Among other things, there's been almost a wholesale destruction of the evidence in this case by the LA Police Department. One point to be made immediately is that there's no question that Sirhan Bishara Sirhan was criminally involved in the RFK assassination. The evidence is very clear on that point, and his conviction was a proper one. However, there are remaining questions; one of the most important is, Was a second gun involved in Kennedy's death? I've discovered that there are enormous problems in this case, and take that as coming from someone who's successfully prosecuted thirteen murder cases. As a result, my position has changed: I started out thinking there was no conspiracy, and now I don't know if there was one or not.

Penthouse: What caused you to change your mind?

Bugliosi: Simple arithmetic. Sirhan's gun held eight bullets, and he fired all of them. According to the official LAPD trajectory study dated July 8, 1968, two bullets were recovered from Senator Kennedy, five more were recovered from the bodies of the other five people who were shot at the scene, and the eighth bullet was lost in the ceiling interspace of the Ambassador Hotel's pantry. If we come up with any more bullets in addition to the eight accounted for by the LAPD, there are only three inferences that can be drawn: Either a bluebird brought them in, or there had been a prior shoot-out in the pantry—or there was a second gunman present the night Robert F. Kennedy was killed. At this point, the present state of the evidence—and let me emphasize the word *present*—leads to the conclusion that two guns were involved. That doesn't necessarily mean that two guns were *actually* involved, but if the investigation ended right now, it would be a reasonable inference to draw.

Penthouse: What is that evidence?

Bugliosi: Let me begin at the beginning. Last September, Paul Schrade, a Kennedy aide who was shot in the head at the assassination scene, filed a petition in Los Angeles Superior Court asking to have Sirhan's gun test-fired again. A panel of seven experts was appointed, and somewhere between September 23 and October 4, they test-fired Sirhan's gun eight times. The experts issued their report on October 6, and they said there was no evidence of a second gun. The media took that to mean there *was* no second gun. Let me point out that there's all the difference in the world between no *evidence* of a second gun and a flat statement that there was no second gun. It's like my walking down the street and saying I saw no avocados on the street; that doesn't mean there really aren't any avocados on the street, only that I didn't see any.

Anyway, up to that point my only involvement in the RFK murder had been to prepare a search warrant on Sirhan's car the morning after the assassination. Former New York Congressman Allard Lowenstein, a brilliant guy and a close friend of Schrade's, who was serving as Schrade's lawyer, asked me to conduct the cross-examination of the firearms experts who'd test-fired Sirhan's gun, and at first I was reluctant because I didn't want to be accused of getting involved in the case for political purposes. But Lowenstein pointed out that the murder of a man who might well have been elected our president was

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a lot bigger cause to worry about than the future of my personal political life. Naturally, I agreed with him. So I said I'd do it.

Let me give you the bottom line on the cross-examination: All seven experts testified it was their *belief* that the bullets recovered from the victims were fired from Sirhan's gun. But not one expert could make a *positive* identification—and in a case of this magnitude the lack of a positive, conclusive identification is of monumental significance.

The experts also noted that although the LAPD had supposedly test-fired Sirhan's gun, the police were unable to produce records of that test-firing in court. The *only* positive identification ever made by comparing test-fired bullets with the victim bullets had been made at Sirhan's trial by De Wayne Wolfer, the criminologist for the LAPD. Wolfer's findings were based on an analysis of the same victim bullets studied by the seven independent experts. His positive ID was a direct contravention of their findings, since, as I've stated, not one of the seven experts was able to make a positive ID. That's very relevant, because it goes to the credibility of the star witness for the prosecution. I also think it's relevant to point out that Wolfer has just been found by the District Court of Appeal in California to have given testimony that bordered on perjury in another murder case in which he also identified victim bullets.

Another problem: I'm not a firearms expert and I don't pretend to be one, but there is new irrefutable scientific evidence, which I brought out in cross-examination, that sometime between June 5, 1968, the date of the assassination, and September 1975, someone secretly test-fired Sirhan's gun. There are no records as to who did it or why, but as I pointed out to the court, if there were similar scientific evidence that Oswald's rifle had been secretly test-fired, the news would be on the cover of *Time* magazine. I'd been brought into this case seven years after the fact and one second before the books were to be closed on it for all time, and concomitant with my cross-examination, I decided to go out into the field and do some investigation.

Penthouse: What did you come up with?

Bugliosi: A lot. Paul Schrade had shown me an Associated Press wirephoto dated June 6, 1968, and captioned, "Bullet found near Kennedy shooting scene." It depicts two LA police officers apparently looking at a bullet lodged in a doorjamb that was in Sirhan's line of fire. For the next seven years Schrade and other people had tried, without success, to learn the identity of the two officers in the photo. The LAPD and the DA's office refused to disclose their identity. The importance of the photo is that if there was a bullet in the doorjamb, it would constitute a ninth bullet and—remembering that Sirhan's gun could only hold eight—it would therefore mean that a second gun was involved.

Penthouse: Were you able to track down the two officers?

Bugliosi: Yes. I thought the entire process would take me all of a half-hour, but it took considerably longer than that. Anyway, one of the men in the photo, Sergeant Robert Rozzi, gave me a signed statement on November 15, 1975 at the Hollywood Division of the LAPD. Let me quote from it: "What I observed was a hole in the doorjamb and the base of what appeared to be a small-caliber bullet was lodged in the hole. . . . I personally never removed the object from the hole, but I'm pretty sure that someone else did, although I can't remember who it was." The other officer in the AP wirephoto was Sergeant Charles "Buck" Wright, and when I telephoned him and read him Rozzi's statement, Buck gave me a positive on it. By the time we met, however, Wright had been instructed by Police Sergeant Phil Sartuchi and Deputy City Attorney Larry Nagen not to give me a statement. I told Nagen I'd make an issue out of this and subpoena both officers to the stand—I was still cross-examining witnesses—so Nagen and Sartuchi decided to allow Wright to give me a statement. In their presence.

Before I took that statement, Wright told me, "Look, Vince, I don't know if it was a bullet or not—I think it was, but I just don't know." When I reminded him that he'd already told me it definitely had been a bullet, Wright said, "Gee, it all happened

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seven years ago, I just can't recall." So I called my office and served Wright and Rozzi with subpoenas ordering them to come to court the next morning. Unfortunately, the judge wouldn't let them testify.

As for the object in the doorjamb: There's a *nail* in there now and it's supposed to have been there *then*. Look, it's possible that these men mistook a nail for a bullet, but if the police academy can't teach officers how to distinguish between a nail and a bullet, then we're all in trouble. Another problem is that in the photograph, the object in the doorjamb is flush with the wood; the nail that's now in there protrudes about an eighth of an inch outward. Maybe nails can work their way out of wood? The thing that bothers me most about this particular aspect of the case is that Rozzi told me his superiors interviewed him "several times" regarding his observation of this object. That doesn't sit right with me, because if they found a nail there, they'd have interviewed him once and told him, "Bob, get yourself a pair of glasses. That wasn't a bullet—it was a nail." Well, Rozzi had never been told *anything* about a nail. It bothers me.

Penthouse: You seem highly critical of the police work done in this case. Are you?

Bugliosi: I'm *extremely* critical of the way the LAPD handled itself in connection with the RFK murder. The LAPD says it tested Sirhan's gun and that it placed three of the test-fired bullets in an envelope marked PEOPLE'S EXHIBIT FIFTY-FIVE. The outside of the envelope is marked with the serial number of the gun the bullets were fired from—H18602. But that is not the serial number of Sirhan's gun; Sirhan's gun is serial number H53725. The police claim it was a clerical error and it may have been, but it's certainly a puzzling error. Another problem: the police admit they used a different gun from Sirhan's to test for muzzle distance—and then destroyed the gun they used in that test. Also, there were three bullet holes in the ceiling panel of the Ambassador pantry. The police claimed that one bullet went through one ceiling panel, struck the cement ceiling above, then ricocheted down through another ceiling panel and struck a woman in the forehead. The third hole was from the bullet they say they can't find. Well, the LAPD destroyed the ceiling panels in June, 1969, which was before Sirhan's conviction had ever been affirmed on appeal. You just don't destroy evidence, especially evidence important to a case that may have altered the course of American history. Another vital piece of evidence destroyed by the police, in June of 1969, was the center divider separating two swinging doors that led into the Ambassador pantry. If it hadn't been destroyed, we could know all ready whether a second gun had been used.

Penthouse: Why was that divider so significant?

Bugliosi: During my investigation I got another signed statement from Angelo Di Pierro, the Ambassador Hotel's maitre d' at the time Kennedy was shot. Mr. Di Pierro and Ethel Kennedy were walking towards the pantry together—about twenty feet behind the Senator—and they hadn't quite reached the swinging-door entrance when the shooting started. Angelo pushed Ethel Kennedy to the right of the doors to make sure she wouldn't be hurt, and when the shooting stopped, they both entered the pantry. I'll pick up part of his statement from there: "After Senator Kennedy had been removed from the pantry, many people, including the police and myself, started to look over the entire pantry to see what had happened. That same morning, while we were still looking around, I observed a small-caliber bullet lodged about a quarter of an inch into the wood on the center divider of the two swinging doors." Mr. Di Pierro goes on to say that he noticed the bullet was lodged about five feet eight inches up along the divider; Di Pierro is about six feet tall. He says he feels he would have been shot in the forehead if he'd come through the doors when Sirhan began firing. The Di Pierro bullet would constitute a tenth bullet.

Martin Petrusky, a waiter who was present during the assassination, gave me a signed statement that a few days after the assassination, when the police were trying to reconstruct the scene, one of the officers pointed to two holes in the center divider and claimed that the LAPD had removed two bullets from these holes. On June 11, 1968, Dr. Thomas Noguchi, coroner of Los Angeles County, was photographed pointing to those two holes, which were circled by the police. I have photos of these two holes. They certainly look like bullet holes. In a signed statement given to me by Dr. Noguchi, he says that when he asked LAPD criminologist De Wayne Wolfer where there were bullet holes, Wolfer had pointed at the center door divider.

Wolfer later testified that those holes had been caused by food carts. Listen, I went to the Ambassador and looked at those food carts—the same ones that were in the hotel in 1968 are there now, and there are no protrusions on any of them. Even if there was a protrusion, a food cart would have to travel at something like one hundred and fifty miles an hour to cause such a deep, round hole. Really, there's no way *anyone* can convince me those holes were caused by food carts. I can't categorically say they were caused by bullets, but they weren't caused by food carts.

Penthouse: Have you discovered any other loose ends that don't seem to tie in with the conclusion that Sirhan was a lone assassin?

Bugliosi: Yes, I have. There are a number of ballistics discrepancies in this case and I pointed out six of them in a seventy-page petition asking the LA Superior Court to reopen the investigation. Perhaps the most disturbing of them all is that even though everyone agrees that Sirhan approached Kennedy from the front, Dr. Noguchi traced

the path of the bullets in RFK's body and found that they went from back to front, right to left, and sharply upwards—which is inconsistent with where Sirhan was standing. To justify the coroner's findings, the LAPD claims Senator Kennedy turned to his left just before Sirhan shot him. But there are witnesses who say that RFK had finished shaking hands and had resumed walking forward at the time Sirhan came out from behind the ice machines. In any event, the path of the bullets shows that RFK would have had to turn not only to his left but slightly backwards in order to be shot in the back by Sirhan.

Another major discrepancy: based on an analysis of the very confined powder burns around the wounds, both Dr. Noguchi and De Wayne Wolfer agree that the three bullets that entered Senator Kennedy's body—one went through his body—were all fired at a distance not further than one inch away from him. In other words, skin-contact wounds. The problem here is that not one witness at the trial placed the muzzle of Sirhan's gun closer than three feet from RFK. I can't say that's a fact, because witnesses can be wrong—but their *testimony* is a fact. And what witnesses testify to is evidence. I want to call all the people I've got signed statements from and have them testify under oath in a court of law. And if they testify consistently with the signed statements they've given me, we will have left the plane of speculation and we'll be into the area of solid, substantial evidence of a second gun.

Penthouse: Aside from arriving at inferences about it, is there any *actual* proof that a second gun was on the scene when Senator Kennedy was shot?

Bugliosi: Yes, there is. Although the LAPD originally said Sirhan's gun was the only one in the pantry that night, later investigation has proved—and the police have since admitted—that at least one other gun was there when the shooting occurred. The man in possession of that gun—and this points toward gross incompetence on the part of the police and the DA's office—unbelievably enough was never even called as a witness before the grand jury or at Sirhan's trial. And his gun was never test-fired by the LAPD. I might also mention that his whereabouts are presently unknown. I want to make it clear that not directly or by implication am I indicating that this other gun was used in the assassination, because I have no evidence that it was or wasn't. I don't know. But this gun was never mentioned at Sirhan's trial. The first mention of it in court was in a petition I filed on December 31, 1975, in which I asked the Los Angeles Superior Court to reopen the investigation.

Penthouse: Wasn't that petition denied?

Bugliosi: Right. The judge ruled he didn't have any further jurisdiction, and he was probably right—Sirhan's conviction has been affirmed on appeal. The judge ordered a new test-firing of Sirhan's gun, but he didn't feel he could go beyond that.

Penthouse: So what happens now?

Bugliosi: Well, the case can be reopened at any time, because there's no statute of limitations on murders. I hope that Congress will appoint an independent group to look into it, but a more immediate alternative would be to have the LA District Attorney's office reopen the investigation. Thus far, the DA's office has resisted any effort to reopen it. This isn't offered as a campaign pledge, but if I'm elected DA I'll personally oversee the entire inquiry.

Penthouse: Having gathered so much evidence that points toward a possible conspiracy, do you think you could be an impartial arbiter of such proceedings?

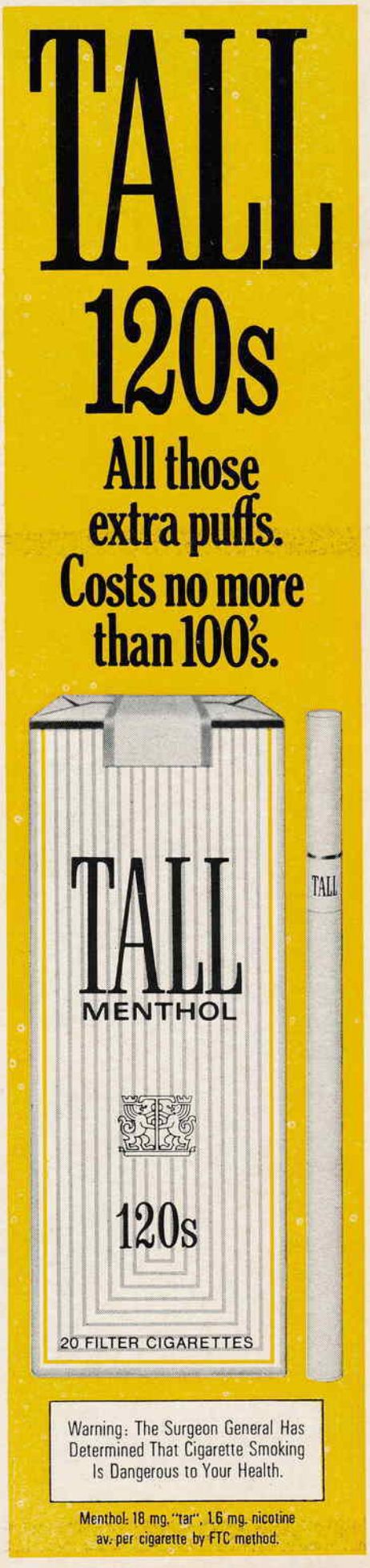
Bugliosi: I have no doubts at all on that score. Believe me, if there's no conspiracy I will say so and I'll be happy to say it. I realize there are a lot of conspiracy buffs in America who are emotionally allergic to any evidence that points away from a conspiracy, so they're not my concern. What I'm really concerned about is the substantial number of reasonable Americans who have legitimate doubts about the major, unresolved questions in this case, many of which I haven't even touched on in the course of this interview. And these questions aren't going to suddenly evaporate. If we don't get to the bottom of this case, the suspicion and distrust surrounding RFK's death will continue unabated—and will most likely intensify as the years go by.

You have to remember something else about this case: If there's a conspiracy here, it's not a conspiracy to cover up the attempted bugging of one's political opposition, which is all Watergate was about. We'd be talking about a conspiracy to assassinate a presidential candidate, and the prodigious dimensions of such a discovery could ultimately make Watergate look like a one-roach marijuana bust.

Penthouse: Are you planning to write a book about this case?

Bugliosi: No, I don't have any such plans. But there are two men who have written a book—an important one—about this case, Jonn Christian and William Turner, which is scheduled to be published by Random House this fall. They've spent the last eight years of their lives on this case alone—and they've come up with some very heavy stuff, which relates to a possible tie-in between these major assassinations. And let me point out that these men are not amateurs or kooks. Christian's got solid credentials as a newsman and Turner spent some eleven years as an FBI agent. From what I've seen of their material so far, it could well be a major contribution to the growing file on assassination literature. In any case I'll be writing the foreword to it.

Again, I don't know if there was a conspiracy to kill Robert F. Kennedy, but I *do* know that with the resources of the LA District Attorney's office behind me, I'd be able to find out one way or the other. Right now, the case is still a huge, upsetting question mark to millions of Americans—and we just can't leave it at that. O+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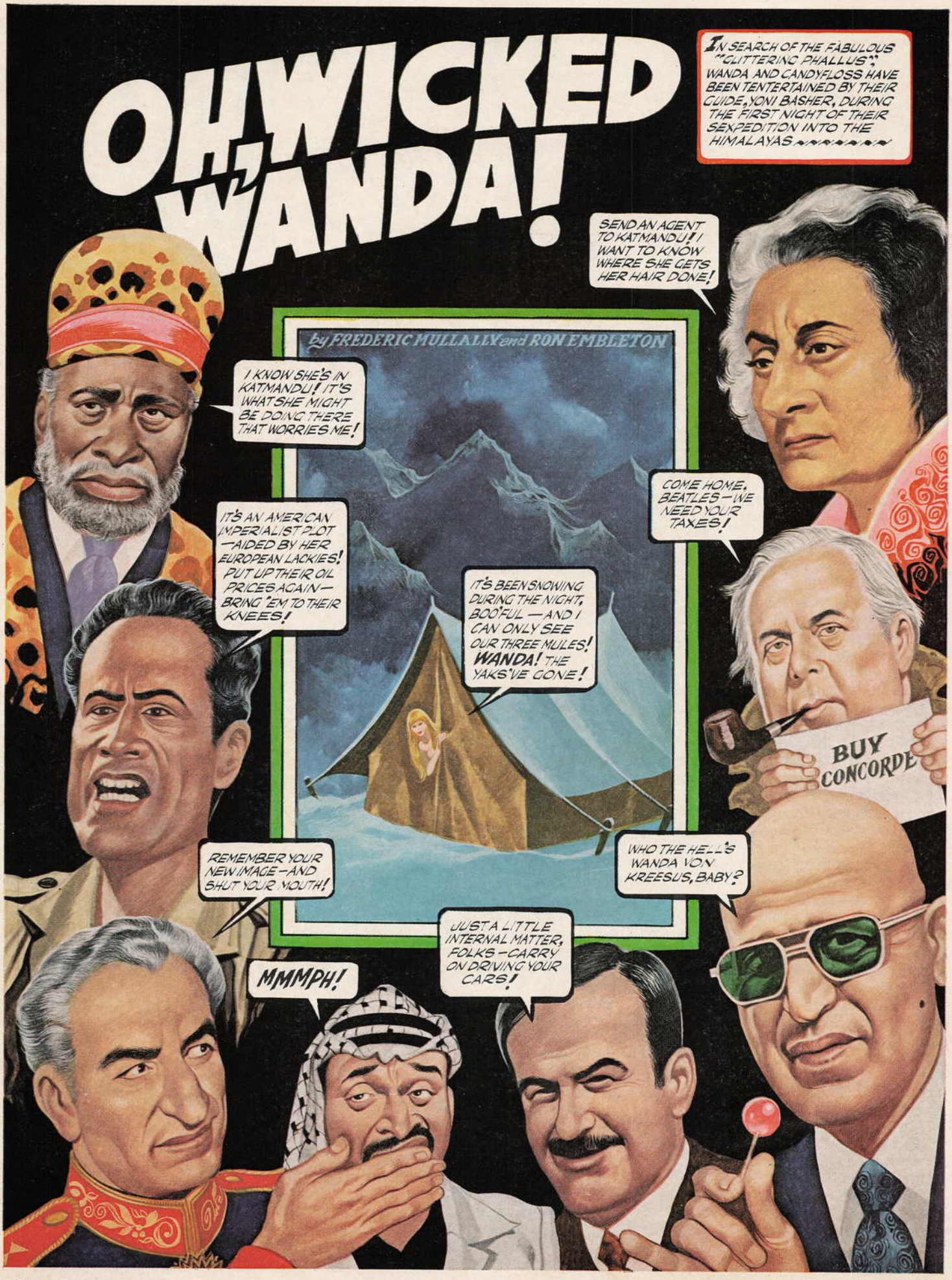
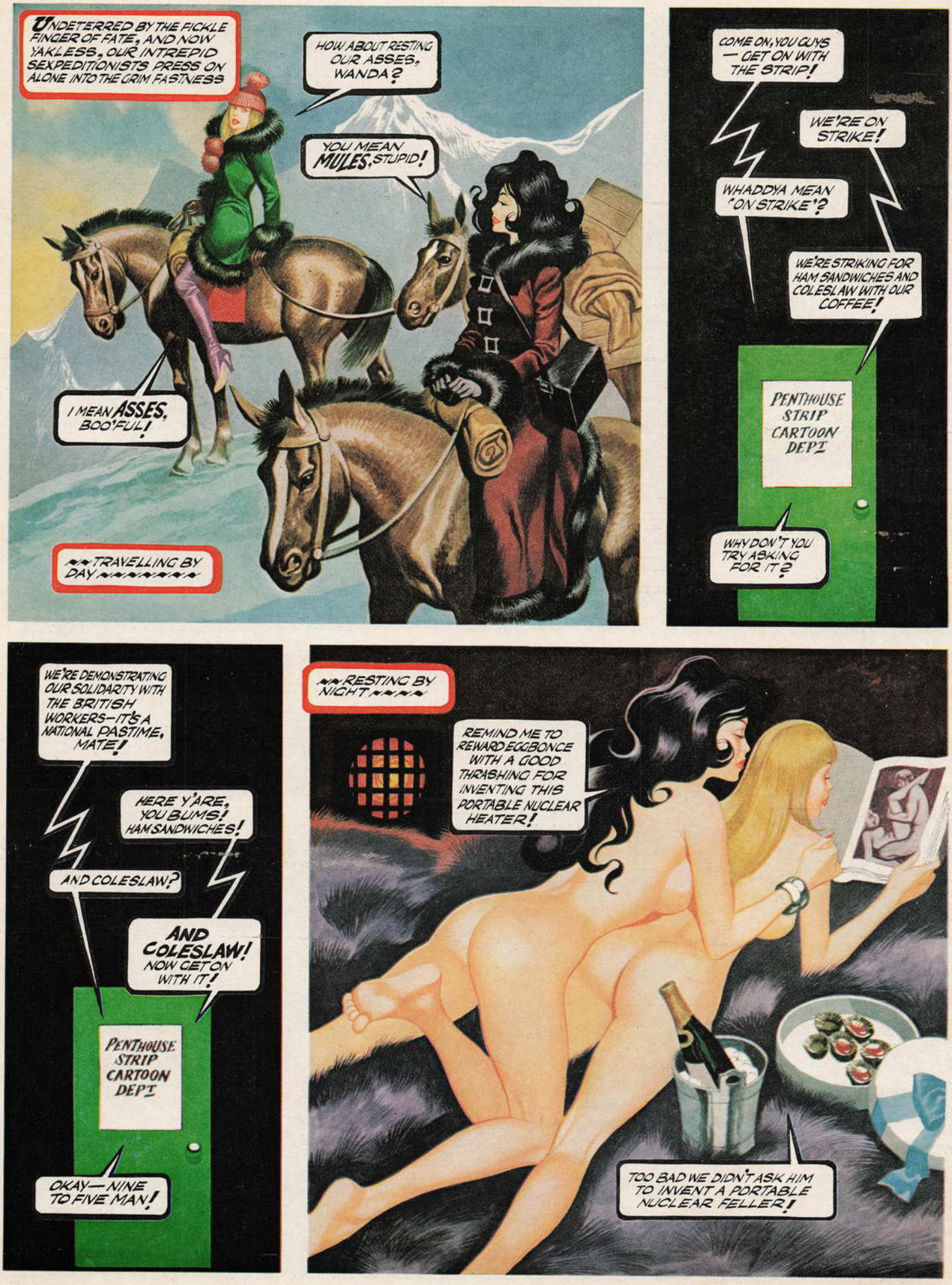

OH, WICKED WANDA!
IN SEARCH OF THE FABULOUS "GLITTERING PHALLUS", WANDA AND CANDYFLOSS HAVE BEEN TENTERTAINED BY THEIR GUIDE, YONI BASHER, DURING THE FIRST NIGHT OF THEIR SEXPEDITION INTO THE HIMALAYAS
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
SEND AN AGENT TO KATMANDU! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE SHE GETS HER HAIR DONE!
I KNOW SHE'S IN KATMANDU! IT'S WHAT SHE MIGHT BE DOING THERE THAT WORRIES ME!
COME HOME, BEATLES—WE NEED YOUR TAXES!
IT'S AN AMERICAN IMPERIALIST PLOT—AIDED BY HER EUROPEAN LACKIES! PUT UP THEIR OIL PRICES AGAIN—BRING 'EM TO THEIR KNEES!
IT'S BEEN SNOWING DURING THE NIGHT, BOO'FUL—AND I CAN ONLY SEE OUR THREE MULES! WANDA! THE YAKS'VE GONE!
BUY CONCORDE
REMEMBER YOUR NEW IMAGE—AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
WHO THE HELL'S WANDA VON KREESUS, BABY?
JUST A LITTLE INTERNAL MATTER, FOLKS—CARRY ON DRIVING YOUR CARS!
MMMPH!

PERMISSION TO WITHDRAW AND FIND THEM, ILLUSTRIOUS MEM-SAHIB?
YOU'VE GOT IT, YONI B!
YIKE! IT'S COLD OUT THERE!
PRAISE TO THE GODS—A REPRIEVE!
CAVIAR
CHAMPAGNE

ACCORDING TO THIS MAP, PUSSCAKE, OUR NEXT LANDMARK IS A MOUNTAIN KNOWN TO THE NATIVES AS RHEECHAN'S PEAK.....
SOUNDS LIKE SOME PLACE IN OREGON. IS THAT SPELT "PEAK" OR "PIQUE"?

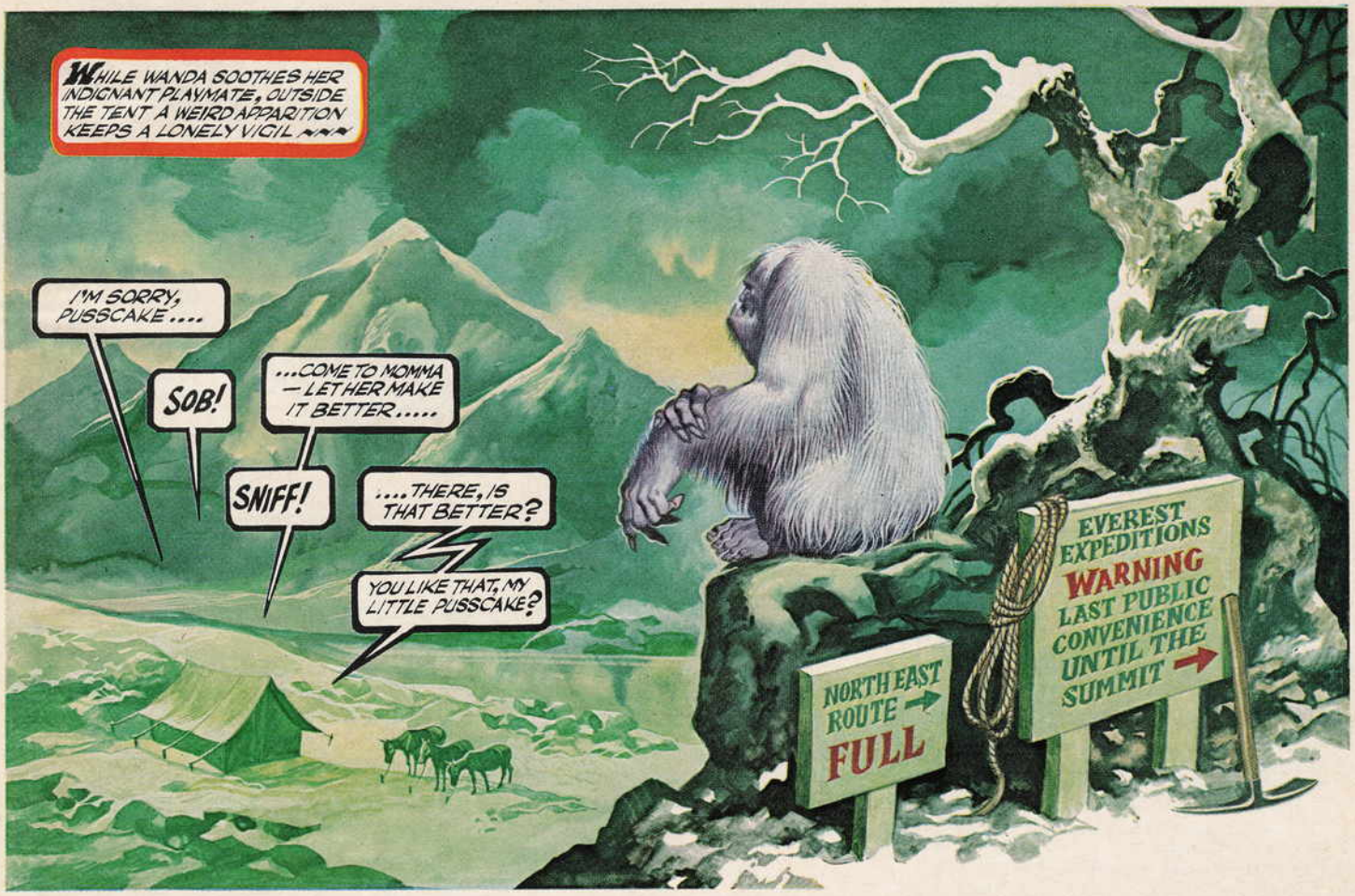
AND WHILE OUR HEROINES WALLOW IN THE WARMTH OF THE TENT, YONI B SEARCHES FOR THE MISSING YAKS
.... DO THIS! DO THAT! WHO THE HELL D'THEY THINK THEY ARE? WOMEN! THEY GIVE ME A PAIN IN THE ASS! I HOPE I NEVER SEE ANOTHER WOMAN.....
EEAAGH!

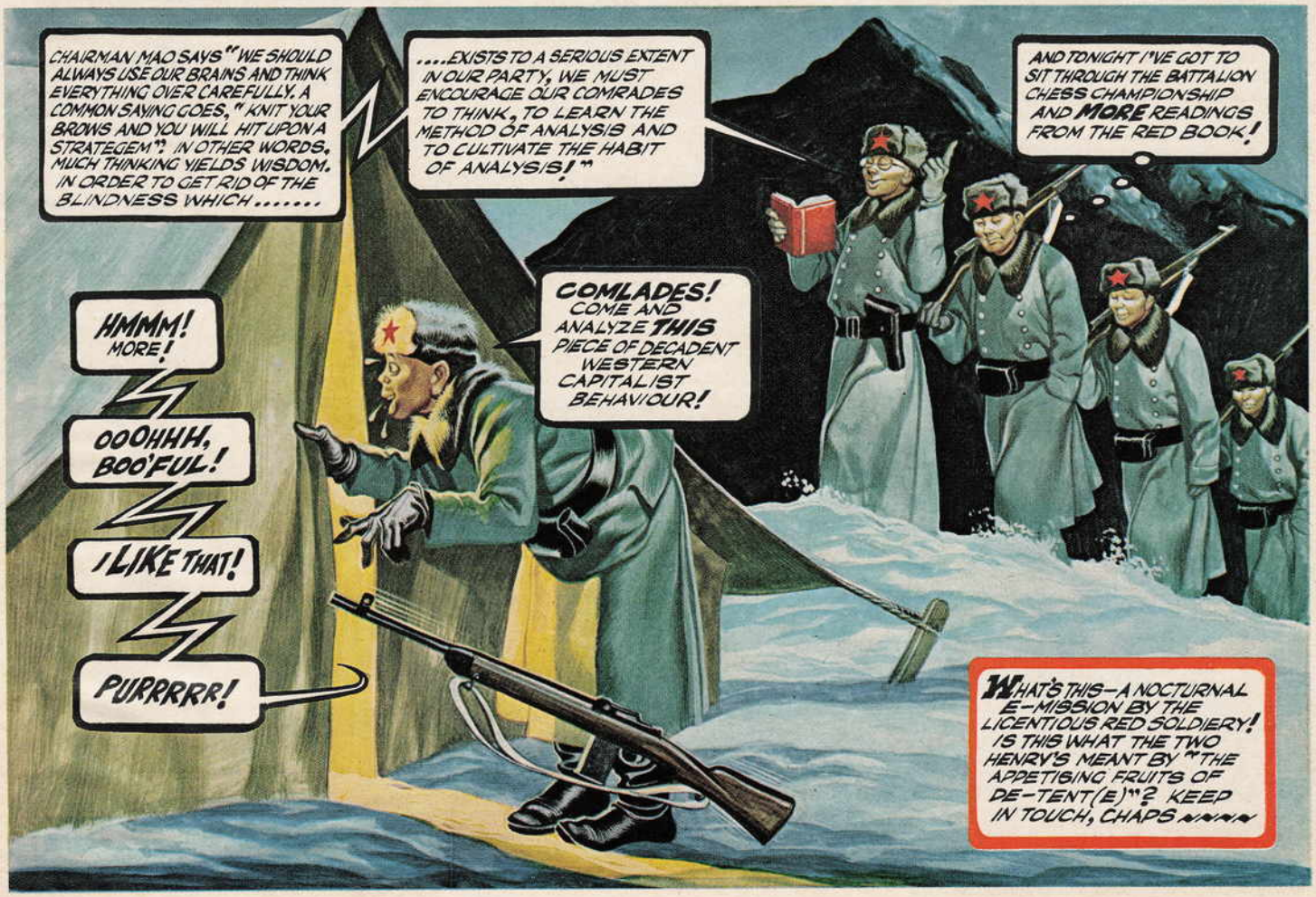
* EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING PICTURE REQUIRES BACKGROUND MUSIC. WILL READERS KINDLY PUT THE OVERTURE TO TANNHAUSER ON THEIR STEREO SETS BEFORE PROCEEDING WITH THE STRIP THANK YOU
OH, NO!
"ALAS, POOR YONI ....I KNEW HIM WELL"!
LET'S FACE IT, PUSSCAKE— MEN ARE ONLY ANY GOOD IF THEY'RE KEPT IN THEIR PLACE—WALKIN' THE DOG OR BED!
.... AND SOME OF 'EM AIN'T MUCH GOOD AT THAT EITHER!


UNDETERRED BY THE FICKLE FINGER OF FATE, AND NOW YAKLESS, OUR INTREPID SEXPEDITIONISTS PRESS ON ALONE INTO THE GRIM FASTNESS
HOW ABOUT RESTING OUR ASSES, WANDA?
YOU MEAN MULES, STUPID!
I MEAN ASSES, BOO'FUL!
TRAVELLING BY DAY
COME ON, YOU GUYS — GET ON WITH THE STRIP!
WE'RE ON STRIKE!
WHADDYA MEAN "ON STRIKE"?
WE'RE STRIKING FOR HAM SANDWICHES AND COLESLAW WITH OUR COFFEE!
PENTHOUSE STRIP CARTOON DEPT
WHY DON'T YOU TRY ASKING FOR IT?
WE'RE DEMONSTRATING OUR SOLIDARITY WITH THE BRITISH WORKERS—IT'S A NATIONAL PASTIME, MATE!
HERE Y'ARE, YOU BUMS! HAM SANDWICHES!
AND COLESLAW?
AND COLESLAW! NOW GET ON WITH IT!
PENTHOUSE STRIP CARTOON DEPT
OKAY—NINE TO FIVE MAN!
RESTING BY NIGHT
REMIND ME TO REWARD EGGBONCE WITH A GOOD THRASHING FOR INVENTING THIS PORTABLE NUCLEAR HEATER!
TOO BAD WE DIDN'T ASK HIM TO INVENT A PORTABLE NUCLEAR FELLER!

MEANWHILE, AT THE VERY HEART OF WORLD AFFAIRS...
THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
STATE of the UNION
C.I.A. PROBE
U.S.A. '76 the first 200 years
FORT TICONDEROGA PAGEANT
PRIMARY RESULTS
DEFENCE BUDGET
SMILEY BUTTONS
HENRY! HENRY! HAVE YOU FOUND OUT WHAT SHE'S UP TO?
GRAND BICENTENNIAL CARNIVAL
IN A FAR AND DISTANT LAND, THE INDEFATIGABLE HENRY PERSISTS...
YOU SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU STOP MAKING THE PAYMENTS?
EVERYTHING'S RUNNING SMOOTHLY, CHIEF — OUR AGENT IN KATMANDU HAS THE VON KREESUS CAPER IN HAND
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!
"NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT" — HE SAYS!

AND WHILE THE WORLD'S GREAT POLITICAL DRAMAS ARE BEING PLAYED OUT, WE FIND OUR HEROINES BRAVELY STRUGGLING AGAINST ADVERSITY
THIS CAPER IS FAST LOSING ITS ENCHANTMENT — IN FACT IT'S GETTING TO BE VERY DRAGGY!
OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! STOP MOANING AND GET ME MY SUPPER!
WHY SHOULD I HAVE TO DO THE COOKING? MENIAL TASKS ARE MEN'S WORK!
CHAMPAGNE
EEEUGH! WHAT IS IT!
IT'S A RISOTTO OF BEANS, QUAIL'S EGGS, SMOKED TROUT — AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT — YOU CAN STUFF IT!
WAAAAHH!
NO, PUSSCAKE....
....YOU CAN STUFF IT!


WHILE WANDA SOOTHES HER INDIGNANT PLAYMATE, OUTSIDE THE TENT A WEIRD APPARITION KEEPS A LONELY VIGIL
I'M SORRY, PUSSCAKE....
SOB!
...COME TO MOMMA — LET HER MAKE IT BETTER.....
SNIFF!
....THERE, IS THAT BETTER?
YOU LIKE THAT, MY LITTLE PUSSCAKE?
EVEREST EXPEDITIONS
WARNING
LAST PUBLIC CONVENIENCE UNTIL THE SUMMIT
NORTH EAST ROUTE
FULL


CHAIRMAN MAO SAYS "WE SHOULD ALWAYS USE OUR BRAINS AND THINK EVERYTHING OVER CAREFULLY. A COMMON SAYING GOES, "KNIT YOUR BROWS AND YOU WILL HIT UPON A STRATEGEM": IN OTHER WORDS, MUCH THINKING YIELDS WISDOM. IN ORDER TO GET RID OF THE BLINDNESS WHICH.....
....EXISTS TO A SERIOUS EXTENT IN OUR PARTY, WE MUST ENCOURAGE OUR COMRADES TO THINK, TO LEARN THE METHOD OF ANALYSIS AND TO CULTIVATE THE HABIT OF ANALYSIS!"
AND TONIGHT I'VE GOT TO SIT THROUGH THE BATTALION CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP AND MORE READINGS FROM THE RED BOOK!
COMLADES! COME AND ANALYZE THIS PIECE OF DECADENT WESTERN CAPITALIST BEHAVIOUR!
HMMM! MORE!
OOOHHH, BOO'FUL!
I LIKE THAT!
PURRRRR!
WHAT'S THIS—A NOCTURNAL E-MISSION BY THE LICENTIOUS RED SOLDIERY! IS THIS WHAT THE TWO HENRY'S MEANT BY "THE APPETISING FRUITS OF DE-TENT(E)"? KEEP IN TOUCH, CHAPS

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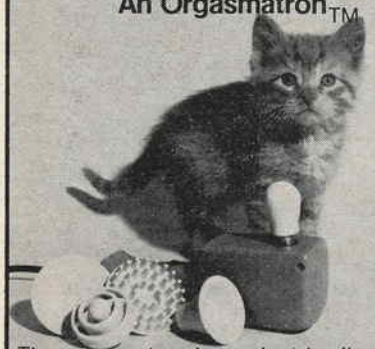

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SUN MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Center she went through several days of intensive "deprogramming" at home (by ex-Moonies who now oppose the group). Cathy was finally able to get her mind together enough to talk about her experience which, like all Moonies' tales, had its bizarre aspects.

She was walking through Manhattan in July, 1975, when she was approached by a Moonie who eventually invited her for a weekend at what, Cathy says, she assumed was the girl's home in Queens. Cathy had recently graduated from Winthrop College, a small South Carolina school, and missed her college friendships. She accepted the invitation.

The weekend turned out, Cathy says, to be an intensive three-day indoctrination session at a Moon facility. The Moonies were friendly, ever smiling, but there were hours and hours of lectures. By the end of the weekend, she felt "zapped" in general and guilt-ridden about her previous life.

Her transformation was every bit as dramatic as Denise's. As a Moonie, Cathy embarked almost immediately on a five-day program in the Bronx, then a twenty-one-day session in Manhattan, followed by another four weeks at Tarrytown. Cathy says she and the other recruits were lectured from dawn to the early hours of the next morning—with short breaks for soccer and dodge ball and no more than five hours of sleep. She was told, she says, that she couldn't have any feelings for her family or any of the world she had left behind and that Reverend Moon was to be her "brain," her "thinker." While in training, she and other girl recruits were rigidly divided from the young male recruits, and interaction was, to say the least, frowned upon. Once she was taken to hear the Master himself speak. She says she heard him say in English: "I am the Son of God."

At one point her hair was sheared by a "heavenly barber" (at the time she talked with *Penthouse* it was still growing back). Another time, while "witnessing" for Moon in Maryland, Cathy was arrested, and spent a day in jail for begging.

During her two months of training and in her witnessing, Cathy recalls, activities were controlled by "team leaders." "You had to bend for them all the time," she remembered, "even though they looked as if they were in a trance. In retrospect, I can see that their brains were like putty." At the time, though, Cathy didn't doubt her leaders or anything about the Moonies. "They took my mind. If I didn't get out when I did, I don't think I ever would have gotten out."

Shelly Turner, a twenty-one-year-old resident of Warwick, Rhode Island, spent fourteen months with the Moonies. In Shelly's case, like that of many other Moonies, the group's initial appeal was to her inborn idealism. Shelly, nineteen at the time of her

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"conversion," had always wanted to do something constructive with her life.

"When I met the [Moon] family," she related in an interview, "I hadn't read the Bible. They said they'd teach it to me. I really thought, after being around them, that I was godly."

At the time (June, 1973), Shelly was a freshman studying elementary education and theater at Rhode Island College. She went with a girl friend one weekend to a Moon center in Providence, Rhode Island. "I was intrigued by the whole atmosphere of clean-cut kids and their devotion to God," she said. "I went through a very spiritual experience when I realized God was coming into my life. I had dreams, visions, everything."

During her fourteen months as a Moonie, Shelly became a door-to-door salesman of bouquets of red roses and candles, first in the Providence vicinity, then across the country. She panhandled in bars, which she described as "awful" but money-producing places. She made $200 a day.

The experience wasn't, to be sure, all bad. There was the joy of communal singing until late at night. Still, Shelly eventually became disillusioned with the group, for some rather unsurprising reasons.

"I was insecure in the group," she remembered. They don't always praise you. If somebody asked questions or didn't do as he was told, they looked down on you."

When she had doubts, she was told by her group leaders that she was thinking too much and should be happy in the group. "If your insides complain, it's best to unite," they would tell her.

Shelly says that some leaders actually referred to the experience as "heavenly brainwashing."

Finally her parents tricked her into leaving and with the aid of Ted Patrick used the Bible to, as Shelly described it, "show truth against deceiving."

Shelly now comments, "I can appreciate life now because it was taken away." She studies the Bible now on her own and "can see what was a lie," concerning the church's teachings of the Old and New Testaments and boasts a much stronger faith now. She currently is lecturing on cult movements and has resumed her studies.

According to the Moonies, Sun Myung Moon was born in 1920 in the Pyungan Buk-do province of what is now North Korea. At the age of sixteen, Moon has written, Jesus came to him on a mountainside and told him to "carry out my unfinished task." Moon subsequently attended school in Japan (studying engineering), founded the Unification Church, and ordained himself. Over the next twenty years, he expanded his religious role—and financial base—in Korea. He claims he was tortured by the North Koreans in the 1950's for his anti-Communist views. In the late 1960's, Moon has said, God told him to go to America, and thus he began his annual crusades here in 1972. Finally he

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moved his church's "unofficial international headquarters" to New York, and there he lives with his current wife—a dazzling, thirtyish Korean—and his seven children. (The official headquarters remains in Korea.)

Despite Moon's many wives, the sanctity of the family is important to Moon's "Divine Principle." It states that Adam failed as the perfect man when Eve was seduced by Satan. Jesus likewise failed, for he died before he could marry. The church never says officially that Moon is the perfect man who will succeed as the Messiah where Jesus failed. Many Moonies interviewed, however, said flatly that Moon was the Messiah. Certainly Moon has set up his family in the manner of the messianic family described in his Divine Principle: he is the Father of the Church, his wife, the Mother. And there's no lack of children in this family. All those young Moonies serve this purpose well.

If Reverend Moon is an improbable figure for our time, so is his primary antagonist, a fifty-year-old suburban New York rabbi named Maurice Davis.

Rabbi Davis is affiliated with the White Plains Jewish Community Center which is located near Moon's Irvington home. Davis got involved in the anti-Moon fight two years ago when two different members of his synagogue came to him, asking for help. Their children had become Moonies. At the time, Moon was rather unknown, and Davis went with the parents to a Moon house in Forest Hills, New York, where the kids were. What Davis saw disgusted him.

"There was a real atmosphere of fear," Davis says. "The kids seemed shaken, terrorized, afraid to say anything for fear of offending their leaders."

Davis started researching Moon and became determined to publicize his activities. From Davis's synagogue, a stream of press releases goes out against Moon, and parents of Moonies and ex-Moonies call constantly for guidance. Davis has hosted several rallies against Moon.

But the Moon opposition has been less than successful. Davis, a well-tailored, well-spoken man, slouches in his chair at the end of a long day and admits: "For every kid we persuade not to join the sect, fifty others probably join the same day."

Davis's fight has been an excruciatingly lonely one. To be sure, he's been aided by the increasing number of angry Moonie parents. With Davis, they've formed the fastest growing of the anti-Moon groups, CERF, for which Davis claims a membership of several thousand in about six countries. But Davis says he gets little support from political and religious leaders.

"If I had a nickle for every politician or civic leader who said he was definitely going to investigate Moon and then suddenly stopped answering my phone calls, I'd be a rich man," Davis complains. "It's spooky the way they back off."

He continues, "I sure wish more of my fellow clergymen, particularly Christian

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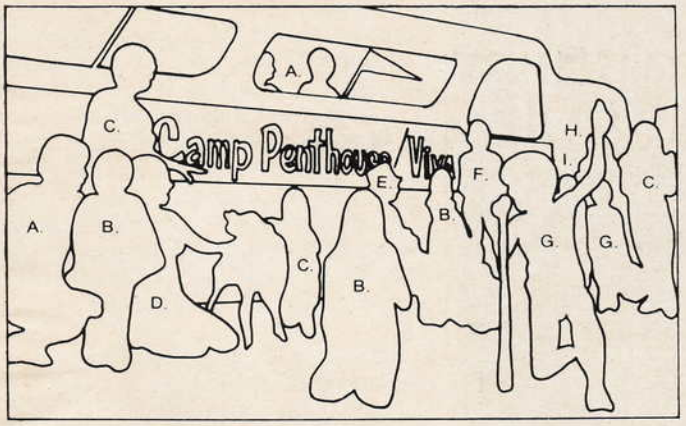

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clergymen, would join in. I don't want to give credence to the Moonie's argument that only Jews oppose Moon."

Many aspects of Moon's pre-America life have been criticized by his opponents and the news media. The Moonies object vehemently to this criticism, and in some cases have threatened suit.

The backlash against Moon may finally be starting, but not from American political and religious leaders. Instead it is coming from kids and academicians, two segments of America he has actively sought out. College students have thrown Moon chapters off at least four campuses. And a rollback of invitation acceptances by many leading scholars hurt if not gutted much of Moon's Fourth International Conference on the Unity of the Sciences. It was held last November at New York's posh Waldorf-Astoria. Documents obtained by *Penthouse* indicate how ceaseless work by the chairman of the Board of the Graduate Theological Union in Berkeley, California, Daphne Green, whose two children have joined Moon, led to cancellation of acceptances by some of this country's leading intellectuals. Response to her letters indicated that many of those approached had not originally realized Moon's connection to the conference. Some were unfamiliar with Moon's past. The conference was finally held, but the lineup of academicians and scientists who participated was much less stellar than the one advertised.

Meanwhile, Moonie parents like Jim Sheeran agonize and wait. It's as if they're doing penance for some unpardonable sin they cannot identify. Initial shock and bewilderment has given way finally to resigned hope that Moon's day of reckoning will come. But when? Some parents are still geographically close to their Moonie kids, but the kids might as well be in Korea for all the good that does the parents.

"Things just have to get straightened out," says Jim Sheeran. "After all, there was a time when even I didn't realize what Moon was all about. I found out. It's just a matter of time before everyone else does, too. One day he'll really go too far."

Editor's note: Michael Pousner made several attempts to interview officials of the Unification Church in order to discuss with them the charges made against the church and Reverend Moon. He was finally informed by Michael Runyon, who works in the church's "media" division, that the church was "diametrically opposed to the pictorials" in *Penthouse* and "therefore it would be most unlikely for us to talk to you." He did acknowledge that Moon had come in for media criticism, and said, "Maybe the press has a hard time coping with anyone who becomes successful." But when asked by Pousner for a more detailed response to the charges in this article, Runyon would only refer the reporter to the church's press releases and newspaper advertisements.

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